MISTRIAL: The Uncensored Facts about Judges, Technicalities and Justice

NOV. 26,
1938

Liberty

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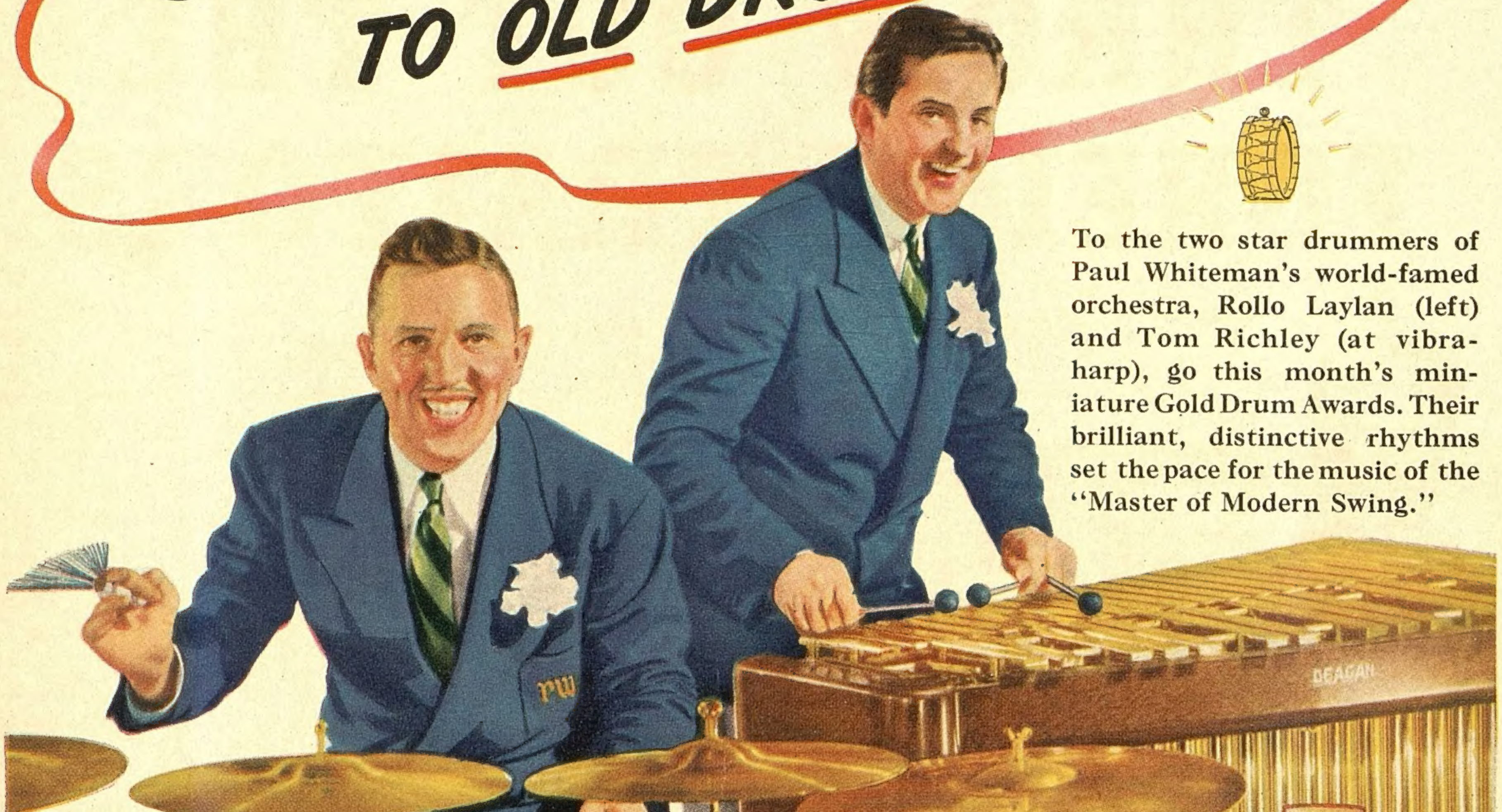
WHY RUSSIA IS POWERLESS: An Answer to Stalin and Princess Radziwill by Leon Trotsky

What Snow White's Father Is Doing Now—Walt Disney's Startling New Plans

SWING WITH THE TREND TO OLD DRUM BLEND!



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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

THROW OUT THE FOREIGN TRAITORS

BERNARR MACFADDEN

THE Dies Committee has rendered a service to this country the value of which can never be estimated. It has brought out in the open a truly appalling menace to our security. It has proved beyond all possible doubt that this country is infested with traitors, and what is more disgraceful . . . they are being supported, and in some instances apparently encouraged, by government officials.

And why should we be encumbered by such governmental skulduggery is a question the answer to which will greatly interest every citizen.

What is wrong with our government? Do we lack intelligence in official quarters, or are there rotten spots close to the top?

The testimony before the Dies Committee definitely proved that some of the foreigners in this country now on the WPA relief can rightly be termed spies or traitors. Many members of the various Communistic organizations now on our relief rolls, WPA, etc., belong to this same class.

The WPA Theater Project smells to high heaven with treason. It reeks with Communistic propaganda. These dramatic presentations, paid for by the government, have frequently been referred to as a national disgrace.

Now, where does this money come from that Washington is handing out so freely to support traitors in our midst? We have all heard about the dog that bit the hand that fed it; and when we realize that these ingrates are taking our money and scheming in every possible way to bring about chaos and revolution, it is indeed a cause for righteous indignation.

And the money that is used in this instance . . . it is partly your money and my money, dear reader. It cannot be repeated too often that it belongs to the people of the United States.

Harry Hopkins can apparently spend it as he pleases . . . but we have to pay the bill. This money has been borrowed on the credit of the people of this country; and remember, we will have to pay it in taxes year after year unless unparalleled extravagance finally bankrupts the country.

These traitorous, un-American activities were known to well informed people a long while before the results of the investigation of the Dies Committee were published throughout the country, and you might well ask why our officials have made no outstanding effort to protect us from these criminal operations.

Administrator Harry Hopkins cannot possibly be ignorant of this formidable threat to our form of government; and if he is fully informed, the Dies Committee should know just where the blame should be placed. If we are governed by dumb officials, we can hardly blame the Nazis, Fascists, or Communists for whatever efforts they may make to overthrow our government. They would naturally conclude that as a nation we are near the end of our rope, that the principles of government we have adhered to all these years cannot long be perpetuated, and they are trying to hasten our dissolution.

The Dies Committee has enabled the public to see the inside of the scandalous and even perilous situation. But what has this committee done to place the blame? Who is the guilty party at the top?

The duty of this committee is plain. Before it ceases its investigations, it should adopt the policy followed by Tom Dewey:

Go after the men at the top!

They are the ones to blame for the activity of the traitors within our midst.

Harry Hopkins has often been referred to as a Santa Claus, and he is certainly assuming that role splendidly in handing out the billions that Congress turned over to the President for distribution.

But if he cannot make a satisfactory explanation for his failure to discontinue his support of traitors within the ranks of his workers, his resignation should be demanded, and a fearless, capable official of the Tom Dewey type should be placed in his position.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Why Russia is POWERLESS

BY LEON TROTSKY

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL (Liberty, September 3, 1938) considers Stalin "the best informed man in Europe." One cannot agree with this at all. Stalin, who does not read any foreign language, knows of the external world only through what his agents supply him in Russian translations. Each agent is terrified lest he appear to the Kremlin as a pessimist or—God forbid!—as a defeatist. Consequently the agents collect only such material as conforms to the latest pronouncements of Stalin himself. Thus Stalin lives in a world of his own making. This, among other things, is the reason for the fantastic and monstrous Moscow trials which were intended to show to the world Stalin's might but which actually revealed his weakness.

Beginning with the year 1933 the international importance of the U. S. S. R. began to rise rapidly. Often one could hear then from European journalists the opinion: "The Kremlin holds in its hands the fate of Europe," "Stalin has become a world arbiter," and so on. No matter how exaggerated these estimates may have been even at that time, they arose from two undeniable factors—the sharpening of world antagonisms and the growing strength of the Red army. The relative success of the first Five-Year Plan, the tangible program of industrialization which created a material base for the army and navy, the halting of the progressive paralysis of the railways, the first favorable crops on the *kholhoz* basis, the increase in the amount of livestock, the decrease in want and starvation—these were the internal prerequisites for the successes of Soviet diplomacy. Stalin's words, "Life has become easier, life has become happier," refer to this period. For the toiling masses life indeed became somewhat easier. For the bureaucracy, a great deal happier.

Meanwhile the peacetime army of 800,000 men was being raised to a million and a half. The fleet began to revive. During the years of the Soviet regime, a new commanding staff, from lieutenants to marshals, had time to form itself. Moreover, the opposition, from the left as well as from the right, was routed. Stalin's power appeared unshakable. All this taken together transformed the Soviet government, if not into the arbiter of Europe, at any rate into a significant international factor.

The last two years have left not a trace of this situation. London has not only turned her face toward Rome and Berlin but even demands that Paris turn her back on Moscow. Thus Hitler, through Chamberlain, now has the possibility of carrying out his policy of isolating the U. S. S. R. Although France has not abrogated her agreement with the U. S. S. R., she has reduced it to a second-rate reserve. Having lost faith in assistance from Moscow, the Third Republic unfailingly trails the heels of England. Italy and Germany, with the consent of the very same Chamberlain, intend to root themselves firmly in Spain, where only recently Stalin had seemed—and not only to himself—to be the master of fate. In the Far East, where Japan met unexpected difficulties, Moscow proved incapable of anything more than frontier skirmishes, and these always on the initiative of Japan.

The cause of the decline in the international role of the Soviets within the last two years cannot be sought surely in the reconciliation or softening of international contradictions. No matter what the episodic oscillations may be, the imperialist countries are fatally approaching a world war. The conclusion is obvious: Stalin's weakness on the world arena is above all the result of the internal development of the U. S. S. R. What, then, has occurred in the Soviet Union during the last two years to turn strength into impotence?

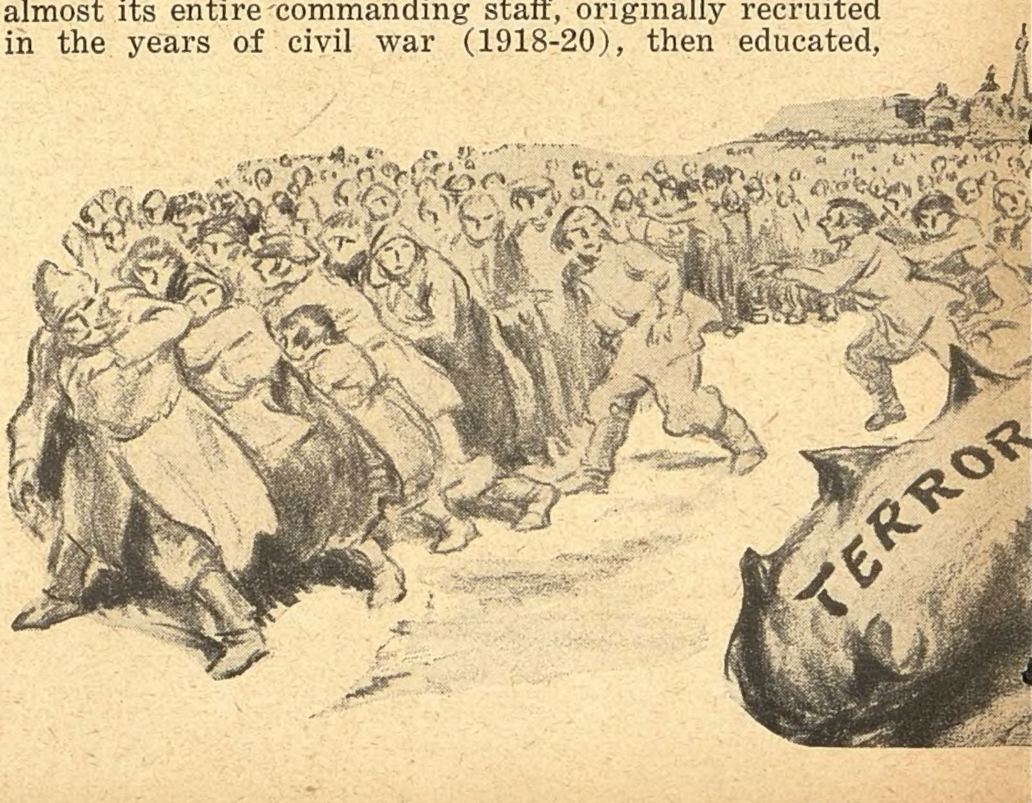
Not so long ago the world judged the Soviet Union almost exclusively from Soviet statistics. These figures, although grossly exaggerated, nevertheless testified to undeniable achievements. It was taken for granted that behind the paper screen of figures existed an ever-growing prosperity of the people and of authority. But it has not turned out this way at all. In the final analysis, processes of economy, of politics, and of culture are relations among living people, among groups and classes. The Moscow judicial tragedies revealed that these relations were wretched, intolerable.

The army is the quintessence of a regime, not in the sense that it expresses only its "best" qualities, but in the sense that it imparts a most concentrated expression to its positive as well as negative tendencies. When contradictions and antagonisms reach a certain acuteness, they begin to undermine the army from within. Conversely, when the army as the most disciplined organ of the ruling class begins to be torn by internal contradictions, this is an unmistakable sign of the intolerable crisis in society itself.

The economic successes of the Soviet Union have, above all, raised up and strengthened the ruling bureaucratic layer. No class in society ever in history has concentrated into its hands in such a short period such wealth and power as the bureaucracy has concentrated during the two Five-Year Plans. But precisely through this it has placed itself in ever-growing contradiction to the people. It can defend its monstrous privileges only by organized terror and it can justify its terrorism only by judicial frame-ups.

Further growth of the country is impossible without the general growth of culture—that is, without the independence of each and all, without free criticism and free research. These elementary conditions of progress are even more necessary to the army, because in the army the reality or sham of statistical data is tested in blood. But the political regime of the U. S. S. R. has definitely approached that of a punitive battalion. All progressive and creative elements invariably come into conflict with the ruling oligarchy. Thus it was in its time under Czarism; thus it occurs at an incomparably higher tempo now under the regime of Stalin. Economy, culture, the army need people of initiative—builders, creators. The Kremlin needs faithful executors, reliable and merciless agents. These human types are irreconcilably hostile to one another.

During the last fifteen months the Red army has lost almost its entire commanding staff, originally recruited in the years of civil war (1918-20), then educated,

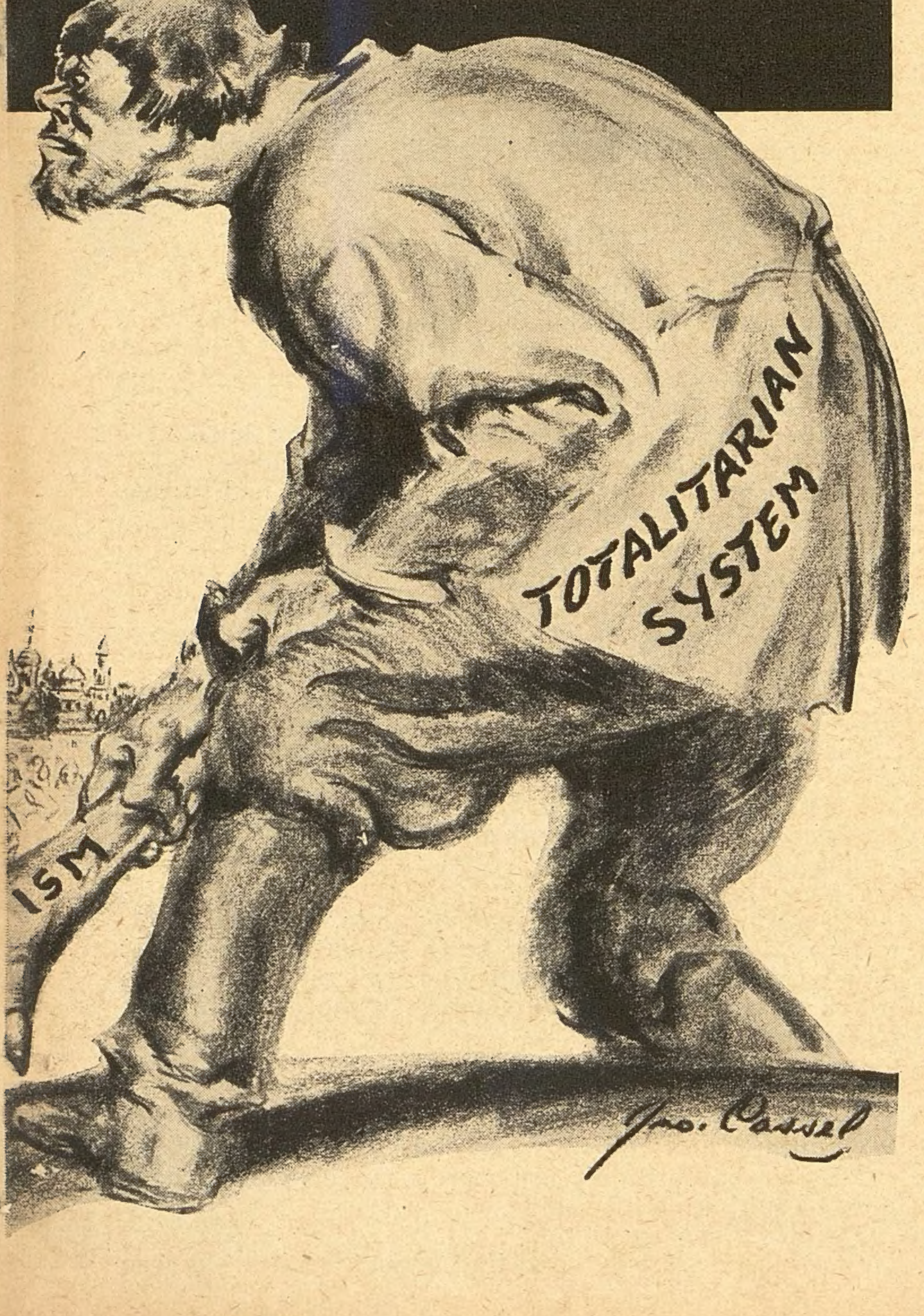


trained, and replenished in the following fifteen years. The thoroughly renewed and constantly changed officers' corps Stalin subjected to the open police surveillance of new commissars. Tukhachevsky, and with him the flower of the commanding staff, fell in struggle against the police dictatorship over the Red army officers' corps. In the fleet the annihilation of the highest officers has had even a more wholesale character than in the land forces. One must repeat again and again: The armed forces of the U. S. S. R. are beheaded. The arrests and executions continue. A protracted duel is waged between the Kremlin and the officers' corps in which the right to shoot belongs to the Kremlin alone.

The system of commissars, first introduced in the period when the Red army was built out of nothing, signified by necessity a regime of dual command. The inconveniences and dangers of such an arrangement were absolutely clear even then, but they were considered a lesser and moreover temporary evil. The very necessity of dual command in the army grew out of the collapse of the Czarist army and out of the conditions of civil war. What does the new dual command signify? The first stage in the collapse of the Red army and the beginning of a new civil war in the country?

Commissars of the first conscription expressed the control of the working class over alien and mostly hostile military specialists. Commissars of the new formation signify the control of the Bonapartist clique over military and civil administration and, through it, over the people. Commissars of the first epoch were enlisted from the most earnest and sincere revolutionists. The commanders who came in their majority from the ranks of old officers and sergeants oriented themselves poorly under the new conditions, and the best of them themselves sought counsel and support from the commissars. Though not without friction and conflicts, dual command at that time led to friendly collaboration.

The co-founder of the U.S.S.R. sends Liberty a sensational reply - to Stalin and Princess Radziwill



The matter is altogether different now. The present commanders grew out of the Red army, are indissolubly connected with it, and enjoy an authority gained through the years. The commissars, on the contrary, are drafted from sons of bureaucrats, with neither revolutionary experience, military knowledge, nor moral endowment. They are given commands only because they represent "watchfulness"—that is, Stalin's police supervision over the army. Commanders view them with merited contempt. The regime of dual command turns itself into a struggle between the political police and the army, with the central power on the side of the police.

The new dual command traverses the government apparatus from top to bottom. At the head of the army nominally stands Voroshilov, the people's commissar, marshal, cavalier of many orders, and so on and so on. But actual power is concentrated in the hands of a nonentity, Mekhlis, who on direct instructions from Stalin is turning the army topsy-turvy throughout. The same is true in the naval and air fleets. Every place has its own Mekhlis, who is instilling "watchfulness" instead of knowledge, order, and discipline.

All relations in the army assume a fluctuating, unsteady, floating character. Nobody knows where patriotism ends and where betrayal begins. Nobody is certain of what one may or may not do. In case of discrepancy between the orders of the commander and the commissar, everybody must guess which of the two roads leads to reward and which to prison. Honest workers lose all ambition. Rogues, thieves, and careerists do their work under cover of patriotic denunciations. The army foundations are loosened. In big things and small, devastation reigns. Weapons are not cleaned and not inspected. Barracks take on a filthy uninhabited air. Roofs leak, there is a lack of bathhouses, the Red army soldiers have no clean linen. Food becomes worse in quality and is not served at the appointed hours. The commander retorts to complaints by passing them on to the commissar; real offenders cover themselves up by denouncing "wreckers." Drunkenness is on the increase among the commanders. The commissars vie with them in this respect also. The regime of anarchy cloaked by police despotism now saps all sides of Soviet life. It is particularly disastrous in the army. This, among other things, is the reason why the big army maneuvers were canceled this year.

The growth of the country is incompatible with the totalitarian abomination. It therefore shows a tendency to eject, to expel, to cast out the bureaucracy from all spheres. When Stalin accuses this or that section of the apparatus of lack of "watchfulness," he says by this: "You are concerned about the interests of economy, science, or the army, but you are not concerned about my personal interests!" Stalinists in all parts of the country and in all strata of the bureaucratic tower find themselves in the same position. The struggle for totalitarian power resulted in the annihilation of the best men of the country by its most degraded scoundrels.

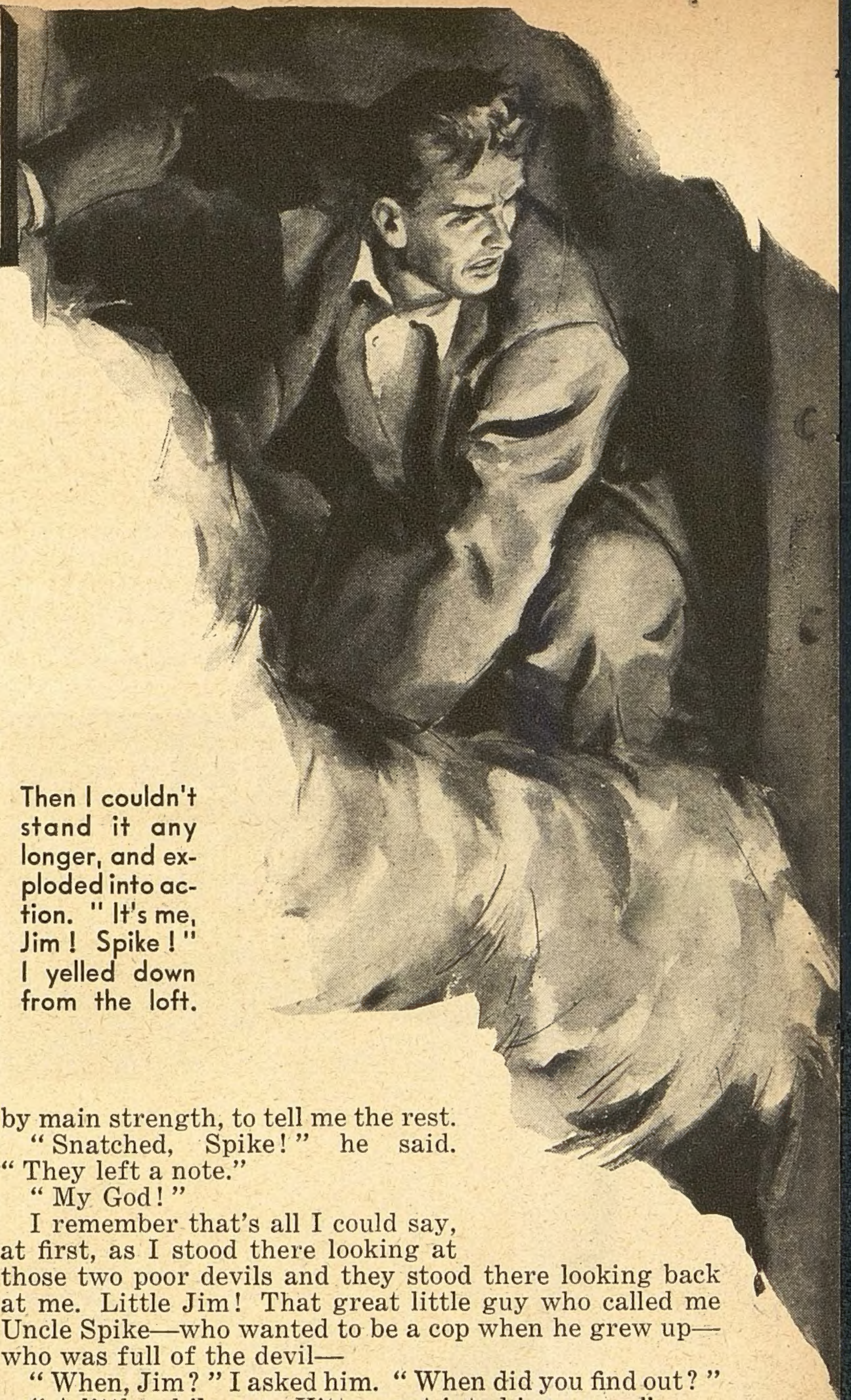
Fortunately for the U. S. S. R., the internal situation of its potential enemies, already tense, will become ever more critical in the coming period. But this does not change the analysis of the internal situation in the U. S. S. R. Stalin's totalitarian system has become a true breeding place for cultural sabotage and military defeatism. To say this bluntly is elementary duty to the peoples of the U. S. S. R. and to world public opinion. Politics, military politics in particular, cannot reconcile itself to fictions. The enemies know only too well what goes on in Stalin's realm.

THE END

SNATCH

BY SCOTT LITTLETON

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 6 SECONDS



Then I couldn't stand it any longer, and exploded into action. "It's me, Jim! Spike!" I yelled down from the loft.

LUCK'S a funny thing.

Jim Reilly and I both bought Sweepstakes tickets out of the same book. I happened to sign my name on the stub of the first ticket showing in the book, and Jim signed his on the stub of the next one.

If it had been the other way around—

But it wasn't. If it had been, I wouldn't be telling you this yarn. I'd probably be—well, I wonder just what I *would* be doing now if I'd had eighty thousand smackers dumped in my lap like Jim had dumped in his.

Because that's about what he got after John Bull and Uncle Sam grabbed their cut.

I was with him and Kitty his wife and little Jim, their ten-year-old, when the great news came. We listened to the race on his radio. Excited? I thought the guy was going to smash all the furniture in their living room before he got calmed down. I couldn't blame him. I'm not married and haven't got a living room to smash furniture in—but if I'd been in his spot I guess I'd have done the same thing.

I couldn't blame him, either, when he threw up his job in the department and went over to Ireland to collect, taking Kitty and little Jim with him. It wasn't that Jim hadn't liked police work—him and me had been partners on the robbery detail for years—or that he felt he was too good for it now, or anything like that. But with eighty thousand dollars in his kick, why should a guy go on taking a cop's chances the rest of his life?

Anyhow, old Jim came back from Ireland a lot richer than when he went over, and I was tickled to death for him. He was one swell guy, old Jim, and he and his wife were the kind of people you like to see a thing like that happen to. Outside of their moving into a little more comfortable house and Kitty having a maid in by the day to help her with the housework, it didn't change them a bit. Jim insisted that I take five grand just for being with him when he bought his ticket. I took it, all right; good clean dough like that don't grow on bushes!

And he was sure sensible about the seventy-five thousand he had left. He put it all in the best bonds he could buy, and he and Kitty and the kid settled down to enjoying life on the income.

And that's what they were still doing up until the night Jim phoned me.

"Spike!" he said, before I'd hardly answered. "You gotta come over ri' away! Don't say anythin' to anybody —but get over here!"

"What's the matter with you?" I asked him.

"For God's sake, Spike!" The guy sounded almost as if he was crying. "I can't tell you—over th' phone. But if you're my pal, don't say anythin' to anybody— *and get over here!*"

"All right," I told him; "I'll be right over."

I threw on my clothes, and half an hour later I was at his house. It was about half past two in the morning.

"What th—" I started to say, as he and Kitty both met me at the door in their dressing gowns. But I didn't get any further. Their faces—I can't begin to tell you what they looked like.

"Little Jim—" Kitty kind of gasped.

"He—he's gone!" Jim managed to say.

"Gone?"

I remember how Jim seemed to pull himself together by main strength, to tell me the rest.

"Snatched, Spike!" he said. "They left a note."

"My God!"

I remember that's all I could say, at first, as I stood there looking at those two poor devils and they stood there looking back at me. Little Jim! That great little guy who called me Uncle Spike—who wanted to be a cop when he grew up— who was full of the devil—

"When, Jim?" I asked him. "When did you find out?"

"A little while ago. Kitty went into his room—"

"Catch her!" I yelled at him. For Kitty had turned white as a sheet all of a sudden, and was toppling.

He caught her, and we got her over on to a sofa.

"I'm all right," she said faintly. "Don't worry about me. But do something! Do something, can't you?"

"We're going to do something, Kitty," I told her.

Then I turned to Jim.

"Let's have a look at his room," I said. "We've got to work fast!"

We left Kitty there on the sofa and started for the kid's room, which was in the back of the house.

"You didn't touch anything, did you?" I asked him.

"I used to be a cop," was all he said.

The light was burning in little Jim's room when we got back there.

"I only lit it so I could read the note," he said.

There it was, still pinned to the kid's empty bed. It didn't take more than a glance at the rest of the room to tell most of what had happened. Or more than a sniff of the air in it.

"They used chloroform," I said.

"Yes."

I couldn't look at Jim. The window of the room was open; that's how the snatcher had come and gone.

"He probably didn't use more than enough to dope him," I said, kind of weakly.

He didn't say anything. . . .

Careful not to touch anything or put my feet between the bed and the open window, I leaned over and read the note.

It was a man's writing, and he wasn't an educated guy—you could tell that. But he was smart enough! He came right out and said he was snatching Jim's kid for two reasons. First, because he knew Jim could put his hands on ten grand, on account of winning that Sweepstakes prize. Second, because Jim had been a policeman and ought to know better than anybody else what happened to kids when the police got called in and the newspapers got hold of it. That's just what was going to happen to little Jim, the guy said, if Jim called in the police. But if he didn't, and laid the reasonable sum of ten grand on the line in tens and fives like he'd be instructed to later, not a hair of little Jim's head would be harmed.

" I wish it had been your ticket! " Jim kind of groaned. " I wish it was me—instead of him! "

" Steady, old-timer! " I told him. " We've only begun to fight. The first thing we got to do is call Central."

I started out of the room for the phone, and I know I'll never forget the look on his face as he grabbed me.

" No! " he said. " For God's sake—no! "

" But, Jim! " I said, surprised. " We got to! We got to get fingerprint men over here and get going! We got to get a description of the kid out on the teletype— "

" No! " he said, fierce-like. " There's going to be no police—and newspapers—in this! It's our only chance! "

And then Kitty was standing in the doorway, holding on to the doorjamb, her face still white as a sheet.

" You're not going to tell anybody, are you, Spike? " she begged in a weak voice. " They'll kill him! "

" If you want me to help you—" I started to say, but Jim grabbed me again.

" Don't you understand we don't give a damn about catching him? All we want is Jim! They can have anything—I'll do anything they say to get him back! "

" But, Jim," I reminded him, " there's a new law in this state making it a felony to pay ransom! "

" Law? " he yelled at me. " What do I care about a law? They can put me away for the rest of my life—all I want is my kid! "

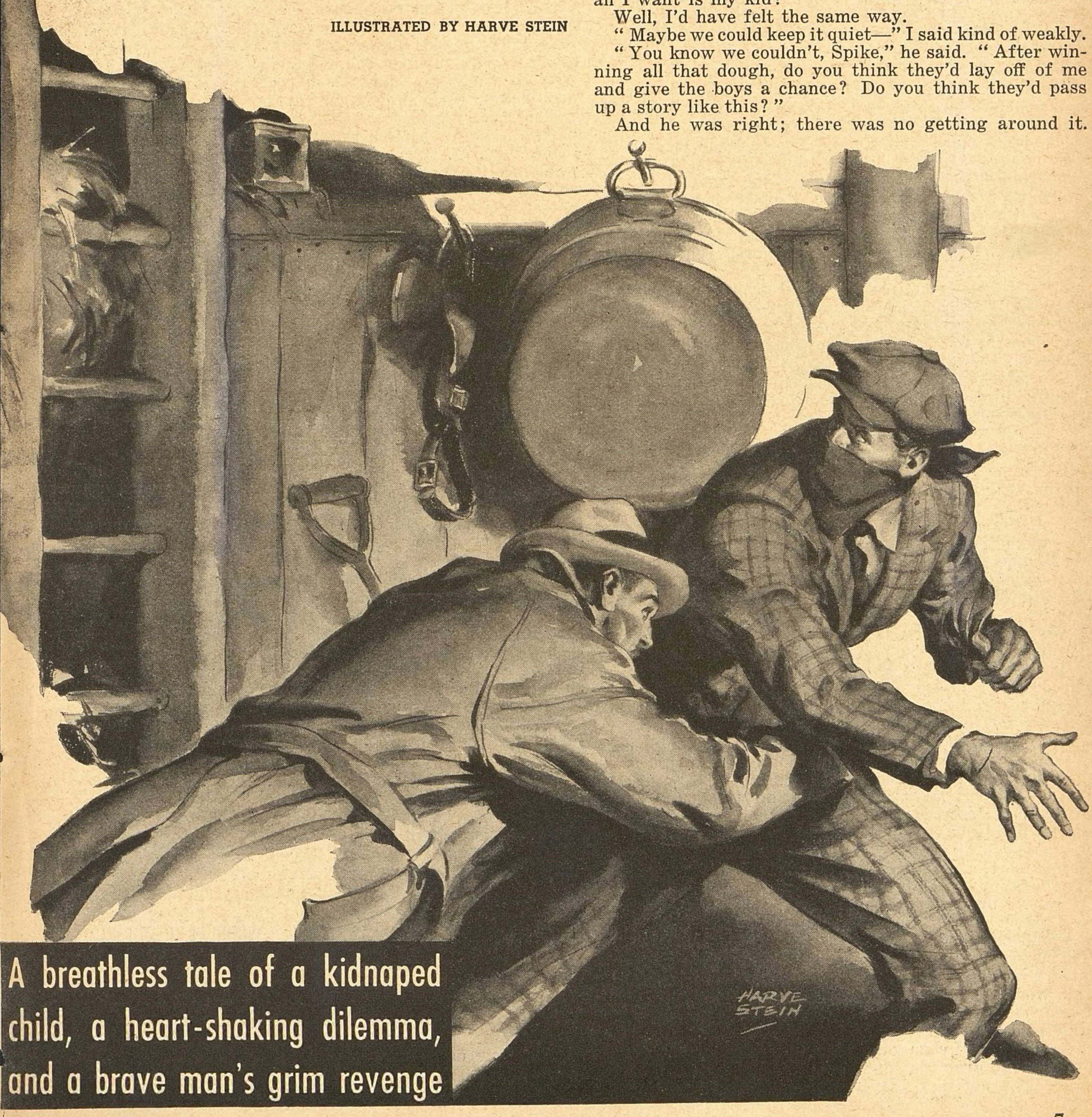
Well, I'd have felt the same way.

" Maybe we could keep it quiet—" I said kind of weakly.

" You know we couldn't, Spike," he said. " After winning all that dough, do you think they'd lay off of me and give the boys a chance? Do you think they'd pass up a story like this? "

And he was right; there was no getting around it.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVE STEIN



A breathless tale of a kidnaped child, a heart-shaking dilemma, and a brave man's grim revenge

"Help us—and keep your mouth shut," he begged. "You're the only person in the world we can trust."

I didn't say anything right off. He was asking a lot of me. Asking me to stick my neck out, for not reporting it. Asking me to help him compound a felony, maybe, in paying that ransom. Asking me to do something that was all against my best judgment. I couldn't tell him—but I felt in my bones that little Jim was already dead, if his snatcher was running true to form. And if that was the case—

"Well, Spike?" he said. And I'll never forget how Kitty looked at me.

"O. K.," I said. "I'll do my best."

And that was that; and that's what I did do for the next three days while we waited for the snatcher to make contact like he'd said he would in the note. As luck would have it, I had a lot of time off for overtime coming to me, and I moved right into their house and stayed with them.

I sneaked a fingerprint outfit from Central and dusted every inch of that room. I couldn't take the note down to the police lab for examination, of course, without giving the show away. But I don't think I'd have found anything. Whoever pulled the job had sure been careful; he hadn't left a trace that I could find.

The note we were waiting for came in the late afternoon mail of the third day. I remember how poor old Jim had to stand talking politely to the postman before he could get it away from him. The postman wanted to know if little Jim was sick or something—he'd missed him. The kid was always playing on the front lawn. . . .

"Thank God! Oh, thank God!" Kitty moaned, after we tore the envelope open and read the first words in the note, which said that little Jim was alive and well. That didn't mean a thing to me, of course—but I didn't say so. . . .

The note went on to say that the snatcher was glad to see that it looked like Jim was following his instructions and saying nothing to the police. The next step was to get the ten grand together, in tens and fives. Jim was given two days to do this in; then another note would come—providing it still looked like he hadn't said anything to the police—and he'd be given instructions for the pay-off.

EVER try to get ten grand together in tens and fives? It's some job. Especially when you don't want any questions asked. But the two of us—Jim and me—finally made it.

First, Jim got ten thousand-dollar bills from the bank. Then we split up the bills between us, and, by hitting a lot of banks, managed to get them all changed at last into tens and fives. I put my foot right down, though, when Jim didn't even want me to copy their serial numbers.

"Nothing in this green world will keep me from copying them, Jim," I told him. "And after you get your kid back, all hell isn't going to keep us from running them down, either!"

He gave in; I copied them; and then all we could do was wait for instructions.

They came as per schedule, and were clear enough. If the dough was ready, Jim was to put an ad in the personal column of one of the papers saying "O. K. Mabel." Then, two nights later, he was to bring the dough personally to a deserted barn about ten miles out in the country, and leave it there. Shortly thereafter the kid—who was still alive and well, according to the snatcher—would be released within walking distance of his home.

The location of the barn was carefully given, and the note wound up with the usual threat that if there was the slightest sign of monkey business on Jim's part the kid would be killed.

Of course I figured he'd been killed already. If the snatcher had been smart enough not to leave any traces at all, wouldn't he be smart enough to rub out a bright ten-year-old who could identify him in a minute? Of course he'd be!

I decided that I was going to be in on that pay-off and do my best to grab the snatcher!

So after I got that "O. K. Mabel" ad in, I told Jim that I'd used up all my overtime staying with them, and would have to go back on duty. If I didn't, it *would* begin to look funny, I told him.

He understood.

"I—we—can't begin to thank you for what you've done, Spike," he said. "From here on out I've got to go it alone, anyhow."

"Not alone, old-timer," I told him—wondering what he'd say if he knew how true I was going to make that be. "I'll be with you every minute I can spare."

I didn't go down to Central and check in. I went back to where I lived, and got out the oldest clothes I could find. I rubbed them in dirt before I got into them. Then I got some old blankets and dirtied them up, rolled them up and slung them over my shoulder. I made a pretty passable-looking bindle stiff.

Then, tucking my rod in my pants and leaving my car in its garage, I set out to walk the ten miles from town to that deserted barn. If the place was such that I could approach and get into it without rousing any attention, I'd get into it and stay there. It wasn't likely that the snatcher would be casing the place a day ahead of time.

I slung an old canteen of water over my shoulder along with the blanket roll and picked up some chocolate bars on the way. And late in the afternoon, with my dogs yelping for mercy, I got out there.

That's all the place was—a deserted, ramshackle old barn a little ways from the road, without a house anywhere near it. I cased it pretty thoroughly before I went into it. It was as empty of any sign of life inside as out. But part of the old hayloft was still in place, with some moldy old hay still there. That would be the spot for me, I decided; and after smoking one last cigarette and burying it, I swung up into it and pulled the hay over me.

I WON'T bother you with how I passed the rest of that day, that night, and the next day up in that loft. It took patience—I'll say that. But every time I began to get restless, I'd think of little Jim. . . .

It was stiff sleeping that night. And Lord, how that next day dragged! Darkness came at last, though.

Just as my wrist watch showed nine o'clock, a car came along the road and, instead of passing by, slowed and turned in toward the barn. *It wasn't Jim's car.*

It stopped, seemingly back of the barn and out of sight from the road, and whoever was driving it switched off the engine.

I can't begin to tell you how hard it was for me to lie there without moving, with my rod in my hand, listening to the silence. It seemed like an hour before it was broken by the sound of another car in the distance. I recognized the sound of its motor. It was Jim's!

I could hear it slow down—then, after a little pause, turn in from the road toward the barn and stop. And then what do you think? Directly below me, so close that in two steps I could have jumped down from the hayloft on to him, I heard a man clear his throat nervously.

So the guy was so sure of himself that he was going to meet Jim face to face! That sure changed my plans. I'd figured that he wouldn't go for the dough until Jim got well away.

And then I heard Jim's voice . . . as he came into the barn and saw the guy. . . .

"Here I am," I could hear him say in a low, suffering tone. "Have you got the kid?"

"Have you got the dough?" I could hear the snatcher come back at him. He was keeping his voice low, too, and it sounded kind of muffled, as though he had something over his face.

"Yes," I could hear Jim say. "But you're not going to get it unless you can prove that the kid's O. K."

"I told you he was O. K., didn't I?" the snatcher kind of growled, "and that we'd let him out near your place?"

We! So the guy wasn't working alone! That made it even worse.

"But how do I know you're going to?" Jim said, desperate-like.

"You gotta take our word for it," the snatcher said.

"We're wastin' time, copper. Do you want your kid or don't you?"

I couldn't hear Jim say anything, but I could hear him breathe, and I could make a picture of what he was doing, all right. He was handing over that ten grand, praying for strength to keep his hands off the guy. . . .

Then I could hear the paper it was wrapped up in being torn open, and the guy seemed to be counting it.

"Is it all here?" the guy asked.

"Yes—" I could hear Jim gasp. "For God's sake—tell me—is he still alive?"

And then I couldn't stand it any longer, and exploded into action.

"It's me, Jim! Spike!" I yelled down from the loft.

There was just enough moonlight coming through the barn doorway so I could see them, and to my dying day I won't forget Jim's face as I reared up there in that loft, with the hay dripping off me and my rod in my hand. I couldn't see the snatcher's face because he had it covered with a handkerchief. But Jim's!

"Grab him!" I yelled at Jim, as the guy started to make a dash for the doorway. Thank God, Jim had been a copper and still had a copper's instinct, because he didn't stand there gawking up at me for more than a split second. He made a flying tackle, and brought the guy down before he'd taken two steps.

Then I was down on the barn floor — and something else was happening! Something I hadn't counted on at all.

The engine of the car the guy had come in was starting up! Which meant only one thing—that he hadn't come alone, and that whoever had come with him was in that car and was making his getaway!

I left Jim struggling with the guy with the handkerchief over his face, and ran out and around the barn in the direction from which the sound of that engine seemed to have come. Maybe little Jim wasn't dead, after all! Maybe I'd been all wrong! Maybe he was in that car with the other snatcher! And if he was—

"Yoo-hoo, sarge. Can you hear me?"

It was a powerful-sounding engine, and it was jerking the guy on his way, all right. I got a bare flash of the car—not even enough to tell what it looked like—as I rounded the corner of the barn. Then it was out on the road and roaring out of sight behind some trees. . . .

I made a dash for Jim's car, standing about fifty feet away. I jumped in, jammed my foot on the starter—

But it wouldn't start!

The other snatcher had been smart enough to jimmy the ignition. It had been part of their plan to keep from being followed, maybe, after the pay-off. That's why only one of them had met Jim!

I was in a cold sweat. I'd messed things, all right—God help me! If little Jim wasn't already dead, they'd be *sure* to kill him now. Jim would never forgive me; Kitty would never forgive me. I couldn't blame them!

Yes . . . that was all in Jim's face when I got back to him. He'd conked the guy with a rock and knocked him cold, and the guy was just stretched out there, breathing heavy.

What could I say?

"I—I'm sorry," I mumbled, kind of weakly.

But he just stood there looking at me dull-like.

"It's too late now," was all he said. Then he kind of collapsed down on the ground—when I told him about the car—and put his hands over his eyes and started crying like a baby.

I guess that was the lowest point in my life. . . .

But all of a sudden I had an idea.

"Jim!" I said, shaking him. "We're not through yet! Not by a damned sight!"

I don't think he even heard me; but I started to put my idea into action right away.

I'd noticed some rope hanging on the barn wall; it was old but it would do. I got it, and while the snatcher was struggling back to consciousness I bound his hands and feet up tight with it. There were some old newspapers in the barn; I got those and began twisting them up tightly, to make torches of them.

Jim finally took his hands from his face and looked at me kind of blank.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Got any matches?" was all I said.

He fumbled in his pockets and handed me a box.

"Now sit on him while I get his shoes and stockings off," I told Jim. "We're going to find out where little Jim is if we have to burn him from the ground up!"

The blankness began to go out of Jim's eyes as he got my idea. And you should have seen what came into the snatcher's eyes as he came back to consciousness and got my idea too!

With Jim holding him down, I lit one of my newspaper torches and gave him a little taste on his bare feet of what I had in mind. Barbarous? Sure it was barbarous! But what is kidnaping? I just let him scream.

I won't go into all the details. It still makes me kind of sick to talk about it, and I can still hear those screams.

But I'm telling you it didn't take more than one of my torches to make Jim and me feel like new men! The guy swore, in his agony, that little Jim was still alive!

It took one more and the better part of a third, however—together with some penknife work by Jim under his fingernails—to make him tell where they were hiding the kid out. Little Jim hadn't been in his pal's car, the guy swore; a third guy was keeping him in a cabin up in the mountains in Coldwater Canyon—way up. And we made him describe it to us so we couldn't miss it.

That's where his pal was headed, he told us; headed up there to give the alarm. And our hearts sank again as we realized that, except for some kind of a miracle, he'd get there ahead of us. And little Jim—

"We've *got* to do it, Jim!" I yelled at him as, carrying the moaning snatcher with us, we made for the car.

We threw the guy in the back seat, and the two of us started working on that ignition like crazy men. It was a good hour and a half's run up to that cabin, even at high speed, and the guy had a full twenty minutes' start on us!

And then all of a sudden we found the trouble and had it fixed. I guess the wires themselves wanted to help us. And then Jim was behind the wheel, and we were on our way, wide open.

But even at eighty miles an hour—

"I've got it!" I yelled all of a sudden, after we'd put about ten roaring miles behind us.

"Got what?" Jim yelled back at me.

"The airport!" I yelled back. "Go to the airport!"

Jim got my idea just in time to go around the corner of the road that led to the airport on two wheels. If there shouldn't be a plane available—

There was one available, and a pilot to fly it. But when we told him where we wanted to go, he just shook his head.

"There's no place within miles, up there, where I could set a ship down," he said.

"Not even on that big mesa just to the north?" I asked, beginning to feel cold all over.

"No," he said. "It would be suicide."

By that time, we figured, the snatcher must be almost to the foot of the canyon and starting up into it. We were stumped, all right. We'd shot the works, and lost. And once more it had been my fault. If we'd only kept on after that car, something might have happened to it and we *might* have caught it!

But wait a minute; what was it the pilot was saying? "Bailing out"? "Parachutes"?

I grabbed at what he was saying, like a drowning man.

"You mean"—I kind of gasped—"that you could drop us off—near enough?"

"I'll take a chance on coming down close—if you guys want to take a chance," he said. "That's pretty rough country up there, and you might get pretty badly busted up, landing. How about it?"

"Let's go!" Jim yelled at the pilot wildly.

"And how!" I yelled with him. . . .

And five minutes later we both had chutes harnessed on to us, and were in the plane, sitting on the packs, and the plane was roaring down the airport runway and we were off.

It wasn't over a fifteen-minute ride through the air, but it seemed like an hour before we got over the place where that cabin was. I knew that canyon like a book, and so did Jim. We couldn't see the cabin, but we could tell just about where it ought to be.

We didn't dare do any circling around trying to spot it, either; that might get the snatcher down there curious. No; all we could do was follow right up the canyon until we got to the right spot—and go overboard!

"Here we are, Jim! Good luck!" I said to him, with a last quick grab of his hand as I got my nerve together and climbed over the side.

"Good luck—and God bless you, Spike!" he said, squeezing my hand and getting ready to follow me.

Then I jumped out into the darkness, and the last thing I saw as I left the plane was him leaving it right after me.

DOWN through the darkness . . . tumbling over and over . . . grabbing for breath. The pilot had told us to count up to at least five before we pulled our strings. I don't remember how long I counted. But I pulled the thing finally, and there was a blessed *plop!* above me and I was jerked upright in my harness.

My first thought was Jim. On account of the big white umbrella over me I couldn't see if he had made it O. K. . . .

And then I saw him, dangling from his big white umbrella about a hundred feet above me and to the left. He was safe—we were both safe, so far. Now, if we could only land all right, without breaking any bones—

The Lord knows, neither of us had ever jumped in a chute before. There was a moon that night and we could see the ground pretty well. And it wasn't smooth ground, I'm telling you!

I've been scared in my life, but never more than I was watching those pine trees of Coldwater Canyon getting bigger and bigger and those rocks getting sharper-looking. The last hundred feet or so of that drop down into that canyon will always be kind of a nightmare to me. It looked like I was going to clear the trees, thank God! And then the whole canyon floor seemed to rise up and drive my knees up into my chin as I hit.

Again my first thought was Jim, when I got back the breath that had been knocked out of me. Up the canyon a little ways I could see a big blob of white draped over some pines. Ripping out of my harness as fast as I could, I started over the rocks toward it. I had to go over the rocks, because the automobile road was over against the canyon wall about fifty yards away. It was Jim's chute, all right; and then I saw him limping to his feet and tearing himself out of his harness.

When I got up to him, his face was all bloody where the pine branches had gashed him, and I could see that one of his legs was hurt.

But he could still stand on it.

"We've got to get over to the road," he said.

We scrambled over the rocks and the fallen dead wood like a couple of madmen. I didn't know until later that one of his ankles was broken!

We got to the road. . . .

"Which way?" Jim gasped. His face was white as a sheet, under the blood on it. And I guess mine was pretty white, too. I felt that way, I'm telling you!

"North!" I said, starting in that direction.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

I was fairly sure, although the layout looked different down on the ground, mostly on account of the trees. And we couldn't stop to talk it over at that point. We were ahead of our man now; but I figured he must be at least halfway up the canyon by that time.

With Jim holding on to my shoulder—every step must have been agony for the poor guy—we started up the road at a run. I was still fairly sure, after we'd gone about half a mile, that the cabin was in that direction.

And then all of a sudden I got cold all over as I realized we were wrong! The canyon was opening out, wider than ever. That wasn't where the cabin was.

Poor Jim! When we started back, he got about a hundred yards and then fell flat. His leg couldn't make it any longer.

"You go on!" he gasped. "I'll make it someway."

I went on. . . .

I ran down that road until I thought my heart was going to burst through my ribs. Still no cabin. Good Lord, I thought, had we made a mistake about it in the air? I *had* to find it; there was no two ways about it!

And then I ran around a turn, and there it was—just as the first snatcher had described it!

FOR a minute or so I laid down on the road, fighting to get my breath back and expecting any second to see the headlights of that car we were trying to beat come tearing up the canyon. Then, half sick at my stomach and with my rod in my hand, I started crawling up to the place on my hands and knees.

There was a dim light burning in it that I could see through one of the windows that wasn't completely covered. Carefully I inched myself to my feet until I could see inside through the crack in the curtains. . . .

And what I saw was the most welcome sight I ever hope to see as long as I live. Little Jim!

But was he alive or dead? I couldn't see very well. His arms and legs seemed to be tied together and his head was forward on his breast; his mouth seemed to be tied up with tape or something, and I couldn't see whether he was breathing or not. . . .

Then, past the crack in the curtains moved the form of a man—and I guess I must have gone crazy. . . .

I smashed that window with one sock of the butt of my rod, ripped the curtains aside, and before he knew what was happening to him I was pouring the lead into him. My first blast knocked him down, but I kept pouring it into him just to be sure. Then I was inside the place and had little Jim in my arms.

He was alive, thank God! And when I got him unbound, and the tape off of his mouth, he seemed to be O. K., outside of being a badly scared little boy.

"Daddy!" was the first thing he said, kind of hysterically. "Uncle Spike! Where's my daddy?"

He didn't have very long to wait to find out. There was a banging at the door, and when I opened it, Jim half fell inside. Little Jim screamed at the sight of him at first. Then the poor bloody-faced guy had his kid in his arms, and that was that. . . .

Not quite that. All of a sudden we heard a car coming in the distance. As it got closer I recognized the sound of its engine!

Jim took one look at the guy I'd killed, lying there on the floor.

"Give me your rod," he said to me, struggling up to his feet. "It's my turn now!"

THE END

MISTRIAL!

The Uncensored Facts About Judges, Technicalities, and Justice

BY PERCIVAL E. JACKSON

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READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Outspoken, revealing!—Here begins a new series of vital concern to every American liberal with common sense

THAT eminent Rabelaisian hero, Judge Bridlegoose, was not one to be put down by the intricacies and technicalities of the law.

In his long and successful career on the bench he decided four thousand cases by the simple procedure of casting lots. Two thousand three hundred and nine of these cases were appealed to a higher court—and in every instance his Honor's decision was affirmed.

In the light of recent developments in the courts, there are those who feel that the Bridlegoose method, primitive as it may seem, has its points.

There would be no prolonged wrangles between attorney and attorney, or between attorney and judge, as to what evidence could or could not be submitted within the law. There would be no tedious conferences at the bench—out of hearing of the jury—in order that all hands might go down to posterity, or up to the higher court, in the correct legal light.

There would be no mistrials.

For years the suspicion has been strong in lay circles that modern lawyers and modern judges have evolved a system no more sensible and far more cumbersome.

All that was needed to fan this suspicion into certainty was one *cause célèbre* obviously wrecked by legal technicalities in defiance of the people's will.

The recent case of the People vs. James J. Hines, tried by District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey before New York Supreme Court Justice Ferdinand Pecora, should be, and I think it will be, the very last straw that breaks the legal camel's back.

I say this quite without reference to the personalities involved. Like most New Yorkers, I came up to the Hines trial full of good will. I had rejoiced in Mr. Dewey's remarkable achievements as a prosecutor of higher-up racketeers. Also I had long admired Ferdinand Pecora; in fact, I had worked to elect him District Attorney in his campaign against Mr. Dewey's predecessor, William C. Dodge. As for Hines, I had no feeling except that justice should take its appointed course.

But when Judge Pecora, rightly or wrongly, after a trial lasting a full month and costing more than $50,000, and after receiving 1,165,000 words of testimony, threw the entire case out of court because of the possible effect of one fourteen-word question—which was never answered—the case suddenly transcended the personalities involved.

Not James J. Hines was on trial, but the law.

And the verdict, if we may judge from the almost unanimous condemnation of Justice Pecora's act in the daily press, was "Guilty."

"A profound mistake of judgment—a monumental boner—straining at gnats—a mountain out of a molehill—this kind of hairsplitting is what breeds popular cynicism toward the law—will do nothing to increase the respect of the man in the street for the administration of criminal justice—the public has come out of this trial increasingly suspicious of the law and the lawyers—"

These are only a few of the typical expressions gleaned from the nation's press.

Among lawyers opinion is naturally less unanimous. I happen to be one who thinks Judge Pecora was wrong.

I think he was wrong in assuming that the question objected to, if it was objectionable, could possibly have affected the judgment of a blue-ribbon jury if that jury had been instructed, as it was in many previous instances, to disregard it.

I think he was wrong in assuming that the interests of the defendant could have been permanently prejudiced even if the jurors couldn't disregard the question, so long as there existed a higher court of review to which the defendant, and only the defendant, had appeal. I think he was wrong in depriving the defendant of a chance to secure a prompt and full acquittal.

I think he was wrong in subjecting the prosecution not only to the spending of more thousands of taxpayers' money, but to the almost insurmountable handicap of trying the case again after having given its hand away to the defense, and before a jury whose opinions must to some extent be influenced by the publicity attending the first trial and its highly controversial ending.

Finally, I think he was wrong in assuming that the higher court, in the event of a verdict for the state, would have reversed that verdict because of the District Attorney's question, and sent the case back for retrial.

"There is absolutely no doubt in my mind," he is reported as saying, "that the case would have been reversed on appeal if I had not ruled as I did."

There is probably not one lawyer in this country who did not think to himself, when he read those words:

Would that I could be as certain as that about what would happen to my cases on appeal!

As a matter of fact, it is generally accepted in the profession that no one can ever tell what a higher court may or may not do on appeal. But, assuming that Mr. Dewey's question did imply that Hines was guilty of other crimes besides those specified in the indictment, the higher courts have repeatedly refused to reverse a verdict on any such technicality.

I know offhand six decisions, by the very court which would have been called upon to review the Hines case on appeal, refusing to reverse decisions in situations which I believe legally identical with the present one.

As I say, no one can tell what the higher court will do; but District Attorney Dewey or you or I or anybody else involved in litigation before a lower-court judge has a right to the benefits that accrue from that uncertainty. We don't have to be judges to know that the Court of Appeals, having repeatedly refused to reverse in similar cases, *might* have refused in this case.

Personally, I think it *would* have refused—and I know many men learned in the law who hold that view. But so far as the real significance of this case is concerned, in regard to the future of lawyers and the law, it makes very little difference what I or any other lawyer thinks.

AT long last, thanks to Judge Pecora and the publicity which his decision has received, the law is out of the hands of lawyers. And this is as it should be.

"We need to admit the importance," said the late Elihu Root, "of external pressure, of lay journalistic agitation, to bring home to lawyers the intense dissatisfaction which the public feels. It is all but impossible for the lawyer to look at our system and our products with fresh, unprejudiced eyes."

Farsighted living lawyers have echoed these words—but, until now, without response from the profession.

"Some day," said Federal District Attorney George Z. Medalie in 1932, "a shock will come to bench and bar when an outraged public takes law tinkering out of the hands of lawyers and judges and does the job itself."

That shock, although some lawyers do not realize it, is about to come.

The publication of daily transcripts of the Hines case testimony throughout the country has laid bare the technicalities and uncertainties of the law, with their consequences of expense and delay. It has revealed the weaknesses of the law administrators, the inability of a prosecuting attorney and a judge to agree on whether a question might be asked and answered, whether a defendant's rights might be impaired or prejudiced.

You, the People, now know us for what we are.

At its outset, therefore, the Hines trial was of importance not because it might decide the fate of Hines but because its revelations might be able to destroy a vicious system whereby politics protects crime. Today the Hines trial is of much greater importance because its disclosures may be able to destroy a legal system whereby technicality protects crime.

All that remains to be done to change that "may" into "will" is to show the American people that what happened to abstract justice in the Hines case might happen definitely and personally to you and me—in fact, *is* happening every day in the week to other you's and me's who find themselves quite as helpless as the courts in the tangled intricacies of lawyer-made law.

For example, in January of 1930 a Miss Kelly was a passenger in a taxicab which collided with a truck. She was severely and permanently injured, concededly through no fault of her own. She sued the owner of the cab and the owner of the truck.

The case ultimately came to trial. The question was which of the two was liable. Each blamed the other. The taxi driver took the stand and said the truck ran into his cab. The truck driver took the stand and said his truck was not in motion when the cab ran into him.

A police officer testified that he had questioned the truck driver at the hospital to which the plaintiff had been taken after the accident, and that the truck driver had then told him that he had been unable to stop his truck because the pavement was slippery.

The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff against the owner of the truck for $14,000. The trucking company appealed. In February, 1937, seven years after the accident, the appellate court reversed the judgment and ordered a new trial, because it held the trial judge committed error in allowing the policeman to testify to the truck driver's contradictions of his testimony.

WHY? Because Miss Kelly was not hurt? No. Because the truck driver was not at fault? No. Then why? Because, the Court said, the statements of the truck driver at the hospital were not binding on the defendant and should not have been admitted in evidence.

"Why not?" you ask.

"Because it was not part of the *res gestae*," answers the Court.

"What is the *res gestae?*" you ask.

The *res gestae*, roughly speaking, are contemporaneous acts and declarations relevant to the matter at issue; but as a famous English judge said: "The question remains, what are relevant?"

"Besides," says the lawyer for the insurance company, "one cannot impeach a witness without warning him."

"What does that mean?" you ask.

"That's another technicality. It means that, before calling the police officer to testify that the truck driver had made a contradictory statement at the hospital, Miss Kelly's lawyer should first have asked the truck driver, while he was on the witness stand, whether he had not made such a statement to the police officer and then have called the police officer."

"Nonsense!" you say—and you are right.

Nevertheless, in this case as in the Hines trial, technicality was allowed to prevail over common sense.

Because the jury was told that the truck driver made contradictory statements as to the cause of the accident (which was the very point they were called upon to decide) and because the jury might have been persuaded by such testimony that the truckman was lying at the trial, the appeal court, seven years after Miss Kelly had been hurt, admittedly through no fault of her own, threw the $14,000 judgment out and told her she'd have to try her case all over again.

Leaving this quandary for a moment, let the judge consider his next case. A defendant is charged in an indictment with stealing a pair of shoes. The prosecution produces the shoes, which a policeman testifies were taken from the fleeing prisoner. They are marked in evidence.

Defendant's counsel takes the policeman for cross-examination. "This is the pair of shoes you took from the prisoner?" he asks.

"Yes, sir."

"You recognize them?"

"Yes, sir."

"No doubt about their being the very pair?"

"No, sir."

"Now hand me the right shoe."

The policeman complies.

"Now the left."

The policeman looks at the remaining shoe, hesitates, and then mumbles:

"There ain't no left; they're both rights."

"I move to dismiss, your Honor," says the prisoner's counsel. "We are charged with stealing a pair of shoes; but two rights do not make a pair."

What is the judge to do with this obvious technicality, this quibble? If he sustains it, the law is cheated and made ineffectual. If he overrules it, he must violate the rule that a criminal indictment is to be construed strictly, so that a man may not be convicted of a crime with which he has not been charged. The conscientious judge thinks his problem aloud in somewhat this fashion:

"The defendant ought to be jailed if guilty. But if I break the rules or ignore the precedents in this case, it will stand as a precedent for further and continued infringements upon the rights of a defendant until we find ourselves convicting the innocent. Is it better to let this guilty defendant go free and let the legislature fix the law, or to stretch my conscience to convict this defendant?"

How the judge solves his personal problem, despite our system of rule and precedent, depends on the judge and his bent.

The whole field of statutory construction is rife with technicalities and with varying and contradictory results. Of course it is not truly a question of what the legislative intent was, but rather what the court thinks the legislative intent was, or what it should have been, that determines the result in these matters. Or it may be the judge's bias or leaning, his notion of what the particular result should be, based upon his notion of right or wrong, his judicial balancing of the equities.

Technical difficulties in the construction of civil statutes are of daily occurrence. And the ubiquity of technicalities in the administration of our criminal law, as shown in the Hines case, is enough to hold it up to public scorn. Applications for mistrials in criminal cases, motions in arrest of judgment, and reversals of convictions of notorious criminals on technical grounds are of common occurrence.

Are trials the lofty legal examinations they are supposed to be? Or devious games played in courts, with both sides trying to beat the rules? Read Mr. Jackson in an early issue!

I have stressed the part that judges play because it was a judge in the Hines case whose ruling on a technicality precipitated this discussion. But in fairness it should be pointed out that litigants and attorneys are equally prominent in perpetrating the judicial farce.

A defendant seldom hesitates to evade service of a summons, to challenge the validity of its service, to claim the complaint is insufficient and to ask for its dismissal on technical grounds, to seek to move the action from the State to the Federal Court, to obtain extensions of time to answer, to require plaintiffs to serve bills of particulars, to take depositions of nonresident witnesses, to discover and inspect books and records—to mention only a few procedural complications.

Before a plaintiff's case can be reached for trial, a reluctant defendant can tie the litigation into such a snarl of preliminary delay and expense that the plaintiff's patience and purse may be exhausted.

There are no bounds to the persistence of a defending suitor or to the ingenuities of his lawyer. On the other side is found the tricky plaintiff's lawyer who brings strike suits, examines defendants before trial, seeks inspection of confidential books and records, subpoenas customers and friends of the defendant, and otherwise makes technical procedural moves, all in an effort to harass or embarrass an innocent defendant into an extortionate settlement.

No class of lawyer is guiltless; each uses technical weapons of procedure, some legitimately, some malevolently, in the effort to level an opponent's defenses.

Because of the lawyer-practices of making technical procedural moves in every case, it has been estimated that mere technical matters of practice and procedure occupy one third of the time of the courts.

In the very nature of things, we cannot avoid technicalities, quibbles, and legalisms altogether. Lawyers and judges work with words; those are their tools. For purposes of exposition they select words that sparkle with clarity; for purposes of mystification they choose mystifying hog-Latin terms of ambiguous parentage.

To ensure equality we promise a rule of law. But we are not content to suffer the individual hardship which flows from inflexible rule in order to preserve the academic, or even the practical, sanctity of rule. The sufferer invariably rebels and, with rare exception, the law administrator, being human, also seeks a way out. The consequence of both is resort to technicality, to quibble, as a means of evasion.

In addition, life as we live it is an endless struggle between oughts and wants. The litigant, of course, wants to win at any cost. The man who complains, in the abstract, of the technicalities of the law today does not hesitate to avail himself of them, in the concrete, tomorrow. It is a most exceptional lawyer who would refuse to take advantage of a technicality to win his client's cause; indeed, he might be chargeable with his client's loss if he failed to do so.

The individual litigant, however, is not the principal malefactor. It is the corporate defendant that is the American personification of efficiency. Nor does democratic government itself hesitate to further its ends by the use of quibbles. Thus, when Al Capone proved too hard a nut to crack by ordinary means, the government got technical and charged him with violations of the income-tax law; and having been indicted on one charge, he was sentenced on another or upon many others.

Similarly, when a murder charge fails, the defendant is often charged with the illegal possession of a weapon. When a business man cannot be convicted of grand larceny, he is charged with some technical violation in issuing a credit statement. Bankers guilty of embezzlement are often dealt with this way: they are readily found guilty of a violation of some technical provision of the banking law. It is not difficult, with so many laws, to find at least one that almost any banker has violated, consciously or unconsciously, at one time or another.

We decry technicalities when they are permitted to produce untoward results. Yet who will say that we do not welcome them when they enable us to effect a desired end? Much of the discredit visited upon the law is caused by judges who are unable, by lack of perception, knowledge, or ability, to turn the ubiquity of legalisms to a needed social end.

Chief Judge Crane of the New York Court of Appeals said recently, in refusing to heed technical pleas of counsel for Luciano, a notorious and convicted gangster:

"We must not be so backward as to make our legal procedure a hindrance instead of a furtherance to justice."

No one can say that Ferdinand Pecora, on his record, is a "backward" judge or one lacking in devotion to "a needed social end." But I believe there are several million people in the United States who wish that, in the Hines case, he had been more realistic.

There *are* judges who temper technical legalism with—what shall we say?—uncommon sense. "Take the bumblebee," said a Kentucky justice in speaking of the fallibility of the academic. "Apply to him the recognized aerotechnical tests. From the points and shape and weight of his body in relation to total wing area, he cannot possibly fly. But the bumblebee doesn't know this, and he goes ahead and flies anyway."

Confronted by the relatively simple problem of whether a question asked in court could be erased from the minds of a jury, I like to think that this Kentucky jurist would not have sent the jury out of the room and conferred all day with lawyers. He would have sent the lawyers out and conferred two minutes with the jury.

If Judge Pecora had followed this rather obvious procedure in the Hines case—putting the problem up to the only people who could answer it—the chances are that Tammany leader Jimmy Hines would long since have been restored with some degree of permanence to the bosom of his family, or he would be on his way, however winding, to a Sing Sing cell.

More important still, respect for the law would have been maintained and enhanced throughout the land!

THE END

WHY NOT PAY FOOTBALL PLAYERS?

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THERE used to be a great deal of talk about overemphasis in college football. Do you remember? We used to worry about keeping football in its proper relation to undergraduate life. That was back in the days when football was still a sport and it was considered wrong for men who had gone to college for an education to make tremendous sacrifices for what was only a game. Now that has all been changed. Football is no longer a game. It is a business. It is almost a racket.

I played and coached during the old blood-and-thunder era, and there was plenty of overemphasis. After a session of spring football, we were supposed to spend the summer getting into physical condition. I used to run a four-mile circuit every morning of my vacation. There was a summer football camp managed by the coaches for those boys who could arrange to attend. We all returned to college four or five weeks early for preliminary drill. Till the end of the season we worked every afternoon from two o'clock till exhaustion.

Do you remember the excitement when one All-American star said, in print, that he did not enjoy football?

The main idea was to drive a man till he was fighting mad. The high point of the coaching season was a period known as "fight week." There was usually some blood spilled. We had "fight talks" before every game and between the halves. We were pumped full of it, till we were ready to go out and die for dear old alma mater.

Overemphasis pervaded the whole college. A man was a slacker if he did not spend his Saturday afternoons in the cheering section. There were torchlight parades and mass meetings. The student body (minus only those unpatriotic individuals known as bookworms) wanted the team to know that football was important.

It became a little absurd. Even the newspapers could see that there was overemphasis, and something had to be done to keep football from collapsing under its own weight.

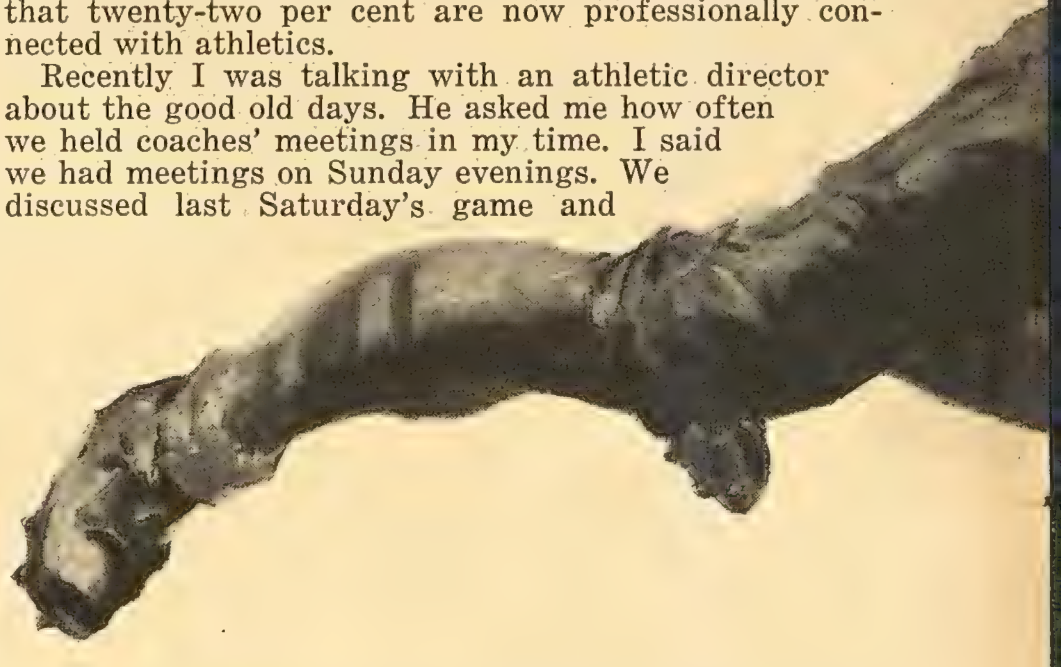
Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, who were still the Big Three and could set the pace, made an agreement not to start practice more than three weeks before college opened. Spring practice was cut down, and it was considered unfair to run football camps during the summer. Mass meetings were abandoned and the old-fashioned blood-and-thunder methods became a thing of the past. There were many changes, brought to a climax by the Carnegie Institution's investigation of professionalism in college sport. Sparks flew in every direction. Finally the colleges got wise to themselves.

They discovered that the old methods were inefficient. Football had become a business and, like all businesses, required scientific organization. So they hired business managers, whom they called athletic directors, and set up Rules Committees and Coaches Associations to promote the best interests of the industry.

The first step was the substitution of the professional for the amateur coach. It used to be a point of pride to have the team coached by a graduate of the college. He may have been paid for his time, but still he was an amateur, because he had no idea of making coaching a profession. He took his afternoons off from his office, and did it largely for fun and for loyalty, with just enough of a salary thrown in to make it possible.

To make it possible for men to enter the field as a serious profession, salaries went up. Coaches could afford to give their whole time to football and, naturally, they became much more competent. Nowadays no college can afford to use anything but a professional coach. If they are lucky they may still find one among their own graduates, because, after all, football players do come from colleges. And coaching is popular among football graduates. It pays. In a recent survey of all All-American players picked between 1910 and 1927, it was discovered that twenty-two per cent are now professionally connected with athletics.

Recently I was talking with an athletic director about the good old days. He asked me how often we held coaches' meetings in my time. I said we had meetings on Sunday evenings. We discussed last Saturday's game and designed a new play or two, or worked up a trick defense. We had a report from somebody who had seen our next opponent play. Finally, and it was considered the latest wrinkle, we saw moving pictures of the last game which had been taken by some amateur photographer and which were much more exciting than they were instructive.

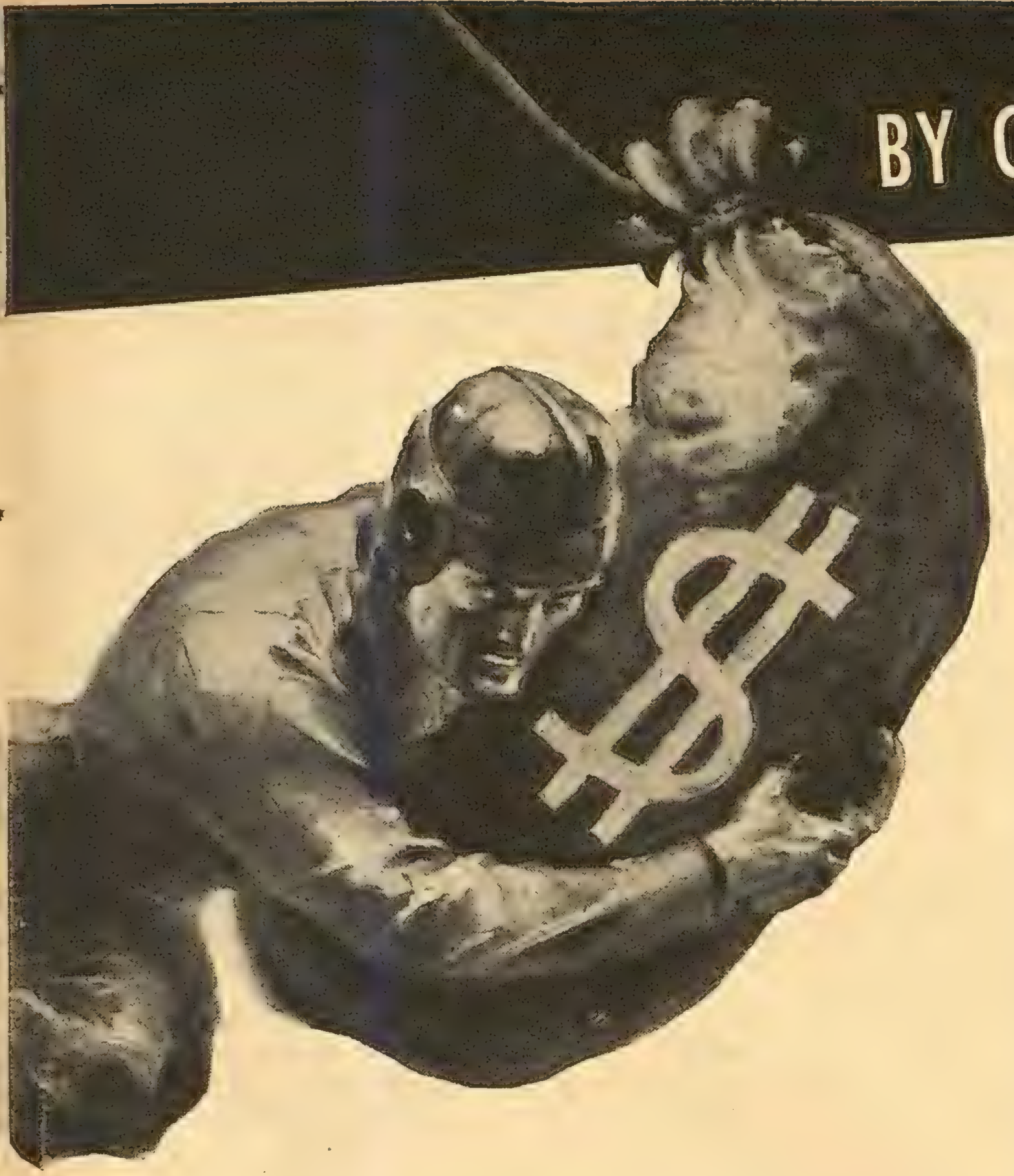


My friend laughed. His new head coach, he said, holds a meeting of his assistants every night. Each assistant makes a detailed report on every player in his squad. They have moving pictures not only of the games but of the practice, and the film has been run over, and stopped, and run backward so many times that it is worn out. They schedule the work for the following day and it is a model of efficiency. It makes every minute count. Big Jim will have three minutes more on the dummy because he missed a tackle yesterday. Art Slinger gets three minutes' extra forward-passing instruction, to learn to get his fingers over the laces in the right place. It is a matter of minutes, because producing a football team is all a question of teaching a maximum of technique in a minimum of time. The time is strictly limited. Football cannot afford another attack of overemphasis.

The coaches, of course, can work out of season. They hold meetings all winter and part of the summer. The whole offensive and defensive strategy must be designed. They prepare a tentative plan, which is the same thing as a production schedule for a factory. They take into consideration the available material and study the best methods of bringing each man along. It is important to have the boys in fine physical condition. They are given periodic physical examinations.

There is no doubt that modern football is much more intense than it ever was in the past. It is bigger, and it is also better in a business sense. The games are better from the spectator's standpoint, more skillfully played and more fun to watch. And it is better for the players,

BY CHARLES J. HUBBARD



A former captain of the Harvard team and "All-American" star forthrightly urges a daring plan for college sport

because the efficiency program demands more careful medical care and higher standards all around. The only flaw in the picture is that college football is still supposed to be an amateur sport.

I have said that modern football is almost a racket. It is a business which pretends to be something which it is not. It pretends to be amateur. And it is perfectly true that very few of the players receive anything at all for their services except transitory fame. But to my mind this is all the more like a racket. The men who do all the work get nothing, while the sport as a whole is just as professional as it is possible to make it.

It is not nice to see our great educational institutions running one of the biggest rackets in the country.

The universities themselves do not think it is nice, and it is safe to say that most college presidents would like to get out from under. They cannot afford to.

Football is the milch cow of college athletics. Colleges must have athletics. The old saying is true that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and Jack must have an opportunity to build his body as well as his mind. Colleges must have great athletic fields, and gymnasiums, and baseball cages, and swimming pools, and boathouses, and hockey rinks, and squash courts, and all kinds of athletic equipment. Football pays the bill to the tune of a good many million dollars, and colleges must keep the business going until they find some other way to raise the money. The great American public which does actually provide the cash, prefers things the way they are because it gets some fun for its money.

Money, we say, is the root of all evil. Money, undoubtedly, is the biggest single factor in modern football, and where there is so much involved, it is inevitable that various evils should creep in. The worst is so-called professionalism among the players. Unfortunately, efficiency alone cannot produce good football teams. There must be adequate material, and stars are born, not made.

To buy players for cash is outright dishonesty—though why it should be dishonest to pay a man for his labor is another question. It is done, of course. There is so much at stake that the temptation to dishonesty is too strong to be always resisted. If a university does not uphold its place in the football world, it feels the pinch in its pocketbook, and not only from a falling off of gate receipts, for the graduates become dissatisfied and contribute less to endowment funds and scholarships.

The question of outright professionalism is not now so important as it was years ago, but there is still a great deal of argument and mud slinging about proselyting. The difference is largely a matter of method and the results are very much the same. Proselyting is the process where some one hunts around for material and tries to persuade good players to go to his particular university. Many coaches spend their winter months lecturing at high schools. Graduates keep their ears to the ground. And it is a perfectly defensible practice. The graduates say they want to see the best kind of boys go to their alma mater. There is nothing wrong about that. They say that the best boys are just as likely to be good athletes as good students, and they are right again.

It is perfectly logical for a graduate to say that he wants to help some deserving boy through college. His motives may be entirely philanthropic. If the boy turns out to be a football star, the result is exactly the same as hiring a player. Only the method is different.

Some colleges are very sensitive on this point—Harvard, for instance. They have a rule that no coach is allowed to speak at any preparatory school. They scrutinize every application for admission. They are so afraid of criticism that they discriminate against athletes as though they were all brainless chumps who had no right to be educated. Is there anything wrong with giving a few athletes an education?

THE only thing which is really wrong is that football is a professional business which pretends to be amateur. The only solution is to make it either one or the other, and not both. But we can't hope for pure amateurism until the universities find some different way of getting the money for their athletic budgets. One or two have started in that direction by creating athletic endowment funds, but the money is set aside into the fund from a surplus of the football earnings, which means that the game must do a bigger business before it can do less.

What about the other alternative? Why not have professional college teams? Stranger methods have been used to raise money for educational purposes. It would be no worse than for colleges to run lotteries, which was all the rage in the early days. Probably football would earn just as much—perhaps more. Professional athletics are always better games.

There would be other definite advantages. The colleges could maintain their usual scholastic standards and treat football as a thing entirely outside the curriculum. After all, there are many men in every university who make their living working three or four hours a day as waiters or janitors or assistant librarians. They could work on the football team and make a much better living. It would all be more honest and straightforward. And some of the money, at least, would go where it ought to go—to the men who earn it.

THE END

THAT'S MY STORY

A wing-touch from fate! I help build a plane for a man named Lindbergh

BY DOUGLAS "WRONG-WAY" CORRIGAN

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Douglas Corrigan, born in Galveston, Texas, in 1907, was six when his father, Clyde Corrigan, a construction engineer, moved his family to San Antonio. A few years later the elder Corrigan disappeared, and left his wife with three children—Doug, Harry, and Evelyn—to support. Mrs. Corrigan opened a roominghouse, and Doug helped with the finances by selling papers after school.

In 1919 the family moved out to Los Angeles, but Mrs. Corrigan's health failed within a year and she went East to stay with relatives. Doug and Harry visited their father, who had married again and lived in New York.

The year 1920 saw the Corrigans, mother and children, in Los Angeles again. Doug supported them all by working in a bottling plant, going to school once a week to keep his work permit. Shortly after he began to earn twenty-five dollars a week, his mother died. An aunt took Evelyn to Vallejo, but Doug and Harry stayed in Los Angeles.

Harry went to school while Doug worked—first in a lumberyard, then with a building firm. One day he took a two-dollar-and-a-half airplane ride, which convinced him that he wanted to be a flyer. He saved his money for flying lessons, took as many as he could afford, and spent as much time as he could at the field working on the planes. It was the greatest day in his life when he made his first solo flight. That was on March 25, 1926.

PART FOUR—" A FELLOW THAT WANTS TO FLY FROM NEW YORK TO PARIS "

SHORTY ROSSITER had soloed a few days before I did, and Bobby Hopkins soloed just a few days after. All were taught by instructor Red Harrigan, although we had taken most of our dual time with George Allen, who was in San Diego at this time. Shorty was the best flyer, Bobby next, and I last. I was too careful and Bobby was too carefree. Working at the field every day, Shorty was going ahead faster than Bobby and I. Shorty would go up in the Jenny and do some loops and wing-overs, with Bobby and me watching from the ground. Then Bobby would go up and try to do the same, unsuccessfully. Then I would go up and decide not to try any stunts, after which I would come down and say, " I didn't want to tear the wings off the plane, 'cause then you fellows wouldn't be able to fly any more." Of course *I* wouldn't have been able to fly any more either if the wings came off, because we had no parachutes then.

Shorty got his arm broken by a propeller one day, and as he didn't want his folks to know about it, he sent word home that he was away on a trip, and stayed over at another fellow's house until it healed up.

At the field on Sundays I had seen and heard several army planes go flying over. A big army De Havilland with a 400-horsepower Liberty motor landed at the field one day and was quite the best plane we had ever seen. The wheels were especially large, and the fabric was, of course, newer than on our ships. The pilot's name was Jimmy James.

A few weeks later I saw a bigger plane. It was the Douglas Cloudster, which had just been converted into a cabin type for passenger-carrying by Mahoney and Ryan. They had bought it several months before, and it had been damaged when Mr. Ryan was landing at Los Angeles after a trip from San Diego. He glided in a little too fast and ran into the bushes at the end of the field, the plane turning over on its back. Luckily none of the passengers were hurt. After it was rebuilt in San Diego, they decided to let George Allen fly it, as he had flown the big Martin bombers when in the army at San Antonio, and therefore had experience on heavy planes.

After it was rebuilt, the Cloudster was a large single-engine biplane, with the pilot and mechanic sitting just in front of the passenger cabin and right behind the engine, which was located in the nose. It carried twelve passengers besides the crew, which made a pretty heavy load to be flying on one 400-horsepower Liberty motor.

Every Sunday for the next few months, George flew a load of passengers from Los Angeles down to San Clemente and back for a real-estate development company. George would fly down and land the plane on a hilltop, and then the real-estate people would feed the passengers a lunch and a high-pressure sales talk, and maybe sell a few lots while the people were still excited about the plane ride. There were no dual controls in the plane, but Shorty usually rode along because, with such a heavy load, it required the strength of two men to move the stabilizer control handle.

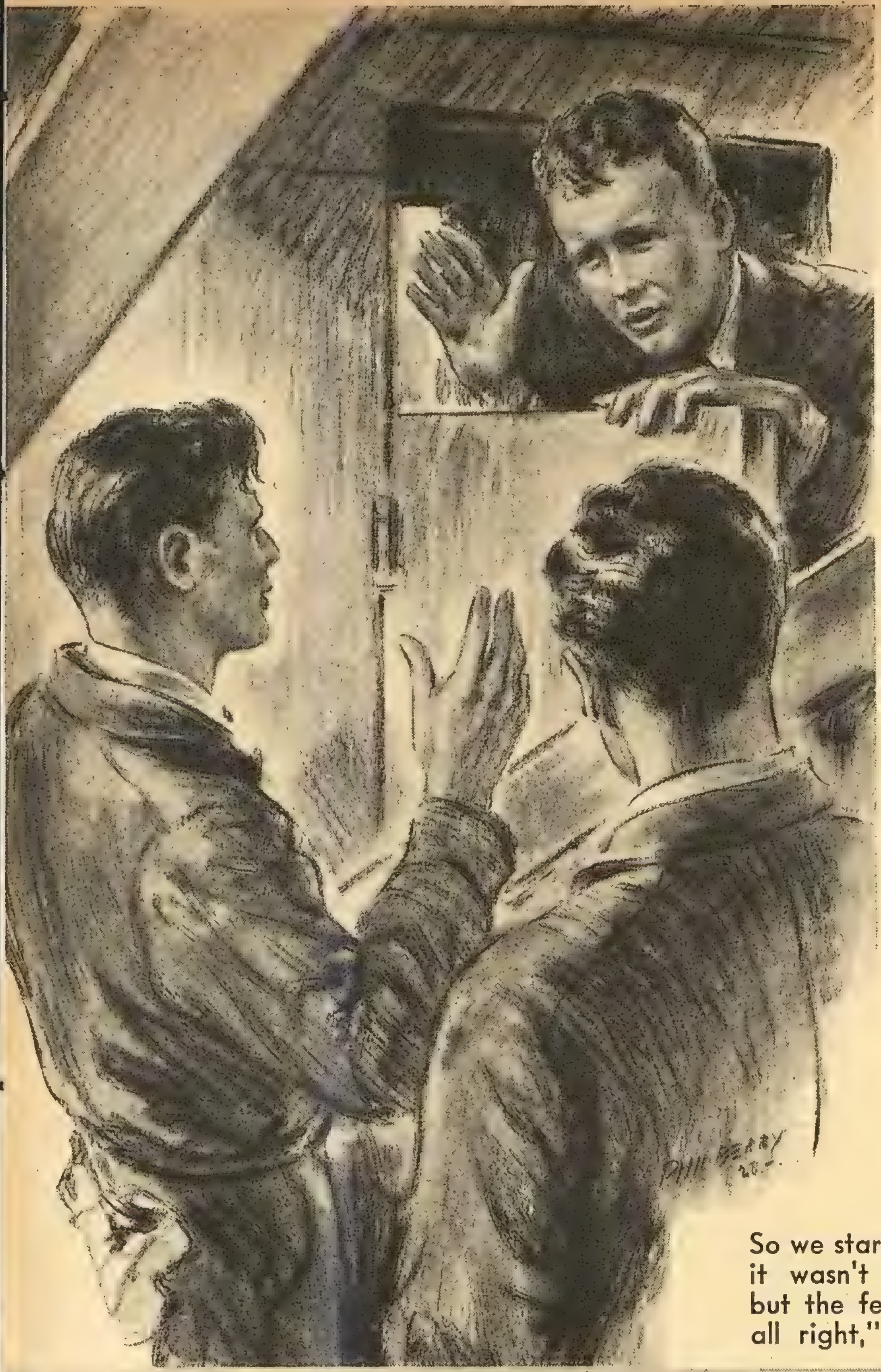
Shorty had a motorcycle and let me ride it several times, and I liked the speed and acceleration of this method of travel so much that I bought one for myself. After getting the motorcycle, I would stop at the field every day after work and stay until dark, talking with the fellows or working on the planes.

Near the middle of 1926 Mahoney and Ryan discontinued the air line from San Diego to Los Angeles, and as the Pacific Air Transport was getting ready to fly the air mail between Los Angeles and Seattle, Shorty went to work for them, installing beacon lights and markers along the route. Mahoney and Ryan sent a fellow up from San Diego to take Shorty's place, as they kept a plane in Los Angeles to train students. His name was " Bud " Smith, and he also had a motorcycle and was the best rider Shorty and I had ever seen. He was also a flying student and had soloed a short time before.

With Shorty away, and there sometimes being no airplane at the field on Sundays, Bobby Hopkins and I joined the California National Guard, 115th Observation Squadron, which met at the field in Griffith Park every Sunday morning.

The planes they had in the National Guard were in much better condition than the ones we had been flying. They were the same type of wartime Curtiss biplanes, only with a 150-horsepower Hisso motor in place of the ninety-horsepower OX5, which meant they had a much better performance.

Bobby and I learned a lot about planes and motors in the National Guard, as it was necessary to attend a class in those subjects. Airplane repair was taught by Ser-



So we started the motor and it wasn't hitting so good, but the fellow said, "That's all right," and climbed in.

geant Constenborder, and engine overhaul by Sergeant Batson. Being just buck privates, Bobby and I could not take up a plane alone, but when we were up with one of the officers they would usually let us fly part of the time.

In September, 1926, we went to summer camp for two weeks, living in tents set up near the airplane hangars. We had to get up at six o'clock in the morning and go through Regular Army life every day, such as infantry drill, fatigue duty, kitchen police, etc. Bobby, the little "gold brick," got out of all this by getting in the photo section, and then the officers were always taking him up to get pictures of various places around Los Angeles.

There were four enlisted men in each tent and the other two fellows in the tent with Bobby and me were Earl Noe and Minton Kaye, who had been flying cadets in the Regular Army the year before, but got washed out.

Among the officers in the National Guard were Captains Osgood, Jeffers, Bullis, and Graham, and Lieutenants Kelly, Peterman, and Sherwood.

Maury Graham and Fred Kelly were pilots for Western Air Express, and flew the air mail between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles. One day I was riding with Lieutenant Sherwood, and he got in a dogfight with one of the other pilots in another plane, and it sure surprised and scared me to see how close the planes came to each other in mid-air. We wore parachutes in these military planes, but we were so low there wouldn't have been time to get them open.

During the two weeks' summer training we went up the coast about seventy miles to Ventura and camped out on the beach for three days, sleeping in pup tents. My first cross-country flight was from there back to Los Angeles, riding with Lieutenant Peterman. Our plane was one of a formation flight of several Hisso Jennys led by a Liberty De Havilland. The D. H. was flown by Lieutenant Arnold, who was the Regular Army officer in charge of the National Guard unit.

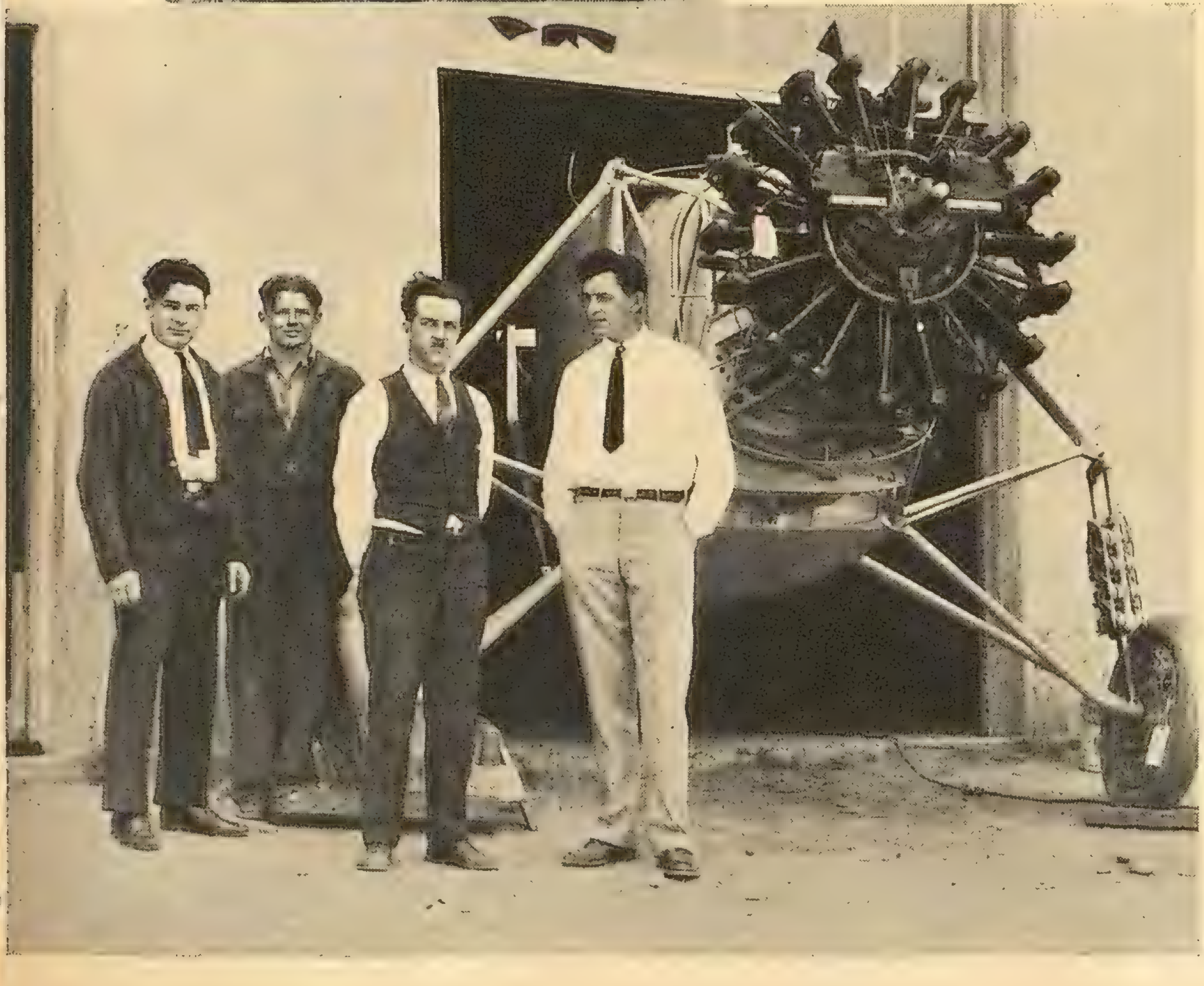
Lieutenant Arnold was one of the army pilots who flew around the world in 1924 and had his own ship to fly whenever he went any place. His D. H. had clear dope on the wings instead of pigmented dope, like all the other planes, and it was possible to see every thread in the fabric. The mechanics that kept it in condition were very proud of it.

Bobby Hopkins bought a Thomas Morse single-seater biplane from a fellow named Moye Stephens at Clover Field. It was a wartime army pursuit training plane with a French Le Rhône rotary motor of eighty horsepower. The cylinders were grouped in a circle and the whole motor revolved with the propeller. All this weight turning caused quite a gyroscopic effect, as Bobby found out the first time he tried to fly it.

The first few tries, the gyro effect caused the plane to turn in a circle on the ground before he could apply enough rudder to hold the plane straight on the take-off.

Finally he held the rudder hard over before he opened the gas and air controls, and this time he made it. Being a rotary motor, this plane had no throttle, having instead two levers to control the gasoline-and-air mixture, and so when landing the plane it was necessary to cut the ignition off by pressing a button on top of the control stick and then, just before the engine stopped, put the ignition on again for an instant, which made the motor sound —*burp-burp-burp*. It also made landing a little difficult at times.

As the gas mixture came into the



Corrigan (second from left) helps to roll the newly constructed Spirit of St. Louis out of her hangar.

engine through the crankcase, it was built to run on castor oil, which gasoline won't dilute. Castor oil was too expensive, so Bobby used 600 W steam cylinder oil, of which the engine used nearly two gallons an hour. Bobby Hopkins and Bud Smith used to fly the T. M. over Los Angeles at night, but not me.

With all of the route survey work done in the fall of 1926, Pacific Air Transport started carrying the air mail between Los Angeles and Seattle. The line had been formed by Verne Gorst and the Southern Division superintendent was J. M. Mushet. They built a hangar at the field on Mesa Drive in Los Angeles and bought six of the new Ryan M-1 mailplanes powered with Wright Whirlwind motors. Among the pilots were Lee Shoenhair, Vance Breese, Art Starbuck, Ralph Virden, Ernie Smith, Charlie Widmer, Dick Bowman, and George Allen. Of course I considered George Allen the best, although Vance Breese put on a pretty good exhibition with the J-4-powered M-1 at the Clover Field air meet that year.

Shorty, Bobby, and myself would sure have been glad to fly the mail, but didn't have enough experience then. Shorty was working as mechanic for the air-mail line, and Bobby and I could have got a job too, except that Bobby was just finishing high school and I wanted to stay with the investment company, as I would collect a $100 bonus at Christmas, as I had been working there over three years.

Shorty Rossiter had been transferred to the Oakland field. We heard from him occasionally, and he liked it up there all right, especially when one of the pilots who owned a 400-horsepower Liberty-motored D. H. let Shorty fly it. I remember his description of that flight because I would have given anything to fly a high-powered job like that myself. Shorty said the nose of the airplane looked about a block away, and that when he opened the throttle the ship jumped forward so fast it snapped his head back against the headrest and almost knocked him out. The next thing he knew he was in the air, wondering how he got there. Then he began wondering about getting down, because the plane felt so big and powerful after flying a ninety-horsepower Curtiss Jenny. He said the D. H. seemed to land faster than the Jennys would go wide open, but he made it all right. A few weeks later Shorty was riding his motorcycle and went through a fence, breaking a finger and wrecking the motorcycle. Then, about a week later, he showed up in Los Angeles without a job. He had been working long hours, and one night fell asleep in a truck when he was supposed to meet the early-morning plane.

SHORTY didn't know what he was going to do now, so I suggested that we buy an old Jenny and start a field of our own. I had saved a few hundred dollars and could keep working on my job till we got going good. We were going to paint our names on the bottom wing of the plane, like most of the barnstormers did in those days. There would be plenty of room for the names, as planes didn't have license numbers then.

Shorty was around a few days and said he would go up to Oakland and get his motorcycle, which had been repaired, and when he got back we would get the plane. He got permission to ride up on the mailplane that took off at twelve o'clock every night, and on the night he was leaving I was at the field until about ten o'clock. Then it started raining, and so I said good-by to Shorty and got on my motorcycle and went home.

The next day it was still raining, so I went to work on the streetcar, and when coming home that night saw a newspaper headline: "Air Mail Plane Crashes," and in smaller type, "Donald Rossiter killed when pilot jumps out in parachute." Well, I couldn't believe it, so got on my motorcycle and rode out to the field in the rain.

"Yes," they told me, it was true. "The pilot got in the clouds and the plane went into a spin from which he couldn't right it, so he bailed out." Shorty had a parachute too, but being in the front cockpit, up under the wing, he hadn't been able to get out in time. It happened less than fifteen minutes after the take-off, the plane crashing in the Hollywood mountains. And so went my best friend. Fate seemed unfair, and I lost interest in flying for the next few weeks.

Shortly after Christmas, 1926, George Allen made a hurry-up trip to Sacramento with some documents to be signed, and got there after dark. Not being able to find the field, he landed in the best-looking place he could find, and discovered, when he got out of the plane, that he was in a college campus surrounded by trees. He decided not to risk a night take-off, so rented a fast car and drove back. Two days later, J. B. Alexander and myself drove the car up, and on inspecting the plane found a cracked water jacket. It had frozen during the night. We put some liquid solder in the radiator and J. B. took the plane over to the flying field, but it was too late to start back that day. The next day we ran into a telephone pole while taxiing along the ground and broke the propeller.

The Irwin Aircraft Company had a hangar there, but no one was around, so we climbed in a window and borrowed a prop. After we got it on and revved up the motor, we found out it wasn't quite the same as the old one because it turned up 2,000 on the ground instead of the usual 1,500 r. p. m. By this time it was too late to start that day. But the next day we got away all right and made Los Angeles that evening, stopping at Tulare for gas. Even with a misfit prop, we had flown almost 500 miles in one afternoon, which seemed pretty good to me, that being my first flight in a modern plane.

J. B. told me that Mahoney-Ryan was discontinuing the field in Los Angeles but that I could get a job at the field in San Diego if I wanted to finish up my flying course there. So shortly after my twentieth birthday in January, I quit my job with the housebuilding company, as things were getting worse than ever. My brother Harry was going to high school in Los Angeles, so we decided it would be best for him to stay there, as I might be in San Diego just a short time.

On February 2, 1927, I arrived in San Diego with all my belongings fastened on the back of my motorcycle, and started to work for Mahoney at the field on Dutch Flats. Ryan had just sold out his half of the business to Mahoney, and after being there a few days I could see he had done the wise thing, as the place was going on the rocks. There were hardly any students, the passenger business had fallen off, and in the factory were half a dozen unfinished airplanes, the orders for which had been canceled. J. B. Alexander and his family were moving down to San Diego also. So a few days later I drove up to Los Angeles and brought back their furniture in the car, with Mrs. Alexander and little Betty, aged six, riding back with me.

A tall Dutchman named John Vanderlinde was the mechanic at the field, and there was only one student when I got there. He was a tugboat engineer from San Francisco, but I forget his name. During the next few weeks several students started in. Their names were George Hammond, Elmer Dye, Art Mack, Bill Bodie, A. C. Rand, and Frank Tank. We had quite a heavy rain that month that washed out all the roads and railroads leading into San Diego. The field was flooded too, there being a foot of water in both the hangar and office. The planes in back of the hangar were in water up over the lower wings. Red Harrigan and Doug Kelley were the pilots for Mahoney then, and Kelley took one of the standards out to a little town back of San Diego and landed in a soft field, the plane nosing over and breaking the rudder. It was fun rowing a boat around the field for the next few days, but there wasn't much flying done.

One day Red Harrigan, John Vanderlinde, and myself drove across the Mexican border in a car to get the twelve-passenger Liberty-motored Cloudster which had been left there several weeks before by George Allen, who was now flying for Pacific Air Transport.

About five months before, there had been a big rain that washed out the roads between Mexicali and Tijuana in Mexico, thereby stopping the shipment of beer between the two towns, as they couldn't bring it through the United States on account of prohibition.

The beer company offered a good price, so George Allen went down with the Cloudster and hauled the beer in barrels for two or three months until they got the road fixed. Then Mahoney decided to leave the plane in Mexico, as the road might wash out again, and anyway they had no use for it in San Diego, since the air line to Los Angeles had been discontinued.

Now they intended to start the air line again, so we went over after the Cloudster. It was necessary to put in a new battery and also go into town for gasoline, and then, when we were ready to start, they phoned from San Diego and said for Red to take a load of passengers down to Ensenada and then come back with the plane to San Diego the next day. The passengers were a little late getting out to the plane, and Red was in doubt about going, as he didn't know where to land down there. One of the fellows told him planes landed on the beach and that the tide was out. So we started the motor and Red and John took off just before sunset with the plane, and I drove the car back to San Diego.

Red and John got back to San Diego about a week later, without the plane. It appears they got down there just after sunset and Red landed on the beach, only the tide was in instead of out. When the plane landed, it turned over and all the people fell out in the water and waded to shore. John got a long rope and tied it to the propeller so the plane wouldn't float away during the night. The next morning they went down with a lot of men and pulled in the rope. All they had was the engine, the rest of the plane, being wood, having broken up and washed away overnight. That was the end of the Cloudster, which had been the first airplane built by the Douglas Company in Santa Monica.

WE
BUY, SELL, TRADE
OR EXCHANGE
ANYTHING
Chon Day

One day I was up flying a plane and Elmer Dye was riding along as a passenger, so I thought, I'll show how low I can come in over the wires. I brought the plane down in a slow glide, crossing the telephone wires at an angle. The wheels got over the wires all right, but one wing scraped on them, causing them to sag. I put the stick ahead quick so the tail came up over the wires, and then pulled the tail down just in time to make a three-point landing. The instructor saw it, and was amazed to see the plane land so close, but when he saw the loose telephone lines and the scratches under the wings he was more than amazed. He was angry.

The next week I was landing, and instead of going down-wind past the field and coming back in over the wires, I made a vertical turn just inside the wires with my wing tip about two feet off the ground, leveled the wings up, and landed. Red watched the whole thing, with admiration for the good flying, but then came running out, mad as anything, and gave me the dickens. Also, he grounded me from flying for a few weeks "so I could cool off, being as I thought I was such a hot pilot."

One day in February, 1927, a tall, slim young fellow came out to the field in San Diego and was talking with Mr. Mahoney and A. J. Edwards out by the Hisso-powered monoplane, when John the mechanic came over and said, "Come out and help me start the M-1, Doug." As we walked out to the plane, John said, "This is a fellow from St. Louis that wants to fly from New York to Paris." I looked at him and said to John, "Gosh, he looks like a farmer. Do you suppose he can fly?" John said, "We'll find out pretty soon. He's going to take this ship up." So we started the motor and it wasn't hitting so good, but the fellow said, "That's all right," and climbed in.

John and I stood watching as he took the ship off and flew around a few minutes and then he came down over the field about 200 feet above the ground, headed up-wind and did nine loops in a row, with a wing-over at the end, after which he brought the plane in and made a good landing. John said, "Well, I guess he can fly all right." I agreed he could. That had been the most perfect low-altitude stunting we had ever seen. We found out the fellow's name was Charles A. Lindbergh, and he liked the airplane so well he wanted Mahoney to build him one like it that would go a distance of 3,700 miles nonstop. That was farther than any airplane had flown nonstop at that time, so Mahoney asked Don Hall, the designer, if it could be done. Hall said he thought it would be possible with a larger wing, a different landing gear, and a more powerful motor. So Lindbergh said, "If you can build it in sixty days, go ahead." In about ten days Hall had the design worked out, and construction began.

At this time the only airplane they had under construction was the first of the Wright J-5-powered five-place Ryan Brougham cabin planes which was being built for Dick Robinson of San Diego. Lindbergh's plane was to be similar to this, with a forty-six-foot wing instead of forty-two-foot, and the pilot in the rear so that the extra gas tanks could be grouped under the wing, thereby not disturbing the balance of the plane when loaded. The N. Y. P. (New York-Paris), as we called it, was serial No. 29 and bore the markings NX-211.

Being in a rush to get the plane finished, they transferred Elmer Dye and myself from the field to the factory, which was located nearer town, alongside the bay. For the next two months I was making wing ribs, assembling the wing, installing gas tanks and gas lines, sewing on fabric covering and doping same, and finally assembling the various parts.

Late in April the wings and fuselage were taken out to the field and assembled. On April 28, 1927, just sixty days after construction was started, the plane was ready to fly and was test-flown that day by Mr. Lindbergh himself. The name, Spirit of St. Louis, painted on the cowling was quite a surprise to us mechanics. The plane took off in less than 100 feet and climbed faster than anything we had seen. Lindbergh came down and said that it was a very good airplane.

During the next two weeks Lindbergh flew the Spirit around San Diego, running speed and load tests to determine if the airplane would get off with a full load of 429 gallons of gasoline and twenty-five gallons of oil, and if that amount of fuel would be sufficient to go the 3,620 miles from New York to Paris. He was finally convinced the airplane would make the flight, and on May 10 took off from Rockwell Field, San Diego, flying nonstop to St. Louis, Missouri, where he stayed overnight, going on the next day to New York, nonstop.

When the news reached San Diego that Lindbergh had arrived in Paris, the whole town went wild, because all the people knew that the plane was a local product. All the fellows from the factory and the field jumped into cars and rode through the streets, waving and shouting. It sure made us all feel quite proud to have worked on such a famous plane!

Next week Corrigan recalls one of his narrowest escapes in the air, describes the daring stunts which resulted in his being grounded, and tells of his second meeting with Lindbergh, his hero and inspiration. Follow his adventures in the coming issue of Liberty.

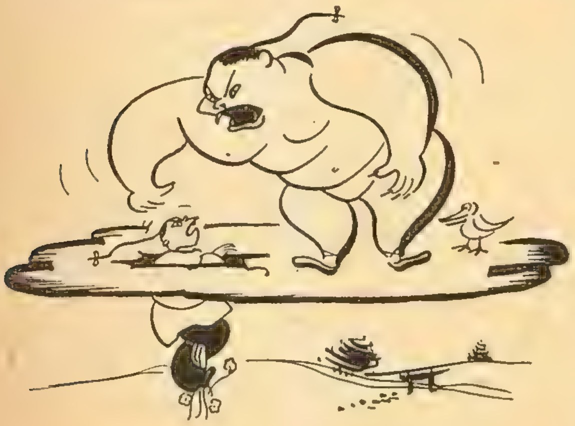
READING TIME • ONE HOUR

JACK MAKEE KILL GIANT MAN

By Fu Lung Yung

Number One Houseboy to Carl Crow

Fu Lung Yung has his famous stories more or less right—but his English—! Well, read for yourself. You've heard the story before and should recognize it now without much trouble, even through Fu's "pidgin" feathers.



Before time have got one small piecee boy he name Jack he belong number one no good allee same loafer. He no do pidgin he mama no got chow. Bimeby he pay he mama ox one butcher man. Butcher man belong thief. He pay small boy three, four piece bean seed. Jack mama she velly angly. She thlow bean seed outside window. Bimeby bean seed he glow velly high allee same one piecee kite stling. Jack he velly bad boy. He looksee this velly tall beanstalk he wanchee go topside. He mama talk no can. Maskee bimeby he go. He plenty climb. Topside he find one giant man. He velly big allee same Japanee wrassle man. Jack he too muchee fear. He makee hide. That giant man he chow plenty cocktail. Bimeby he shut eye. Giant man have got one small piecee chicken can lay plenty gold egg. Anytime any man talkee this chicken lay egg he chop chop do. Jack he catchee this chicken, hide he jacket inside. Pay he mama. Chicken lay egg, mama buy lice, everyman plenty chow. Bimeby Jack he make big he nother time go topside looksee this giant man. Giant man he looksee Jack he plenty angly. Jack he chop chop walkee that beanstalk. Giant he chop chop walkee. Jack he come bottom side he chop chop catch one ax. He cuttee beanstalk. Giant man fall down—makee die. Jack have got hen, have got plenty gold, have got plenty lice. He mama talk. He velly good boy.

PUZZLE POEM

By Clare W. Harris

Each of the four missing words below is spelled with the same four letters. Can you supply the four words?

Whenever church bells ---- their call
A ---- young man, both thin and tall,
Will run and ---- the garden wall
And voice his ---- in the sacred hall.

(The solutions will appear on page 58)

3 GUESSES

WORDS—Their SOUND SENSE SOURCE

SOUND

GUESS: The preferable pronunciation of CONVERSANT.

A word is mispronounced only when it is so enunciated that the hearer does not recognize it. However, a word may have preferable and inferior pronunciations.

SENSE

GUESS: What is a CONNIVER?

In these days of rackets and sick politics we read and hear much about *CONNIVERS*. Naturally, a *CONNIVER CONNIVES*. How does he do it? In his story, Lovel the Widower, Thackeray asked why the butler *CONNIVED* at the peculations of the old lady who visited Lovel's house and carried away baskets of provisions. That may give you a clue.

SOURCE

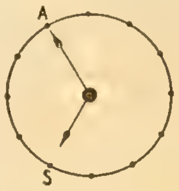
GUESS: What is the source of CANDIDATE?

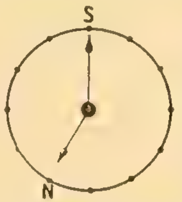
Why do we call one who chooses (or consents) to run for office a *CANDIDATE?* How and where did the word arise?

(The answers will be found on page 58)

GEOGRAMS

Letters should replace the usual figures on the face of the accompanying clock dial, each figure being represented by a letter. These letters, taken in clockwise sequence, spell the name of a state. If the hands of the clock at five minutes to seven point to the letters S and A, what are the missing letters that complete the name of the state? What is its capital? Where on the clock does the first letter of the state's name fall?





And suppose the hands of the clock at seven point to the letters N and S. What are the missing letters of the state's name? What is its capital? And where on the clock does the name begin?

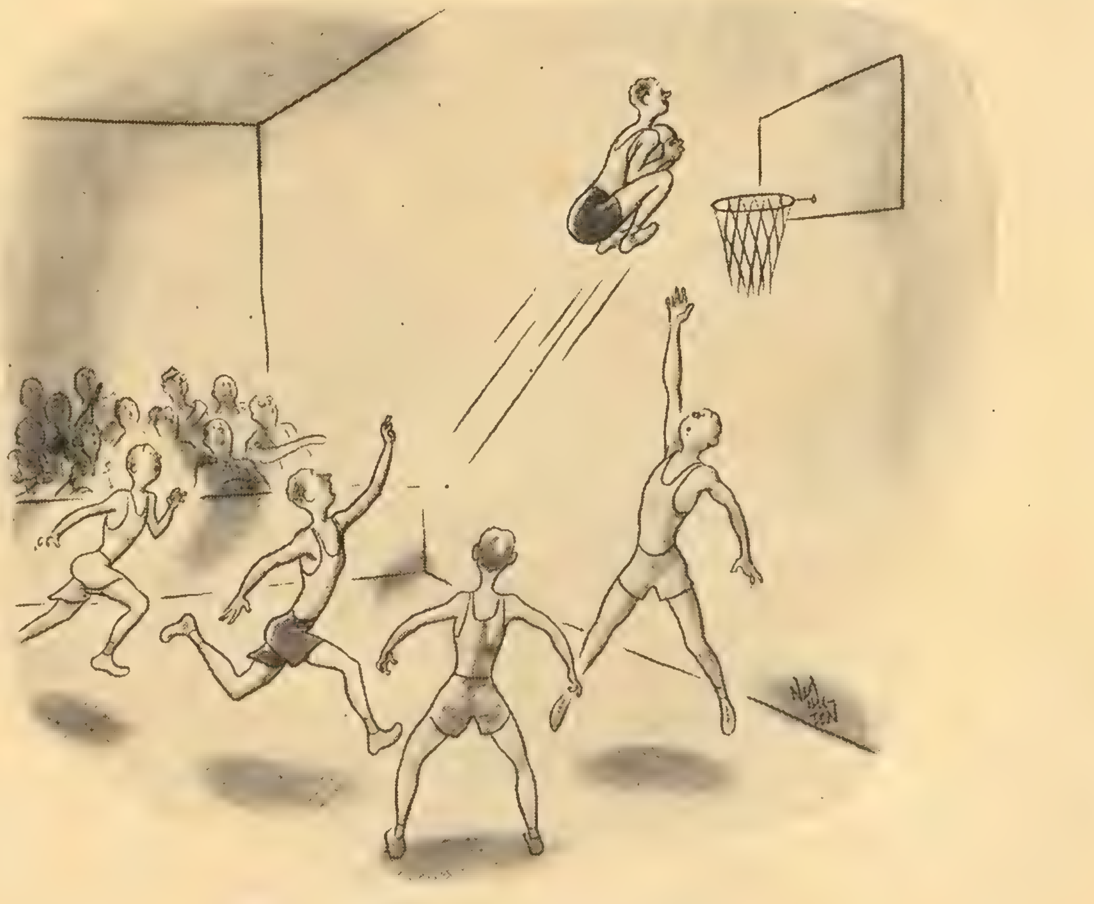
(The solutions will be found on page 58)

'TISN'T SO

By R. E. Doan

THE SUN does not "draw" water from the earth. The heat evaporates the water, and the resulting water vapor rises into the atmosphere. What some people believe to be the water being "drawn" by the sun is really the sun's rays being reflected on dust particles which are floating in the air and which become visible when the sun shines upon them.

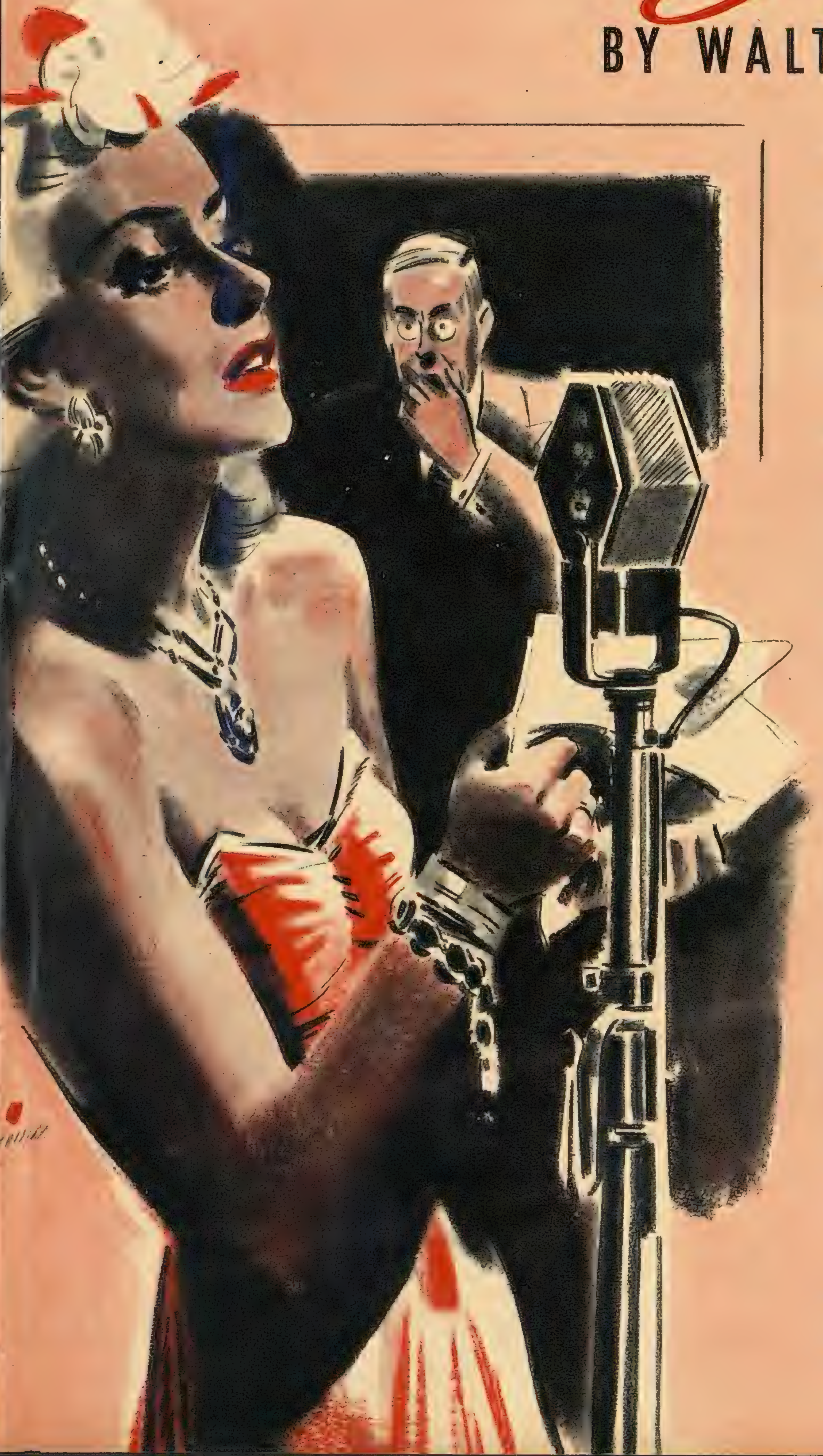
"EGYPTIAN" cigarettes are not made from tobacco grown in Egypt. Although tobacco is grown experimentally in Egypt, there is no commercial production there. "Egyptian" cigarettes are made with tobaccos grown in several countries, including the United States.



"No, no, Osbert. Just the ball!"

MAGNIFICENT *Fool*

BY WALTON GREEN



A brush with danger, the thrill of a sudden kiss! A brilliant novel sweeps into new, stirring drama

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

RESEARCH on a new influenza formula attracts public attention to a brilliant girl chemist, Patience Carmichael. She is devoted to science, but the combined persuasion of Dr. Minorcas Brown, a psychiatrist, her friend Judith David, an advertising woman, and Prescott Cheney, a young drug manufacturer, induces her to join the staff of the latter's firm in New York. Back of it is the hope that Patsy's formula, fully worked out, may save Cheney Chemical from bankruptcy. Watching developments, a rival concern is more than eager to take over the threatened business.

Snags slow up Patsy's work. Though both she and Prescott are on edge, he is falling in love with her. Unsuccessfully, Dr. Brown tries his amoral fascination on the girl. Just as cynically he pursues Judith, who comes under his spell. Also, because Prescott's mother is one of his most influential patients, the fashionable psychiatrist determines to do something to save Cheney Chemical from the rocks.

He inspires Dr. Joe Lucas, a drunken and unscrupulous confrere, to cook up a scheme whereby the huge stock of typhoid vaccine on hand in the Cheney plant may be moved. Lucas hires a " Typhoid Mary " to appear in various big cities and create a scare. It works like a charm. Prescott is bombarded with orders. Business booms. He and Patsy are elated until the facts are brought to light. As soon as he hears them, Prescott wires all of his customers of the skulduggery, even though it may wreck him. He scores Minorcas Brown and Joe Lucas. And he and Patsy fight on to save

Her signal came. Patience seized her script and began to talk. She got through the first two pages swimmingly. It was not going to be so bad.

Cheney Chemical. Unpredictably, the bankers offer help in a new advertising campaign.

Meanwhile Judith has inherited a fortune, and she and Dr. Brown are married. One evening Patsy is expecting them to dinner. Dr. Lucas, very drunk, walks into her flat announcing that he is going to kill the bridegroom! Sounds are heard in the hall. Evidently the guests have arrived. Lucas has his pistol ready; but Patsy overturns the table on him in an effort to prevent the tragedy.

PART SEVEN—THE UNPREDICTABLE PATSY

PATSY grasped wildly for the pistol. But Lucas rolled sideways off the couch and gained his feet—astonishingly for a man so drunk. He backed away, pointing his gun inconclusively but menacingly.

" Maybe got to kill you too."

Patience sat up. In the sudden silence she heard footsteps in the hall.

" Don't come in! " she called loudly, and watched the door in agony.

Prescott Cheney opened the door. Patience saw his eyes widen—then narrow instantly in the steely glint. His jaw muscles tightened. Then he laughed.

" Better shoot me first, Joe," he said quietly. " If you shoot her first, I'll have time to kill you."

He walked slowly and composedly into his man, smiling as he went. It was a superb exhibition of hard, cold nerve.

Lucas, swaying, swung his weapon from the girl on the couch and fired blindly. With the report, Scott jumped, driving his shoulder into Lucas' belly. They went down in a heap, and Lucas' head thumped hard against the wall. The pistol clattered to the floor.

" Get that gun! " yelled Scott. But Patsy was already beside them, kicking the pistol out of reach.

" Are you hurt? " she gasped.

" Hell, no." Scott let go his hold and got disgustedly to his feet. " A drunk always shoots over your head." He looked down at Lucas. " You crazy fool," he said savagely.

" You hurt my head," complained Lucas, and began to weep in great self-pity.

" I wish I'd bashed your brains out," said Scott with great earnestness. He picked up the pistol and put it in his pocket. Joe Lucas' head rolled sideways. His eyes closed. He stopped weeping and began to snore.

Scott came back to the couch. He was very angry. He looked down at Patsy. She was hunched up, her face in her hands. Shivering—and trying to keep back the sobs.

" Now tell me what it was all about," said Prescott peremptorily.

Pat raised her head, started to speak, and then burst into tears. Scott dropped on one knee. It was the woman side of the scientist: the side that he had never seen.

" Oh, please—Patsy, please don't! It's all right now."

He put his hands awkwardly on her hair. She dropped her head forward on his shoulder. It astonished him—and the smell of her hair made him tremble in turn. He kept quite still. Presently she stopped crying. He pushed her back gently. His instinct told him it was not for him.

" I'm sorry," she said. " I'm *such* a fool. But he might have killed you."

" Only people in danger were the ones in the flat above yours," he laughed. He got to his feet and inspected the debris of the supper table. Lucas' half-empty flask caught his eye.

" I think we need a drink," he said. He brought glasses from the kitchenette and poured two generous slugs.

" That's Joe Lucas' bottle," said Patience wanly.

" No one ever accused him of not knowing good liquor," returned Scott. Patience drank her whisky and coughed.

" What in heaven's name shall we do now? They'll be here any minute."

" Get your hat and coat," he said decisively. " Go down and meet them at the door. Make some excuse and go to a restaurant for dinner. I'll have Lucas out of here and in a hospital before you and Judith get back."

" Hospital? You think he needs—"

" I know he does," he said shortly. " Another week of this and he'd have d. t.'s. He's had 'em once. Get your coat now, and make it snappy."

Obediently she went to her room and got her things. On the way back she stopped and regarded Lucas' recumbent form.

" You don't suppose you really hurt him, do you? "

" I'm afraid not," said Scott dryly. " Where'll I put all this mess? "

" In the kitchenette. And there are two bottles of champagne in the dishpan."

She smiled to herself, and went out without looking back.

Late that night, on her way to bed, Patience picked up the empty shell from Lucas' gun near the corner where he had been lying. She was about to toss it in the wastepaper basket. But she thought better of it. She carried it into her bedroom and tucked it under a pile of handkerchiefs in her bureau drawer, with the champagne cork.

TWO months passed. It was late winter—or early spring, depending on the day-to-day caprice of the New York weather. For Pat and Scott, for Min and Jude, even for Joe Lucas, things had shaken down—if not into permanence, at least into some sort of routine of working and living. Especially for Dr. and Mrs. Minorcas Brown.

It is curious how marriage invests two people with a combined social coherence which is far greater than the sum of their former individual strengths. Two persons whose friends have never thought either of them such great shakes as man or woman attain a sudden impregnability and dignity as a couple.

So it was with Minorcas and Judith Brown. Scott's dislike of Min lessened in the face of Min's astonishing reversal of form in marrying any one. Patience dropped her protective patronizing of Judith in the newer realization that Judith was a simple-souled creature of great devotional capabilities, who would probably make a go of things—unless she discovered that her husband did not love her. And Joe Lucas—caught in the alcoholic nick of time and now eight weeks on the water wagon—was restored to the status of sober and devoted tomcat to the newly married Judith. For it had been Jude's mothering that had done most to put Joe Lucas on his feet again.

Jude was a do-gooder by nature. Deeply personal in her loyalties. She wanted to push the Cheney advertising not merely because it enhanced her status as a copy writer but because Prescott was a lifelong friend. She wanted to push Minorcas' Psychiatric Endowment because it was his. She wanted to push Patsy's experiments so that Pat should become rich and famous.

As for Minorcas Brown, it was all very queer. Even in his own mind. Why he, who used impulses but never yielded to them, should have married on impulse, he could not make out. It both shook his confidence and delighted his cynicism. He was intrigued—as he would have been with a patient—at his erratic departure from his own behavior pattern.

Minorcas saw Judith as a child. He wondered, at times, if she wouldn't have been better off in the end had he made love to her and gone his way as he had so often before and presumably would again.

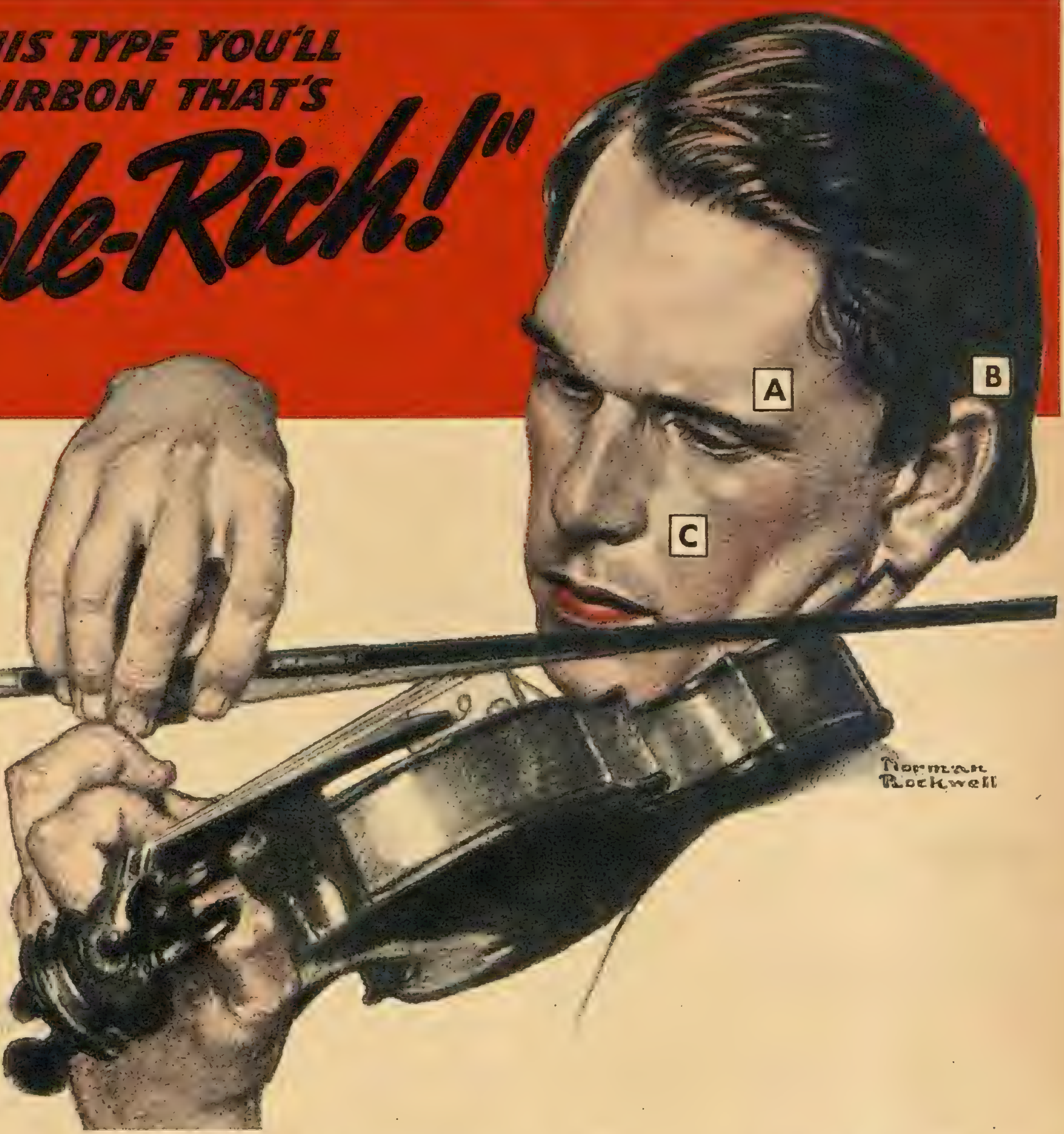
It was the unattained that preoccupied Minorcas. Patience—now that he had ended or postponed her possibilities by marrying Jude—loomed suddenly exciting: just because she was treating him with the impersonal friendliness of the man who had married her best friend. He hadn't minded Pat's talking to him about Judith that night of the champagne supper. It had amused him to let himself be beaten out of one beautiful woman by a more beautiful one. But he disliked having the more beautiful woman now treat him as an innocuous married man.

SCOTT CHENEY was sitting one morning in his office with his feet on the desk and his pipe in his mouth. His hands were laced behind his head and he was looking out of the window at the murkily churning waters of Hell Gate. It was one of those freakishly June days that sometimes came in March. The window was open, and Scott had a touch of the sailorman's spring fever—when his mind runs to shipyards, and scraping, and painting, and refitting. Scott puffed his pipe and thought of City Island up beyond Hell Gate where the Setsu was hauled out. He'd have to run up any day now.

His office door opened gently, and Judith Brown's head appeared. " May I come in? *(Continued on page 24)*

IF YOU ARE THIS TYPE YOU'LL LIKE THIS BOURBON THAT'S

"Double-Rich!"


A
B
C
Norman Rockwell

HAVE YOU THESE FEATURES?

- **A** *Forehead* of one with imagination
- **B** *Ears* that love to hear "sweet music"
- **C** *Nostrils* of the sensitive type

If you are a *sensitive* type—appreciative of fine things—here's music for your ears. You can get a Kentucky straight Bourbon that's "*double-rich!*"

SCHENLEY'S

Cream of Kentucky

STRAIGHT **BOURBON** WHISKEY

A 90 PROOF whiskey with the *Mark of Merit*. Made in Kentucky by Kentuckians the good old Kentucky way. COPR. 1938, SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC., New York City

A Schenley Product
Bottled by the Distillery
Cream of Kentucky
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
Bottled for Schenley Distributors Inc.
New York N.Y.

(Continued from page 22) Miss Dorsey said you were very busy. You don't look so."

"Come in," grinned Scott, swinging his legs to the floor. "I was daydreaming a bit. Soon be time to get the Setsu in commission."

Judith settled herself in the visitors' chair and fished out a cigarette.

"It was that cruise last summer that started everything, wasn't it?" she mused.

"Such as?"

"Well—Minorcas and me. And Patsy coming up here. And you—and everything."

Scott was preoccupied with his pipe.

"Why don't you marry her?" asked Judith abruptly.

"Why should I?" demanded Prescott, trying to hide his embarrassment under brusqueness. "And why does every newly married woman try to hitch up every odd pair of males and females she knows?"

"Oh, I don't know. You're both jittery and upset and all at loose ends. Good for you both. She's too obsessed with her science and you're too obsessed with business. And you're in love with her."

CRAIG'S ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION
RODNEY DE SARRO

"Gold! Gold! Gold! Aren't there any fossils around here?"

"Well — confound your nerve!" he exploded angrily; and could think of nothing more to say.

Judith smiled sweetly.

"How's the business coming along?"

"Not so bad," conceded Scott, glad that she had changed the subject. "Your Usher people have certainly done a grand job on the advertising."

"Wait till you see the radio-hour programs," nodded Judith. "I've just come from the office. The first broadcast copy is all ready. 'Cheney Health Talks.' It's a pip."

"Good," said Scott. "And I only hope you'll hire an announcer that won't sound like a cross between Lord Fauntleroy and a daffodil."

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," said Judith, regarding him shrewdly. "How about getting Patsy to do it?"

"Patsy!" he said violently. "Are you crazy? Haven't we deviled her and harried her enough on her phage—without insulting her into the bargain?"

"She's losing publicity value every day she doesn't come through with her serum," urged Judith. "The public's forgotten her, and the press is beginning to. Put her on the microphone—'budding young genius of chemistry' stuff—and you'll revive all that again. You're overlooking a big bet, Scott. It's a natural."

"Natural nothing!" roared Prescott. "Leave her alone. Leave me alone!"

Judith got up and rubbed out her cigarette.

"Well, I've found out one thing, anyway." She smiled grimly.

Prescott glared after her as she walked toward the door, but forbore to ask her what it was that she had found out.

At the same hour Patience was sitting at her own desk a few floors above. Her windows were open, and she too had a premature touch of spring fever. She had seen very little of Scott lately. Or of any one. She had been working desperately. She was tired and discouraged. The blood-grouping experiments on the monkeys were yielding nothing more than the negative conclusion that some types of biological organizations were more susceptible than others to some types of infections. That allergies were unfathomable. In short, that some people were susceptible to hay fever and others were not; that some monkeys could be immunized against flu with her phage, and others not. And that sometimes, though rarely, her phage was actually lethal.

She was tired and discouraged. She looked out at the water and thought longingly of last summer and the sailing. She thought of Scott. Passionately she wanted to help him—his business—with a successful formula. But with that thought there came a corresponding resentment at the very fact that she was sympathizing with the commercial point of view. She had just had another letter from the Swiss couple in Vienna. Their accounts of the great minds and spirit of the Viennese research center fired her imagination. That was where she ought to be.

It had been all a mistake to try this. Scott and every one had been fine—as fine as they could. But they just didn't look at things the same way.

She missed the scholarly quiet of Woods Hole. She missed dear old Prof Jessups, with his understanding and sympathy. She was going up to see him this afternoon at the Stullman Institute: some sort of laboratory tea, he had explained on the telephone. Well, she was terribly glad. Anything to get out of this for a few hours. She frowned and opened her record book and brought her mind resolutely down to the rows of figures and symbols. Back to the bugs for little Patsy!

When she arrived at the Institute that afternoon, she was met in the reception room by Professor Jessups, who took her in charge. He piloted her upstairs to the private office of the director. There were quite a lot of people there. Professor Jessups began introducing them to her. Men with famous names. While she was talking with one Professor Jessups would be rounding up another. Suddenly—to her incredulous amazement—Patsy realized that she was being treated as something of a guest of honor: that these big men of science, young and old, were talking to her as an equal—with that mixture of deference and argumentativeness that is the grand sweet flavor of science and art.

After a time she was taken in tow again by Dr. Jessups to inspect one of the newer laboratories. She had been there before, but there was a yellow-fever section that Jessups wanted her to see—where they had just produced a startlingly successful serum.

They were joined by young Mr. Stullman himself, who walked around with them.

"Well, Miss Carmichael," he said on the way back, "I hope you'll be joining us here soon."

"What?" asked the astonished girl.

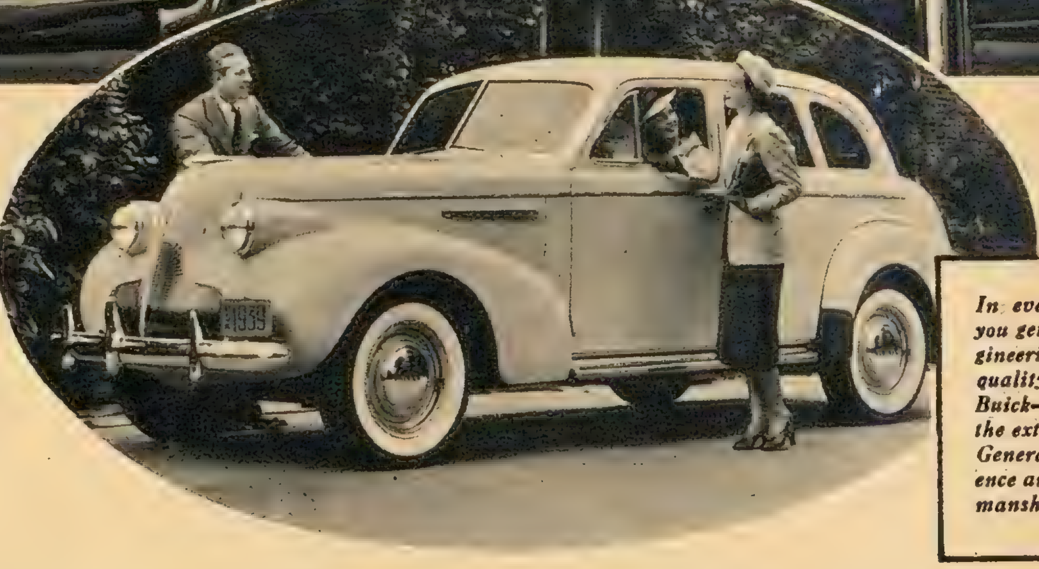
"Er—yes. Hasn't Dr. Jessups mentioned it yet? We're very much interested in your fine work. We hope you'll see your way clear to joining our staff: when your present commitments permit, of course. Not trying to hurry you, you understand. A month or a year. Whenever you're ready. Jessups tells me you're interested in Vienna. That could be readily arranged. We want our people to go wherever they feel their work takes them."

Patience went home in a daze of delight. Delight mingled with misgivings. She was under no contract with Cheney Chemical. But the implied understanding was that she should stay on long enough to determine success or failure on the immediate problem of the formula. Patsy went to bed that night perplexed and joyful—but determined to give her best to Cheney. Doubly so now.

The next morning found her early at her desk. It was another summerlike day, and the smell of false spring was alluringly in the air. She was trying to get to work, trying to keep her thoughts off the dignity and splendor of the Institute laboratories, with its calm unhurried atmosphere. Where they were seeking to discover truths—not to produce a commodity. *(Continued on page 26)*

It's got *looks*—and so have you!

BUICK EIGHT
SPECIAL
USA 193



In every 1939 Buick you get the skilled engineering and sturdy quality traditional to Buick—enriched by all the extra value which General Motors science and Buick workmanship can provide.

IT makes the eye glad and grateful—you spot that the instant your gaze takes in this suave and sparkling Buick for 1939.

It's sleek and swift and businesslike, lean and clean in every line, the trim bonnet low-set, the graceful upper-structure light-and-airy looking, neat and fine.

Will you step in, please, and look it over closer?

Perhaps the first thing you'll note is the gearshift, up off the floor.

Then your eye is caught and held by an instrument panel stunning as a jeweler's display.

But settle back—take that finger-fitting wheel in hand—imagine there's a road ahead of you, long and straight and open . . .

Why, it's almost like being in an *open* car, with the outlook you've got here!

The long nose tapers quickly out of eye-way, the pillars modestly retire to the background, overhead stop lights drop into easy vision—ahead, to right, to left, you can *see!*

The ruler will tell you there are as much as 413 added square inches of safety plate glass in this Buick, but the area is not the vital thing.

These inches are placed where they count. They take away that closed-in-feeling—let in the view!

It has a lot to do with making Buick beautiful, this grand expanse of openness!

And like "catwalk-cooling": radiators low where air pressure is greatest—and the lines of the bonnet: broad, clean aerodynamically better—Buick's stepped-up visibility both sets a pattern and fills a function.

So take a good look into its bigger, better, broader outlook.

It's one thing among many that Buick's got that you'll want in your next automobile.

★ ★ ★ ★

NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

★ DYNAFLASH VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE ★ BUICOIL TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING ★ GREATER VISIBILITY ★ HANDISHIFT TRANSMISSION ★ ROOMIER UNISTEEL BODY BY FISHER ★ TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE ★ TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES ★ CROWN SPRING CLUTCH ★ "CATWALK-COOLING" ★ OPTIONAL REAR AXLE GEAR RATIOS ★ FLASH-WAY DIRECTION SIGNAL ★ SELF-BANKING KNEE-ACTION FRONT SPRINGING

★ ★ ★ ★

BUICK 1939 PRICES ARE LOWER

—lower than last year, lower than you'd expect, lower even than some sixes.

"Better buy Buick the Beauty!"

CLARK'S
TEABERRY
QUALITY GUM
CLARKS TEABERRY GU

YOU'LL NEVER MISS WITH A PACK OF TEABERRY

It's a bulls-eye—that keen, fresh Teaberry flavor. Hits your taste dead-center every time, makes you feel as zesty and full-of-pep as a frosty morning. Hunt where you will—you'll never find a tastier, smoother, longer-lasting gum!

REAL TEABERRY

ALWAYS PURE

LASTING FLAVOR

REFRESHING

Reach for the Bright Red Package!

You'll like CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM

(Continued from page 24) Her telephone rang. It was Prescott Cheney.

"Do you remember a ship called the schooner Setsu?" he demanded facetiously.

"You betcha," gurgled Patsy, matching his tone.

"It's a fine summer day," continued Scott. "Does that suggest anything to you?"

"I'll not go swimming, if that's what you mean," laughed Pat.

"Don't be silly. We're going to City Island to see the Setsu. She's out on the ways, being scraped and painted. We'll pick up something for lunch on the way. The car will be outside in twenty minutes. What do you say?"

"I'll be there with both feet," said Miss Carmichael with forceful inelegance. "T'hell with science."

"T'hell with business," Prescott chuckled back. "Hustle on down."

THEY bought sandwiches and beer at a delicatessen and took it with them in the car. When they got out beyond the city, Cheney found a suburban lane that led to an abandoned farm. He turned down it. He took a rug from the car and spread it beneath an old apple tree.

"There's not even a bud on that tree," observed Patience. "But if you like to imagine we're sitting in the shade in apple-blossom time, why, it's all right with me."

"That's exactly the idea," said Scott, prying the cap off a beer bottle. "All you gotta have is a little imagination."

"I've got enough imagination to realize that this is a darned poor example to the employees of Cheney Chemical—dashing off in a car in the middle of a workday!"

"What do they know about it?" demanded Prescott comfortably.

"Plenty," retorted Pat. "With every clerk and stenog and chemist leaning out the windows watching the boss drive off with the beautiful queen of the laboratory."

"You *are* beautiful," admitted Prescott unconcernedly. "But most women let the man say it."

"Wow!" said Patience. "I *did* let myself in for that one, didn't I?"

They laughed in great contentment and finished their sandwiches and beer in silence. Then they got back in the car and drove on to the shipyard at City Island.

The Setsu, her deck still housed over with its winter shed, and with her towering Marconi masts thrusting up through the housing like candles on a cake, was hauled out on one of the marine railways. A gang of men were scraping and chipping the paint from her duralumin underbody.

"Oh," breathed Patsy in a disappointed voice. "She looks so different! She sticks up in the air."

"Haven't you ever seen a boat on the ways before?" asked Scott. "Here's the ladder."

She followed him meekly up the ladder to the temporary trap door in the housing. He folded back the door and they stepped on deck. They had to crouch because there was precious little headroom. Prescott unlocked the folding doors of the main companion.

"Want to look around below?" he asked. "I warn you, it won't look like the summer. It's just like going into an empty house; only worse."

"I want to see it," she answered. "I loved it all so."

They went below.

Patience looked uncertainly about in the faint light from the deck door. She sat herself on the gimbal-hung table in the saloon. It swung with her weight, and she let out a squeal of delighted remembrance.

"Oh, that's *just* like last summer. I'd forgotten."

"Yes," said Prescott in a queer voice. He was sitting on a transom. There were no cushions, and he was below her and looking up. She looked, even in her city clothes, just like last summer. With a rush it all came back to him. He could see the dark level brows, the low broad forehead, and the fair crisp hair rippling in the breeze. But—

"It's damp and smelly," frowned Patience. "Can I smoke a cigarette?"

"No!" said Scott forcefully. He couldn't tell why he had said "no."

SHE looked at him in amazement. "Why not?"

"Because—because I love you," he blurted. "I had no idea: I mean, I didn't come down in this hole to propose to you. Darn it! I mean—it's seeing you again, swinging on that table like last summer and everything. But I love you like hell, Patsy. I'm sorry—"

"So am I," said Patience slowly. She was very pale. "And I'm ashamed of myself, Scott. For letting you. Because I can't. And I knew you were falling in love. But I thought it was wearing off. We haven't seen each other much lately. Honestly, I thought it was—was just a crush—sort of."

"It's not a crush—sort of," said Scott whitely. "I hadn't any real idea—myself. Until just now. When it crashed all over me." He laughed bitterly. "But I don't suppose you can argue a woman into loving you."

"No," she said sadly. "Oh, Scott—it's been all a mistake! From the outset. When I was first persuaded into coming to New York. By Minorcas Brown—"

"Did *he* persuade you?" growled Scott.

"Not entirely. Just everything. But we were wrong. You and I both. I like you *so* much. More than any man I've ever known. That's all I can do. Or ever will do: for any man. Don't you see? I mean—every decent normal woman wants a mate—wants babies. Unless she has other stars to hitch her life to. I have other stars. There's no room for men or love—in my life. Or babies. Please don't laugh, Scott. Science is really my mate."

“And bugs are your babies,” said Scott, gamely trying to help her in her distress.

“Yes. Oh, yes. You really *are* decent, Scott. I almost wish I did love you. But I’ve got to be straight. I’d fight it, I’d run away from it—*if* I did.”

“I understand,” he said gravely.

“No you don’t. Not quite. It’s because science *is* my life. And my love. Men can split their lives between love and work. Women can’t. They’re not biologically built that way. It’s got to be one thing or the other with women. You and I, Scott—on a boat—in love with the same things. But only in our play hours. In work, we think apart, miles apart. You can never understand my point of view. Why I hate the publicity. And commercialism. Listen, Scott. You often jokingly call me Mme. Curie. I’m not a genius like her. But I think and feel the same way she did.”

Prescott looked up suddenly.

“Do you remember when Mme. Curie discovered radium?” she went on. “And when the commercial laboratories were offering her fabulous sums for her formula? When she and her husband were desperately poor—really desperately? But without a thought—without a backward qualm—they turned down the money fortunes and published their formula so that the world of science might benefit and work with them, and maybe beyond them. *That* is the true spirit of science, Scott.”

MARIE CURIE had a husband and children, if I remember rightly,” Scott said a trifle sulkily. “Falling in love didn’t seem to hurt *her* work.”

“She fell in love with a scientist before she loved the man. A co-worker with her. Not just the man of her play hours. And their married life was just a wonderful extension—a closer joining of their scientific lives. There was no intruding commercialism—”

Scott stood up abruptly.

“You’ve got a right not to love me,” he began gruffly. “But I’m getting fed up with your continual harping on my vulgar commercialism. I—”

“Oh, please—” she protested.

“Yes. Because that’s what it boils down to in your mind, Patsy. Now, for decent commercialism I have no apologies to make. I maintain that commercialism has done more for science in the last twenty years than all the idealism and individual research in the world. It is industry that has organized science so that science *could* work effectively. Look at Dubois, with their vast research staffs, and their encouragement of pure research, even when no commercial object is in sight. And World-Wide Electric, with *their* huge research staffs for ‘pure’ science. No. Science isn’t the handmaiden of industry any more. It’s the other way round, if anything. Don’t you see?”

“Yes—I see. And it’s true—in your sense. But not in mine, Scott dear.”

OL’ JUDGE ROBBINS’
TRAILER TRIP AT NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
WHY, DAD, I THOUGHT YOU WERE FOOLING WHEN YOU SPOKE OF A WHALING SHIP SET IN SAND!
WELL, NOW YOU’VE SEEN IT YOURSELF. LET’S GET ALONG. MY FRIEND, THE OLD CAPTAIN, WILL BE WAITING FOR US
WELL, CAPTAIN, YOUR COZY PLACE MAKES ME HOMESICK. THIS ROOM REMINDS ME OF MY STUDY–THAT SHIP OVER THE MANTLE–THAT HUMIDOR OF PRINCE ALBERT
MY HOME IS YOURS, JUDGE. FILL UP YOUR PIPE AND LET’S SIT DOWN AND ENJOY A SMOKE
THAT’S A MODEL, UP THERE, OF NEW BEDFORD’S LAST FULL-RIGGED WHALER
I’LL BET THEY COULD SPOT A WHALE MILES AWAY, FROM THOSE TALL MASTHEADS
“YOU’RE RIGHT, THEY COULD. AND THOSE WHALES WERE WORTH SPOTTING, TOO. A GOOD CATCH WOULD BRING, SAY, $10,000.”
THAR SHE BLOWS!
“—IT WAS A GREAT THING WHEN A WHALE WAS CAPTURED. THE LOOKOUT WAS USUALLY REWARDED WITH A SUPPLY OF PRECIOUS TOBACCO.”
IN THE NICK O’ TIME, SKIPPER–I’M PLUMB OUT!
THOSE MUST HAVE BEEN GOOD OLD DAYS---
I’M NOT SO SURE IN ONE RESPECT, YOUNG LADY. THE TOBACCO THEY WERE SO GLAD TO GET THEN, WOULDN’T BE SO WELCOME TODAY. EH, JUDGE?
HA! HA!–NOT TO ANY ONE OF US PRINCE ALBERT SMOKERS, I’M SURE!
IT’S REMARKABLE HOW A TOBACCO THAT’S SO MILD AND MELLOW CAN HAVE SUCH RICH, FULL BODY AND TASTE
WELL, CAPTAIN, THAT’S ONE BIG REASON WHY THERE’S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT!
PRINCE ALBERT

PRESCRIPTION FOR PIPE-JOY!!

℞ one pipeful of Prince Albert as often as desired—

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

PRINCE ALBERT CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

P.A.’S CRIMP CUT IS GRAND FOR ROLLIN’ ‘MAKIN’S’ CIGARETTES TOO. THERE’S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT!

FOR RICH-TASTING PIPE TOBACCO THAT SMOKES COOL AND MILD, JUST TRY PRINCE ALBERT

HERE’S A FAIR OFFER

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don’t find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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In unhappy silence Scott drove her to Judith and Min's flat on Park Avenue, where she was dining.

As Pat was on the point of getting out she turned to Prescott and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"You're a terribly decent man, Scott," she said. Then she leaned nearer and kissed him lightly on the cheek.

"You had no right to do that!" said Scott furiously.

Patsy got out, crestfallen, and walked into the building. She was moody and distrait during dinner. Her buoyancy of the morning and the day before had evaporated. She had balled up her life, and Scott's too. By trying to be loyal to conflicting standards.

Minorcas noticed her abstraction. Even Judith noticed it, and tried, in her matter-of-fact way, to shake Patience out of it. It was near the end of dinner that Judith blithely introduced the subject of the Cheney Health Talks.

"And I told Scott that *you* were the one to make the talks," she finished triumphantly.

"And what did he say?" asked Patience in a low, cold voice.

"As much as told me to jump in the river," laughed Mrs. Brown. "Said he wouldn't insult you with the suggestion."

"Oh," said Patience, looking down and frowning while she stirred her coffee. Then she looked up and smiled. The devil of perversity was in her.

"But please tell him I should be very glad to do the health talks."

"Patsy Carmichael!" cried the astonished Judith. "You wouldn't!"

"Of course. I would do anything in the world to help Prescott Cheney."

Dr. Minorcas Brown, watching her face, smiled cynically.

PATIENCE fingered the script of her Health Talk to Mothers as she stood waiting to be called to the microphone. She was in a nervous daze, as she had been for the last four days. Since the afternoon on the boat. Tonight she had come alone to the studio. She had wanted no one whom she knew to be with her.

She had practiced her talk alone in her flat. It was not so bad, once she had got used to it. Some of the passages were ghastly blah, of course. But none of it was really untruthful or wrong. It was the phraseology she hated, the lofty pseudo-scientific touches—and then the descent to the one-woman-to-another passages.

Her signal came, and she walked over to the microphone. The announcer introduced her to her radio listeners with a fanfare of eulogy. It made her scalp tingle with mortification. She had not expected it. It unnerved her.

The announcer finished. Patience seized her script and began to talk. She got through the first two pages swimmingly. It was not going to be so bad, after all. She even had time to think: of her surroundings; of herself.

Which was a mistake. For over her there suddenly rushed the realization that she, Patience Carmichael, was standing there and deliberately talking a lot of money-making half truths to countless thousands of credulous listeners; that she, Patience Carmichael, was giving her scientific integrity to the uses of commercialism. She faltered—then struggled grimly on. Then came the hated passage beginning:

"And now I have a message for the mothers of America—"

Patsy said it slowly and distinctly. Then she laughed—hysterically.

"And that message is—that I don't give a hang for the mothers of America!"

She crumpled the paper savagely and threw it to the floor. Then she walked away from the microphone, sobbing chokingly.

Is this terrible fiasco at the mike to end the relationship between Patsy and Prescott? How will it affect Cheney Chemical? What of Patsy's career? Can its broken pieces be put together again? Get next week's Liberty for the most unsuspected development.

START DOUBLE QUICK!

Mobilgas
SOCONY-VACUUM

with America's Favorite,
Winter Mobilgas

QUICKER STARTING! *Faster* warm-up! *Less* choking...*less* oil dilution! That's what special winter Mobilgas gives you ...*plus* the power and mileage that have made Mobilgas America's favorite gas.
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Inc.

"Quit Stalling" WINTERPROOF YOUR CAR TODAY

1923 $8,197,611 $2,455,382 $2,712,715 $3,034,096
1924 9,231,066 3,613,947 3,541,091 3,503,573
1925 7,7 619 3,070,936 3,340,211 3,029,940
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EIGHTH GRADE EXAMINATION PAPERS
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10,000
20.00

Frank G. Arnold illustrates a point before a tax-conscious audience.

A challenge to every citizen! The story of a remarkable battle with graft and waste

HOW TO *Lower* YOUR TAXES

BY FRANK G. ARNOLD

President of the Nebraska Federation of County Taxpayers' Leagues

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

DURING the year 1937 the 175,000 various taxing units in the United States spent approximately $17,000,000,000.

This was money collected by federal, state, county, city, town and village, school district, and other taxing bodies. It was your money and mine.

How was it spent? How much of it was actually needed for the expenses of government? How much was wasted? How much stolen? If you don't know, you should know.

No sane man objects to paying just and reasonable taxes. But every sane man does object to paying more taxes than he should pay, objects to having his money squandered by careless, inefficient, negligent, stupid, ignorant, or corrupt tax officials.

Our taxes have been multiplying for years. They have now reached a point where they are threatening to drive the country into pauperism. Business and industry have suffered until there is no new wealth left with which to create new enterprises or to support constructive programs.

Why does this condition exist?

Because billions of dollars are wasted every year by those who spend our tax money!

We cannot support both government and waste. Which will survive?

That question is for us, the people, to answer. We have the power to safeguard our government by driving the crook and the charlatan and the spendthrift out of public office. It is our duty and right to see that our taxes are wisely used. We must not let them be thrown to the winds, or spent whimsically. We must not let our money buy political favors for those in power. And we must see that an accounting is made for every penny of it.

We in Nebraska have found out a lot about taxes and tax officials during our campaign for better government and lower tax levies. When we speak of the waste of billions of dollars, we are not guessing. We know.

Nebraska has become known, in the last few years, as the nation's " white spot "—a white spot on a map black with the gloom of heavy taxation and the fear of heavier taxation to come. The story of her fight to decrease her taxes may prove enlightening to people of other states.

In ten years Nebraska's general property levies have been reduced 33.1 per cent. Taxes have been cut approximately $139,000,000. Bonded indebtedness of political subdivisions was reduced by $38,000,000. The state, as a state, has no bonded indebtedness today. It has no sales or use tax, no luxury, cigarette, or income tax.

Up to the present the people of Nebraska have resisted all the efforts of the wasters—pressure from within the state and from without—to establish new forms of taxation. There are still some black spots in the " white spot," but these will be eliminated as soon as possible.

We in Nebraska realized some years ago that our tax money was being flagrantly wasted. We determined to find out how and by whom. It was hard, monotonous work. It took years of investigation and auditing accounts. Over a hundred million dollars in tax expenditures were itemized, classified, and analyzed.

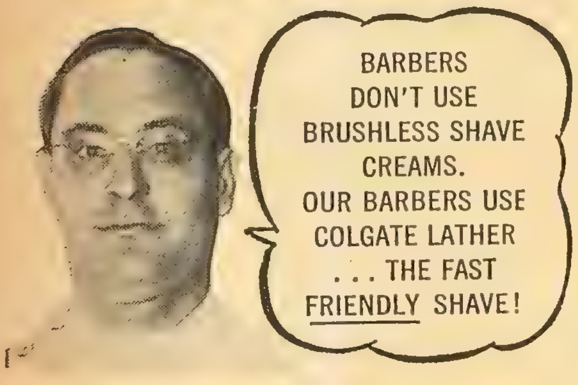
First we organized groups of taxpayers, men willing to spend time and energy and their own money in getting at the truth of government expenditures. We formed nonpolitical organizations, for we knew that both our major political parties spent our money with equal carelessness—that the tax funds were " anybody's football."

We uncovered amazing things when auditing the books—where there were books to audit. Some government offices, incredible as it seems, had almost no records. We found accumulations of years of bills—some receipted and some not—as the only records available to account for the spending of thousands of dollars.

After we had surveyed a number of

"TO SHAVE FAST, WITH COMFORT—

DO AS BARBERS DO...USE COLGATE LATHER"


BARBERS DON'T USE BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAMS. OUR BARBERS USE COLGATE LATHER . . . THE FAST FRIENDLY SHAVE!

Signed Mathew Grieco
Head Barber
Hotel Ambassador, New York City

1. QUICKER
because you don't have to prepare your beard before using Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

2. SMOOTHER
because its rich, small-bubble lather melts the beard soft at the base, so your razor cuts clean.

3. CHEAPER
because you use less than brushless creams of the same size and price class. There's no waste with Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

Barbers know from long experience that lather gives a smoother, easier shave than brushless creams, because it wilts whiskers softer and faster. And 2 out of 3 barbers use Colgate lather. So change to Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream. It whisks up into rich moist creamy lather . . . loosens the film of oil on each hair of your beard . . . soaks it soft and limp, easy to cut off smooth and clean. You can get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40c tube. Buy Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream today. Large size 25c. Giant size holding twice as much, only 40c.

Colgate
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

counties, cities, villages, and school districts, we had a basis for comparison. For instance, we discovered that one county had paid $700 for 10,000 distress warrants—ordinary printed forms on a small sheet of paper—whereas another county had bought the same number of these warrants for $52.50. We checked up on five other "low" counties. They paid an average of $115.70 for almost the same printed forms.

The county that paid the highest price spent $1,103.20 for 10,000 primary election ballots. The county that paid the lowest price obtained the same number for $45. The average of the five lowest counties was $63.50.

One county paid $110,000 under contract for a number of steel bridges. But when these bridges were checked, they were one short. Nobody ever found it.

In another county a carload of gasoline was missing. What became of it is still a mystery.

In my talks I usually exhibit part of a creosoted post. Any farmer in Nebraska knows that he can buy that post for $1.60 to $1.85. Yet one county paid as high as $12.50 apiece for these posts—they were designated as piles—and bought a large quantity of them.

GRADUALLY we began to get a true picture of the tax and governmental situation in Nebraska. We published our findings without prejudice or personal criticism. Gradually the people began to wake up, to demand economy, and to get it.

The citizens of Nebraska now know that nothing helps the state more, both inside and outside, than the fact that a militant group of citizens is uncompromisingly insisting on good government. They realize that to take an interest in taxation is nothing more than taking an interest in the protection of their homes.

There is only one way to eliminate waste and bad politics: Go into every political subdivision of your state. Put trained men to work auditing the books, itemizing, classifying, and analyzing every dollar of income and every dollar of expenditure. Voluntary contributions will take care of the cost.

By spending money for defense against the wasters, you'll be cutting down the tribute you are paying and will continue, otherwise, to pay.

In Nebraska we itemized all income and outgo for the years 1912, 1918, 1930, and the last two years. In 1912, an average year of the prewar period, expenses were low. They were higher in 1918, during the war. In 1930 they reached the peak. The last two years show the reduction from peak expenditures and, even more important, just what has taken place currently in the office under survey. Thus we see the record each public official has made for himself. We do not color the record. We merely present the facts. The voters will do the rest.

The figures show things like this: Hall County, Nebraska, used to spend from $600 to $800 a year to publish a bar docket. Under a new system it costs less than one sixth that amount. In another county, analysis indicated a waste of $2,000 a year on one small item of stationery and office supplies.

The necessary functions of government cannot be maintained in any community wasting the taxpayers' money. Business methods must be put into public life, budget systems installed, ways devised to cut down expenses. And the only way to do this is by investigating and analyzing each item.

These investigations must be made through organizations that are no part of, or in no way controlled by, the public pay roll. It is a work that demands eternal vigilance. A governmental unit may be efficient this year and scandalously inefficient the next.

Our local leagues were started about 1922. Shortly after that groups of tax leagues began forming. Eventually the State Federation was organized. It was in reality a vigilance organization.

The local tax association where I live at Fullerton, Nebraska, was organized early in 1922. The research work that has contributed so much to good government in our state was suggested by E. L. Burke, Jr., of Genoa, Nebraska. The actual work was done by our chief accountant, C. J. McClelland, and its development was largely due to his efforts. Our county was the first in the state to have a complete picture of every dime of taxes collected and expended.

WE told the truth of Nebraska's condition exactly as we found it, without fear or favor. Many of the tax spenders, and others—became almost hysterical in their protest that we were going to ruin the state because we were telling the truth about the state's condition. Now they know that the work of these pioneering tax leagues created the control that made the "white spot" possible.

The Federation has opposed new forms of taxation until such time as the tax money now being collected is honestly and efficiently expended.

In some states it rains new taxes all the time. Do these new forms of taxation—usually represented as a sales tax, use tax, service tax, or income tax—improve government, raise the standard of living, make a better commonwealth? Or does this mass taxation penalize industry, lower the standard of living, and actually hurt the state? These are questions which should be carefully considered. We have failed to find much good that has resulted from excessive taxation. And we can see an infinite amount of harm that has been done by it.

We don't claim the State of Nebraska is perfect. But we do feel a certain pride in having had the initiative and the courage to make an effort to control our tax situation and to sponsor a better government, and we believe we have made commendable progress.

The general property levies of Nebraska are listed as follows with the total savings each year from the peak year:

Year	Levies	Total Savings from Peak Year
1918	$32,950,800.73	
1919	40,042,226.43	
1922	53,457,481.56	
1927	66,028,255.91 (Base year)	
1928	58,273,807.24	$7,754,448.67
1929	59,442,398.97	6,585,856.94
1930	58,485,076.39	7,543,179.52
1931	56,424,184.07	9,604,071.84
1932	49,588,994.64	16,439,261.27
1933	42,906,527.94	23,121,727.97
1934	42,068,482.03	23,959,772.88
1935	43,878,947.41	22,149,308.50
1936	44,113,357.43	21,914,898.48
	Grand total savings	$139,072,526.07

Major Tax Increases:

1 cent on gasoline—approximately	$2,000,000
Liquor taxes (estimated)	4,000,000
Grand total tax increases	$6,000,000

The business of the State of Nebraska, as a state, is conducted almost entirely on a pay-as-you-go basis. And our Federation has uncompromisingly insisted that this method prevail for all subdivisions of government. And while there are unfortunately exceptions, the majority of subdivisions of the State of Nebraska are on a strictly cash basis.

The Federation has also insisted on political subdivisions using uniform standardized accounting systems with effective auditing, honest budgeting, requisitioning services and supplies and buying by honest competition methods; and while this fight has not been entirely won, great improvement has been made during the last few years.

No single organization could hope to accomplish the work that has been done in Nebraska, either in that state or any other. It requires a community of spirit, a state-wide determination to control taxation and develop a government that is both honest and efficient.

IF we are to have lower taxes in the nation, we must have groups of militant citizens all over America who will make scientific investigations of government misuse of our money, who will publish the facts, and who will see that something is done to remedy the situation.

What is true of Nebraska is true of the entire nation. The money we have paid in taxes, rightly used, would long ago have paid off billions of dollars of debts, built thousands of miles of highways and many new public buildings, would have amply cared for the poor, and adequately met all other needs of the government. There would have been no raising of taxes, no need for new forms of taxes, no continued and increasing drain on business, no threats to impoverish the taxpayer.

But in the final analysis, the fault is ours. We should have seen that our money was rightly used. For, after all, if we aren't interested in how politicians spend our money, why should they worry? They don't pay the bills. We do.

If you really want to lower your taxes—you've got to do it yourselves.

THE END

Gee, it feels great

WHEN YOU SWITCH TO ARROW!

1. **NO MORE SHIRTS** that come back from the laundry Junior's size. Every Arrow is Sanforized-Shrunk, *guaranteed* to stay your size! (Our Patent No. 1,734,896).

2. **NO MORE POTATO-SACK FITS.** Arrow shirts have the exclusive "Mitoga" better-fit—cut to the shape of a man's body . . . cut to eliminate bunching at the bosom.

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ARROW SHIRTS

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

MEN like it."

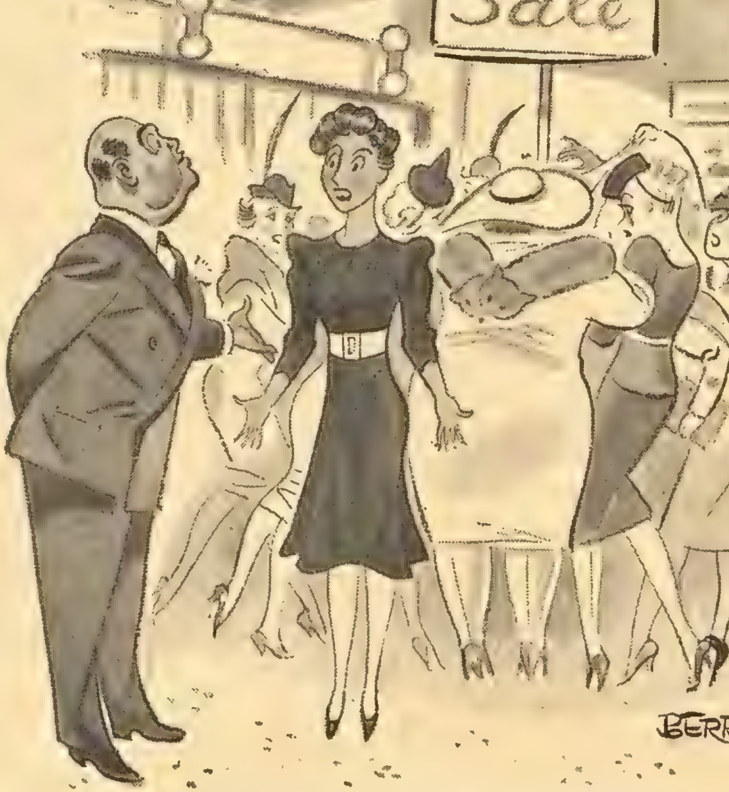
This was the honest answer Helen Claire gave me when I asked her why it is that Southern girls cling tenaciously to their Southern accent. She said: "Of course we could talk without our accent if we wanted to, but why should we? When we go North or West to get good jobs or catch rich husbands, our Southern accent helps us. It sounds innocent and unsophisticated, which is what men seem to like. Other women poke fun at us because they're afraid of us. I admit they have some reason. In New York there is at least one old established finishing school where generation after generation of girls from the South have been trained deliberately for the purpose of making wealthy Northern marriages."

Helen Claire is the latest Southern belle to achieve success as a Broadway actress. She has made a quick hit as the Southern star in Clare Boothe's new play, Kiss the Boys Goodbye—a rollicking satire aimed at all *diggers* from Dixie.

Helen comes from Union Springs, Alabama. Off the stage she has no Southern accent whatever until some one mentions the fact, whereupon she puts it back in her voice just to prove she can still do it. "There are two points you ought to concede in favor of Southern girls," she told me. "We may *get* our men—but we also keep them, and give them children. There haven't been any divorces—not one—among the girls who were my home-town friends in Alabama." I asked Helen what Southern girl of her acquaintance gets away with the most murder through speakin' soft an' pretty. "Well," she said, "I heard my own mama talk a New Jersey traffic cop out of a ticket for speeding."

☆ Noted for millinery smartness is Lady (Suzanne) Wilkins, wife of Sir Hubert, the arctic explorer. Came a day when every hat she had seemed boresome to her—don't we all know that feeling?—so she slapped up an impromptu creation of her own. Wore it to lunch at the Colony, swankiest of New York's high-society mess halls. Women screamed, "*Oh*, my *dear*, where *did* you *get* it?" Mischievously Lady Suzanne named John-Frederics, swankiest of milliners. Two days later she received a phone call from J-F, who said, "We haven't had the pleasure of making a hat for you, Lady Wilkins, but so many of your friends are coming to us because of the one you wore the other day that we would like to do a hat for you with our compliments."

☆ A short time ago I made feline mention of ladies who habitually mislay their handbags. Then along came Maude Williamson, the story writer, showing me a glossy gadget recently invented by Mrs. William Buttschau of Fort Pierce, Florida. Mrs. Buttschau's device clips your bag to edge of table, arm of chair, or back of theater seat. . . . And here's one from Kay Austin's new book, What Do You Want for $1.98? (published by Carrick & Evans, Inc.). "Even shower-bath addicts may enjoy scented water," says Kay, "since an attachment that holds perfumed tablets has now been marketed to fit any shower spray. The tablets soften the water as well as scenting it. . . ."



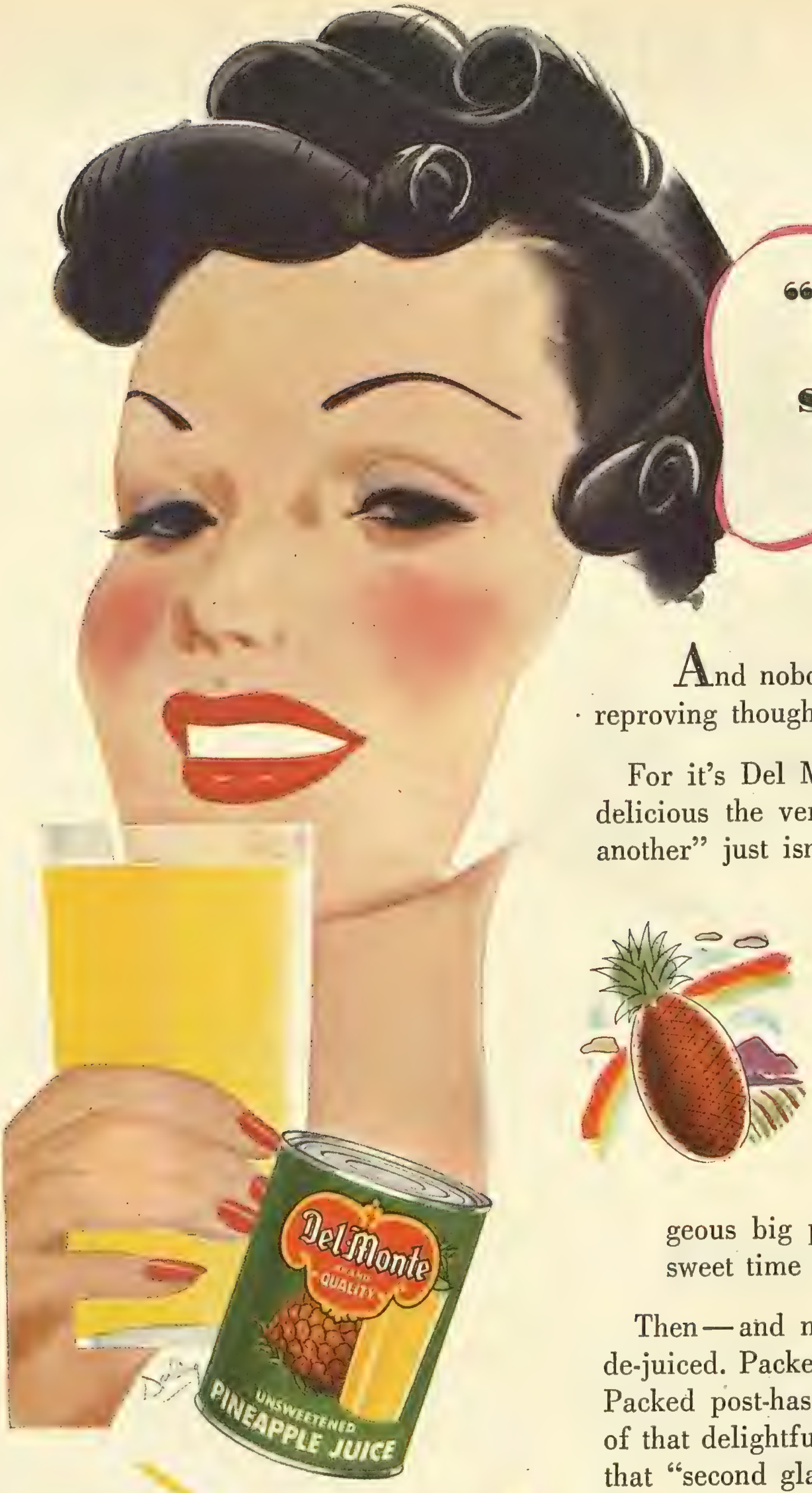
"How can I sell them anything? They won't let me get in there!"

☆ Next time you invite your minister to supper, you might honor him by baking a loaf of *Bishop's Bread*. This recipe comes from Budapest, where it is considered *the* thing to serve when entertaining clergy. Actually it's a cake, and a good one. Prepare it as follows: . . . Whip up 3 fresh eggs with 1 cup sugar. Add 1 cup flour sifted together with 2 teaspoons baking powder and a pinch of salt. Beat until perfectly smooth. Now take 1 cup seeded raisins and 1 cup dried blanched almonds split in halves. Dust raisins and almonds with ¼ cup flour and stir them lightly into the dough. Spread in two shallow pans. Bake 20 or 25 minutes in slow oven until light brown. When nearly cold, sprinkle the top crust with sugar and finely chopped walnuts and some ground cardamom or nutmeg. Cut in long narrow slices.

☆ On any page dedicated to the ladies, some words of tribute should be paid, I think, to Sybil Tessie Lorna of Independence, Oregon.

Because *she* has jumped over the moon.

Call her Lorna for short. That's what her owner, L. A. Hurlburt, calls her. . . . Lorna is a Jersey cow aged seven. During the past year she has broken the world's record for giving butter-fat milk. More than 1,025 pounds of butter have been made from her milk in ten months. Lorna was born on St. Valentine's Day. Her bookings for personal appearances include the San Francisco Exposition and the New York World's Fair of 1939. . . . When a cow gives milk from which more than a thousand pounds of butter is made in one year, the dairymen say she has "jumped over the moon." They fly a special flag for her, blazoned with seven red stripes, seven white stripes, three lions, and a cow's head portrayed in gold. Sybil Tessie Lorna is our bovine first lady of the land. . . . And she never talks politics.



"Here I go again" said the Duchess*

And nobody lifted an eyebrow nor thought a single reproving thought. Who wouldn't take a second glass?

For it's Del Monte Pineapple Juice — so irresistible, so delicious the very first taste makes you forget "accepting another" just isn't quite the thing to do!

That's how ingratiating is the sparkling golden goodness you expect — and find — in Pineapple Juice by Del Monte. Always the same exhilarating, spirited flavor — because — definitely, Del Monte has a way with pineapples.

Only the choicest prima donna "pines" are permitted on the Del Monte lot. Gorgeous big plump ones — and they're given their own sweet time to ripen *in the fields.*

Then — and not till then — they're de-juiced. Packed fresh. Packed ripe. Packed post-haste. There's the secret of that delightful *natural* freshness — that "second glass" appeal.

As for the duchess, she has a glass (or two) as a breakfast starter and with lunch. And sometimes mid-afternoon finds her re-winding her sagging energy with another glass (or two). A smart one, that duchess!

She knows there's quick pick-up, lively enjoyment in the golden sparkle of Del Monte Pineapple Juice — any *time,* any *day, anywhere.*

It's *Del Monte* Pineapple Juice

* Not really a duchess. But her tastes are royal!

WHAT SNOW WHITE'S FATHER IS DOING NOW

WALT DISNEY'S
FERDINAND
THE BULL

"You have to keep pecking away at it," he explains.

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Walt Disney's startling new plans—A look ahead at a maker of dreams

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

IN Bambi, the next feature-length cartoon with which Walt Disney hopes to repeat the world-shaking success of his Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, the leading character is a deer.

But even though he is a deer, Bambi has human characteristics.

One of the major things he has to learn in the course of his growing-up is to distinguish between things to eat and things to smell, or to distinguish, that is, between food and flowers. All of which is fairly simple for him until, out strolling in the woods one day, he comes upon a skunk.

It is a very shy skunk, who knows that he lacks personality. Bambi, sniffing it, is most perplexed when it starts to run away.

"Why, I thought you were a flower," says Bambi.

The skunk simply collapses in flattered delight. "Oh, did you really?" it asks.

From which anecdote I trust you gather that financial success, coming to Walt Disney, has only succeeded in making him more himself. His brain child, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, will earn some millions of dollars before it is through. From this vast sum Walt himself will net about two millions, which is doing all right for a guy who up to now has never had anything much but worry. But worry has never bothered Walt greatly, and a fortune isn't bothering him now. Visiting him at his tidy green-and-white studio, you find him still modest, eager-eyed, and enthusiastic. He still eats his lunch at the hamburger stand near by and he still can't talk of anything but what he is going to do next.

He's got The Sorcerer's Apprentice and Ferdinand the Bull nearly finished. All of the Disney zoo—Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck, Pluto the dog and the rest of them—are still being brought into being, just as they always have been, slowly and lovingly.

With Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs the hit that it is, he could clean up if he could put out some fast, cheap product, or what the movie trade calls "cheaters." He could, that is, if he knew how to make "cheaters." But his good luck is that he doesn't know how and can't learn. Walt can only make things in his own way, which is to make them as nearly perfect as humanly possible. That method always slows production.

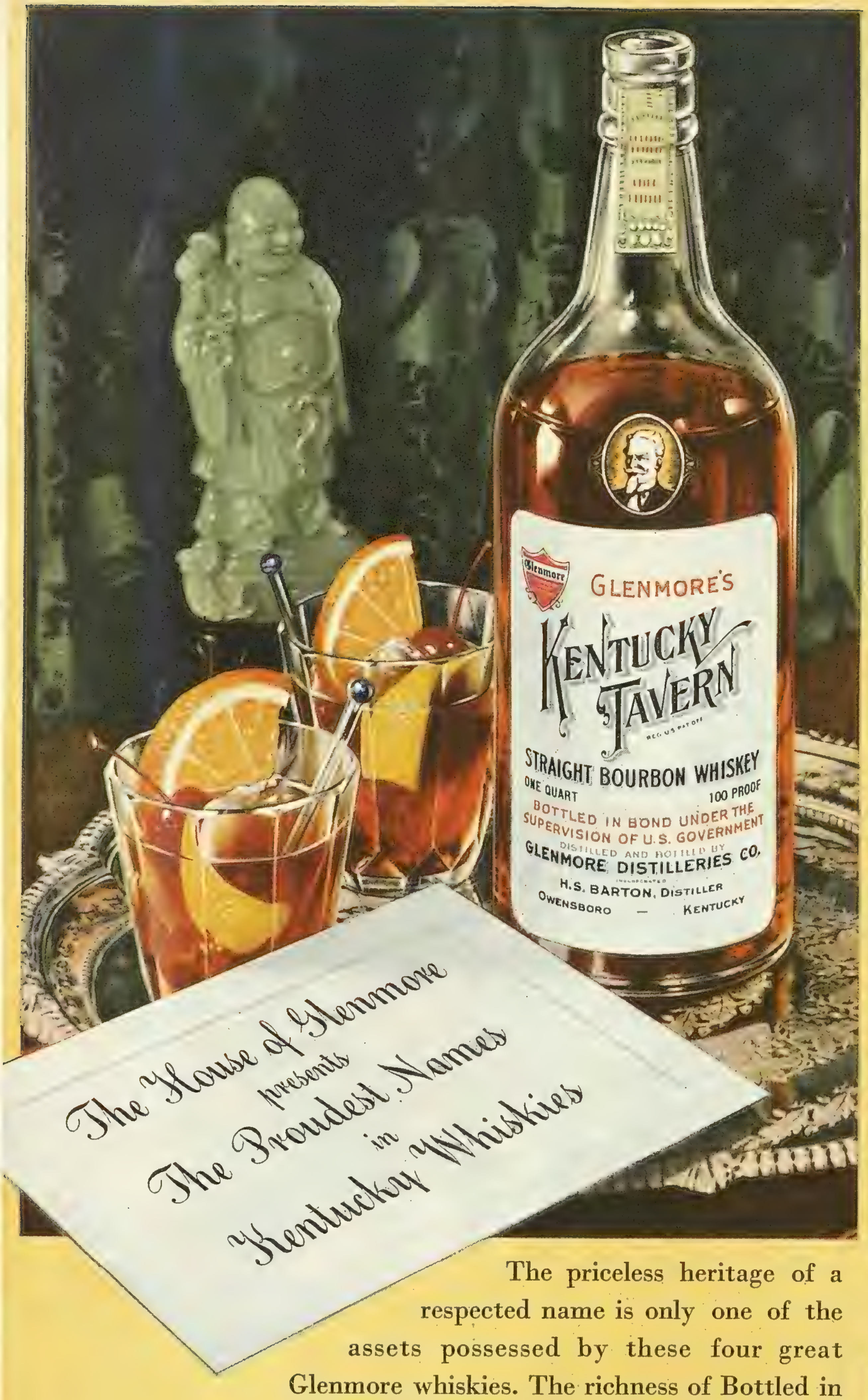
Pinocchio, another Disney novelty, is getting along nicely, but it is Bambi and the little skunk that are dearest to Walt's heart. Bambi, which will be the same length that Snow White was, probably won't be finished for another two years, although nearly a year and a half of work has already been expended upon it. The skunk, who when he marries gratefully calls his firstborn "Bambi," is supposed to carry on the same heartwarming charm especially created by Dopey of the Seven Dwarfs. In other words, there sits Walt Disney today with a neat two millions in his pocket, and all he is really interested in is making people happy.

Accordingly he has started trying to put that into effect closest home. He is having fun with his money and in a characteristic manner. He had already had all the honors the world and the movie business can bestow on him. But until recently he has never had much cash. Admittedly he has had credit, vast credit, due to the imagination of some California bankers and the sheer executive persuasiveness of his brother Roy.

Roy is the older Disney and the buffer for Walt. Roy it is who says, when you visit the Disney plant, "The art is on the second floor. Just walk up one flight and lose a million." Walt's office is on the second floor of what used to be an old apartment house, while Roy's is on the first. "The better to keep my feet on the ground," Roy explains.

With the arrival of all the beautiful Snow White cash, Walt saw to it that everybody at the studio relaxed more. Before Snow White, where every other studio in Hollywood was and still is on the six-day week, the Disney

(Continued on 2nd page following)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ONE QUART
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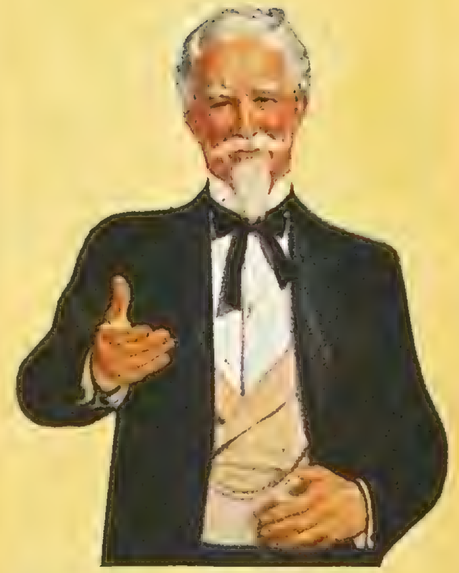
The priceless heritage of a respected name is only one of the assets possessed by these four great Glenmore whiskies. The richness of Bottled in Bond *Kentucky Tavern* finds its counterpart in the other Glenmore brands. Each represents in its field the ideal of whiskey quality. Ask for a Glenmore whiskey when you buy.

Glenmore

DISTILLERIES COMPANY, INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE — OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY



The Glenmore Colonel . . . symbol of the proudest names in Kentucky whiskies. Look for him when you want the assurance of quality.

GLENMORE'S
Tom Hardy
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

You ought to know **TOM HARDY**
A Blend of Kentucky Straight Whiskies
90 proof

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KENTUCKY
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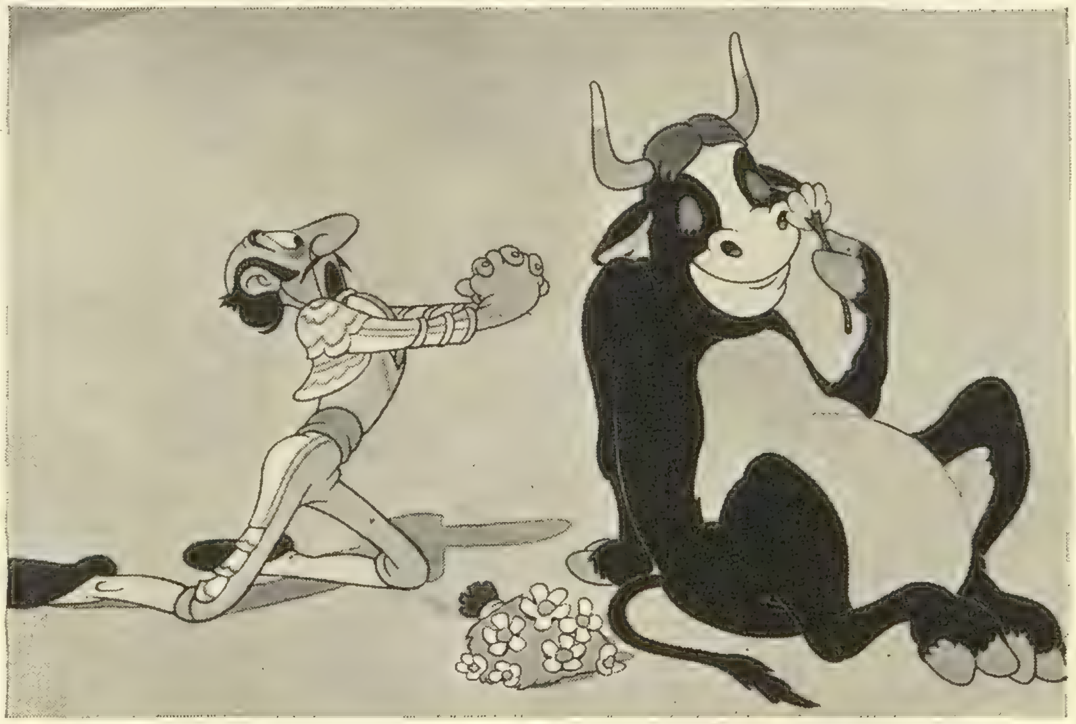
Pour **GLENMORE**
you get more
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 and 100 Proof

GLENMORE'S
Mint Springs
ONE PINT
90 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Change to **MINT SPRINGS**
and keep the change
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 Proof

(Continued from 2nd page preceding) studio worked five and a half. After Snow White, Walt ordered it on a five-day week. He next cut back twenty per cent of the Snow White profits to his workers, and then, feeling that perhaps even that wasn't enough, he gave a party for the whole eight hundred of them just to celebrate. He set the studio working hours as eight to five and took out insurance to cover each individual.

Walt gets slightly abashed when he tries to explain his way of being a boss. "I like our cartoons to be put together like a symphony," he explains shyly. "You know, there's a conductor—I guess I'm it—and then there are the solo violins, and the horn players, and the strings, and a lot of other fellows, and some of them are more stars than others, but every one has to work together, forgetting himself, in order to produce one whole thing which is beautiful."


A solemn moment from Ferdinand the Bull, now nearly finished.

With this thought in mind, he doesn't make contracts with his animators. He wants them to be free to leave if they so desire; but the result of this freedom, naturally, is that they seldom do. Walt knows every man in the studio intimately. "You have to cast artists as you do actors," he explains. "Some are better at drawing characters and some are best on flowers. Some artists are funny in every line they sketch, where others are solemn. You have to know all about a man to be sure that he is doing the work he loves best." So well acquainted is Walt with each man's work that he can tell at a glance just who has done any given sketch.

He hasn't a time clock in the place. He runs a school for his artists. It is close by the studio and is free to his workers, even though it costs him $100,000 a year. The men can go to it or not, as they like. He has instructors there to teach the apprentices or to help unsnarl problems that may be puzzling the professionals. Any aspiring youngster whose amateur drawing reveals talent can get into the school, and if he develops at all, he is sure of a job at Disney's.

Besides the school, Walt has a process laboratory, that is, a lab for creating trick movie effects, where employees may, in Walt's phrase, just fiddle around. "You have to keep experimenting," he explains. "In order to get a character for a cartoon, you have to keep pecking away at it."

An example of this "pecking away" was the discovery that a fawn was due to be born at the San Diego, California, zoo. Walt kept close watch on that vital statistic and on the day of the main event three animators from Disney's were sitting close by the mother doe, busily sketching away. The birth of that fawn will become, eventually, the birth of Bambi on the screen.

Walt took $70,000 of the Snow White money and put it into a multiplane camera. Animation of figures has to be photographed through many layers of celluloid, one layer to each group of figures, so that if, for example, humans, animals, flowers, and sky are all in one scene, each item has its own celluloid plane to give an illusion of depth. They had a pretty good multiplane camera before Snow White, but they've got a better one now. This new one is a whiz for speed—does four feet of photographing an hour.

Having long since outgrown his present studio, Walt is having a new one built. He thinks it will cost him $750,000, but it will probably cost a million. If you figure that if he keeps on spending this way out of a mere two millions, Walt may soon be broke, let it be remarked that such an improbable happening wouldn't greatly surprise him.

It wouldn't worry him, either, because then it would become Roy's problem.

Roy, of course, knows just how negotiable Walt's talent is. He was able to borrow a million and a half dollars on the preliminary sketches for Snow White, so there doesn't seem to be any necessity of either of the brothers getting into any nervous frets. Yet everything they possess is still being gambled with.

The most distinctive of the gamblers is The Sorcerer's Apprentice. Stokowski conducted the music for it exactly as he would conduct its score at a regular concert. Walt never said a word about that, and Stokowski in turn never said a word about the animation. Probably Goethe, who wrote the original story of an apprentice who borrowed his master's hat and could thus bewitch a broom into doing his bidding, is turning over in his grave at the thought of this story being a vehicle for Mickey Mouse, but if he could see the result, I'm sure he would be enchanted. For a more amusing figure than little Mickey when he stands on the top of the world, making the waves splash mountain-high and moving the stars in their courses could be imagined by no man save Walt Disney. And Mickey's agony when he can't stop the magic he has begun is a typical Disney nightmare, too.

This animating great music is one of Walt's fondest dreams.

He isn't being highbrow about music or trying to grow away from his public. He was as much attracted to The Sorcerer's Apprentice by its story as by its sound, which is also true of The Flight of the Bumble Bee of Rimski-Korsakov, which he plans to make next. Stokowski will do the score on that one, too. Then, if Walt can find three more likely subjects, he will make them and put the whole out as a special five-reel musical masterpiece-cartoon subject. He wanted to do Debussy's The Afternoon of a Faun, but Will Hays wouldn't let him. Hays said that was too naughty. The Sorcerer's Apprentice cost around $200,000 to make, for all its one-reel length, and the others will probably be similarly costly, so you see the risk involved, since nothing like them has ever before been created.

Ferdinand the Bull, from the gay book by Munro Leaf, is just a sort of Disney sport. Unless Ferdinand clicks very heavily, he probably will appear only once. I fancy Walt made this one just for the sheer fun of it.

But these things are mere side issues along against Bambi, which is his real work now. (His great loves, in case you want to know, are his work and a very delightful wife and two handsome children.) When Walt started drawing cartoons, the only emotion he knew how to create in them was laughter. Later he learned how to make audiences shiver with fear. When he watched the showings of Snow White, he realized with a thrill that he had discovered how to produce another emotion. He could make people cry.

Only he knows what emotion he will stir with Bambi, but of this you may be reasonably sure: No matter how else he moves us, Bambi will leave the world a gayer and more tolerant place than it was before.

You can tell by the skunk. For a man who can make you feel sorry for a skunk can do anything.

THE END

A New Note from the Temple Belle

Shirley, the versatile, emerges as a mentor of business success—and a favorite of yesterday stages a comeback

BY BEVERLY HILLS

JUST AROUND THE CORNER

3 stars predicted. Should ring the Temple bell. A made-to-order picture for Shirley, with Charlie Farrell staging a comeback, Bojangles Bill Robinson to help the little star in her dances, an expensive, doggy background.

J. P. McEVOY has constructed a story for that sturdy Kentucky colonel, that celebrated captain of the Texas Rangers, that attractive mascot of the Chilean navy, that famous Los Angeles Junior Policewoman No. 1. In brief, a yarn tailored to the measure of Shirley Temple.

Studio Overlord Darryl Zanuck wanted a story that would sound a note of business optimism. So Shirley plays the daughter of a famous architect who loses his fortune pursuing a dream of elaborate slum-clearance projects. Daughter shows daddy the way to stage a brave comeback.

Speaking of comebacks, in this story—playing the architect—is Charlie Farrell. Remember the love duo of Janet Gaynor and Farrell? Charlie has been off the screen, running the Racquet Club at Palm Springs. Back in 1935 Farrell quit films and started the club with Ralph Bellamy. Director Irving Cummings was looking for an actor to play this role, happened into the club, signed Charlie. That's how things happen in Magic Land.

In the cast, besides Farrell, there's the comedy team of Joan Davis and Bert Lahr. And Bojangles Bill Robinson dances with Shirley. One of the elaborate scenes shows a super dog lounge with some forty pooches.

These were hired from the See-Are Kennels in Hollywood, owned by Comedian Charlie Ruggles. The canines were valued at $30,000. Doing a comedy dance on this set, Joan Davis tripped over a prop fire hydrant and gashed her head. Nothing serious, however. Then there's a big dance scene with Shirley and Bojangles, a bit of terpsichore in the rain.

Director, lights, cameras, and crew rode an electric dolly on a track parallel to the big set, while 25,000 gallons of water doused the million-dollar nine-year-old star and her dusky partner.

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, November 23. The winner will be announced in the issue of December 31.

Charlie Farrell (remember?) and La Temple in her latest.

Shirley, by the way, recently completed a national tour, visiting fifteen states, not to mention the District of Columbia and Bermuda. The Temples—mama supervised the trip—covered 15,000 miles. Shirley dropped in on Mrs. Roosevelt at Hyde Park, saw the Broadway shows, presided at a tea for the New York press. This was the first nonalcoholic tea ever staged for the Manhattan newspapermen. Usually these parties run for hours; this time the last scribe cleared the place in 57 minutes, 31 seconds, flat. Shirley, however, was charming, revealing superb self-command, curtsied properly and chatted pleasantly and graciously with everybody.

Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.

THERE'S THAT MAN AGAIN

2½ stars predicted. Since Melvyn Douglas heads the cast, it all depends on the story.

COLUMBIA wanted a sequel to There's That Woman Again. Hence There's That Man Again. This time Virginia Bruce is opposite suave Melvyn Douglas. Joan Blondell was the co-worker in the previous film.

Here you have a comedy built around a series of systematic thefts from a swank jewelry shop. Private Detective Melvyn is called in. Alas, his wife—nice but dumb—has delusions of being a female Sherlock Holmes! Melvyn has to solve the crimes, dedetective his bride.

Just how funny the proceedings develop depends upon the story. There's no question about Douglas' abilities.

He's a smart, intelligent, completely able actor. Witness his recent theft of Deanna Durbin's That Certain Age.

Douglas, who hails from a musical family, discarded early ideas of being a poet and started as a Lincoln, Nebraska, drugstore errand boy at $3.50 a week. Today he's rated one of Hollywood's best leading men. Six feet one and a half, and thirty-seven, he's one of the colony's top tennis players, loves swimming and nut sundaes, hates coats and trousers that match.

Virginia Bruce is a Minneapolis girl who made good, bravely stepped over the tragedy of her marriage to Jack Gilbert, went on to become a film favorite. The rest of the cast is good enough to assure an interesting comedy melodrama—if the story is good.

Produced by Columbia.

STORM OVER BENGAL

2½ stars predicted. Synthetic Kipling. British Lancers on the march, cruel tribesmen on the loose, and all that sort of thing.

MR. KIPLING'S well known twain fail to meet again in this Hollywood manufactured yarn of adventure with the British army in Northwest India. Two English brothers—serving His Majesty in the hill country—are in love with the same girl, lovely Joan Latimer, just arrived from the jolly old homeland. There are wily, wicked hill tribesmen, shifty maharajahs, and desperate moments when the natives sadly outnumber the heroic British. Then a short-wave set in the caves of Kali— But don't let me spoil the story.

The weekly $10 prize for reviews covered in the October 15 issue of Liberty has been awarded to L. Martin Smith, 517 Third Street, Marietta, Ohio, for his review on You Can't Take It with You.

This picture had some real suspense in the making. There were seven Englishmen playing prominent roles in the production, and when the late unpleasantness developed in Europe, they were on call for active service. Any moment the studio might lose most of the cast. Right through it all afternoon tea was served on the set and everybody was very calm. Except probably the harassed director.

The hill country around Lone Pine, California, played the far-flung outposts of mountainous India. The brothers are acted by Richard Cromwell and Patric Knowles, the last-named an authentic Britisher. The heroine is Rochelle Hudson, who hails from Oklahoma. In the cast is Halliwell Hobbes as Viceroy of India, and Douglass Dumbrille, an Ontario Canadian, as a bad khan tied to the melodramatic story.

Produced by Republic.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

The pictures are classified according to the reviewer's prediction. The figures in parentheses after a picture title show respectively the final classification by Liberty's reviewer and the consensus of our readers' ratings.

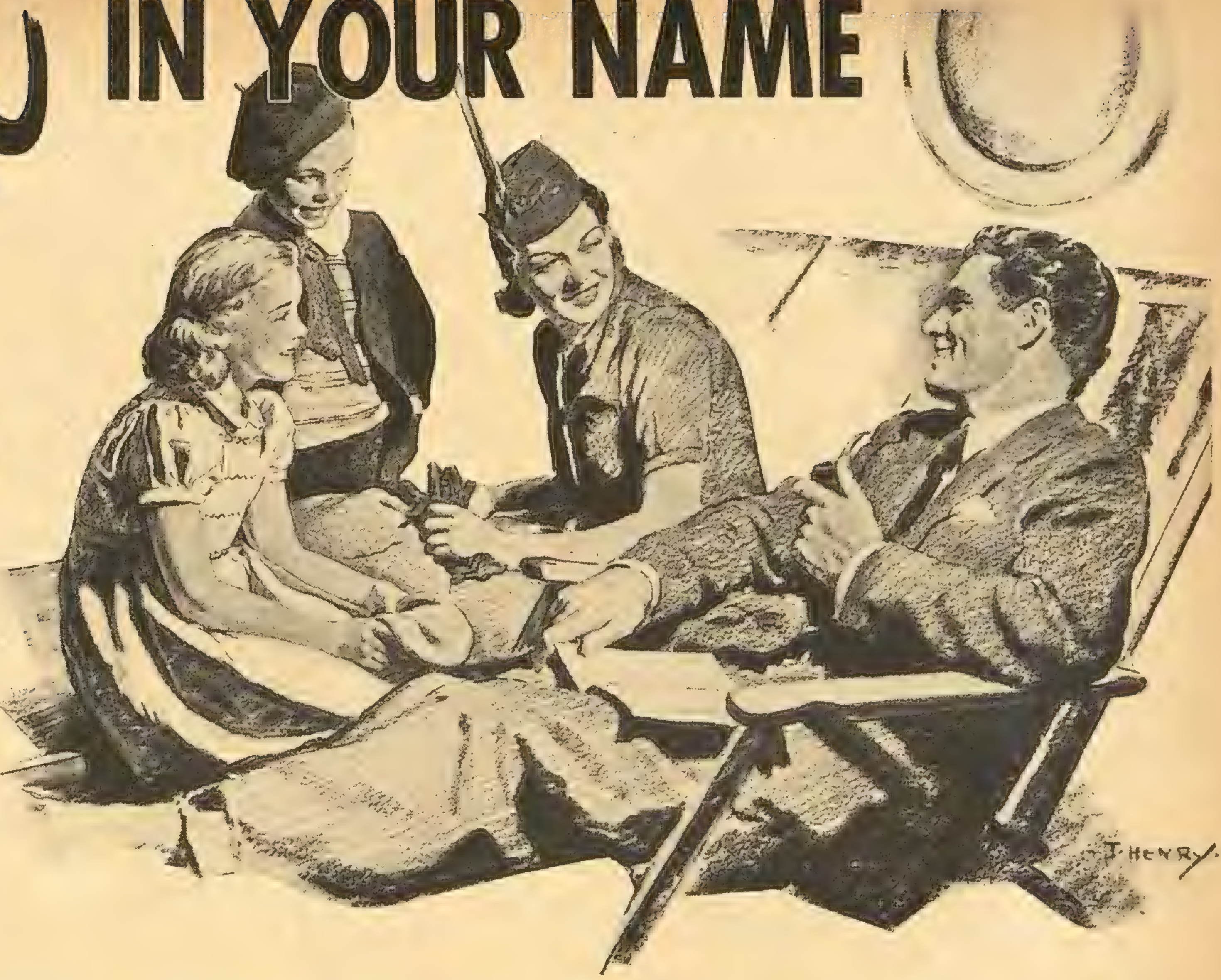
★★★★—That Certain Age, Suez (3,—), You Can't Take It with You (4, 4), Men with Wings (3½,—), Marie Antoinette.

★★★½—Sweethearts, If I Were King (3½,—), The Great Waltz, The Sisters (4,—), Spawn of the North (3½,—), The Lady Vanishes, Four Daughters, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer.

★★★—Angels with Dirty Faces (3½,—), The Shining Hour, Sixty Glamorous Years, The Cowboy and the Lady, Gangster's Boy (3,—), Brother Rat (3,—), The Arkansas Traveler (3,—), Mr. Wong Detective (3,—), There Goes My Heart (3,—), Service de Luxe (3, 3), Room Service (3, 3), Garden of the Moon (3, 3), Carefree, Boy Meets Girl, The Road to Reno, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood.

HERE'S LONESOME LOU
KNITTING ONE, PURLING TWO —SHE THINKS THE BAD BREATH ADS MEAN YOU!
ARE YOU TELLING ME TO READ THIS BAD BREATH AD?
DON'T GET MAD, SIS! PLEASE READ IT--AND THEN SEE IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK TO OUR DENTIST TOMORROW
TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S....
IF YOU KEEP GOING OUT EVERY NIGHT LIKE THIS, LOU, I'LL HAVE TO FINISH MY SWEATER MYSELF!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

fun IN YOUR NAME



They went abroad with their two children and spent a shocking amount of money having a hilarious time.

A searching story of "sensible" lives and of two who chose laughter and love

READING TIME
20 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

BY MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

ALICE and Jimmy and Sue had been friends since they were children, and as long as Alice could remember Jimmy had loved her older cousin, Sue. The three of them knew nearly everything good and bad about each other. They all knew Alice exaggerated and cried; they all knew Jimmy was lazy as anything under his energy; and two of them knew that Sue's whole universe was bounded by Sue herself. But they loved her anyway.

They all three loved Sue, in fact. Whenever any of them had any childish money, it usually went for some kind of present for Sue. But quite often—whenever she didn't spend it for herself—Sue didn't spend her money at all, but carried it around in a red kid pocketbook with a painting of Niagara Falls on the flap.

"It's because she's so much smarter than I am," Alice said contentedly to herself. "She knows that everything you buy finally disappears. But money just lasts and lasts, so you have more than anybody else, and can talk about it. But what's money *for?* That's what I want to know!"

But she knew all too well. It was for lollipops, and pieces of velvet ribbon, and a magic ring that was supposed to give you your wish, and it was to lend to other people and forget ever to get back. She always saw her weekly allowance—a quarter, a dime, and a nickel—like three winged notes, written to be played very fast.

Whatever money Jimmy had he earned, even when he was so small that payment was only for good behavior or bravery. Money, to him, represented time. Time spent working, then time blissfully free; time spent sitting on the end seat of an open trolley clanging joyously through narrow old streets, or time at a circus, or swimming, or fishing. . . .

All Alice's childhood she accepted the fact that it was Sue whom Jimmy really liked. And that was exactly as it should have been—until she was twenty and Sue was twenty-three, superior and beautiful, and not nearly as arrogant about all the men who wanted to marry her as you might excuse her for being.

"I know how *I'd* be," Alice told herself. "I'd be utterly impossible." But Sue wasn't. She was unsurprised, and sweet and gracious, quite naturally expecting the best, and sensibly measuring everything to cut it to her size.

But she never bothered to measure Jimmy; for the part she could see of him wasn't very impressive, and the great intangible realms of him—his cheerfulness and ingenuity, his wit and the inspired kindness which underlay his casualness, would never be recorded in any ledger. But poor Jimmy, his eyes a little tired at twenty-five from reading law half the night, was lugubriously eager to get himself entered in Sue's ledger.

Sue didn't even take him seriously enough to keep up any pretty pretenses before him. She still thought of him much as she thought of Alice, with affection and unconcern. She did her shrewd weighing before one as before the other. When a new man appeared with all his prospects and credentials, the three of them talked him over, Alice trying to make something romantic out of it, Sue posturing experimentally before his particular background, and Jimmy comically cartooning it all.

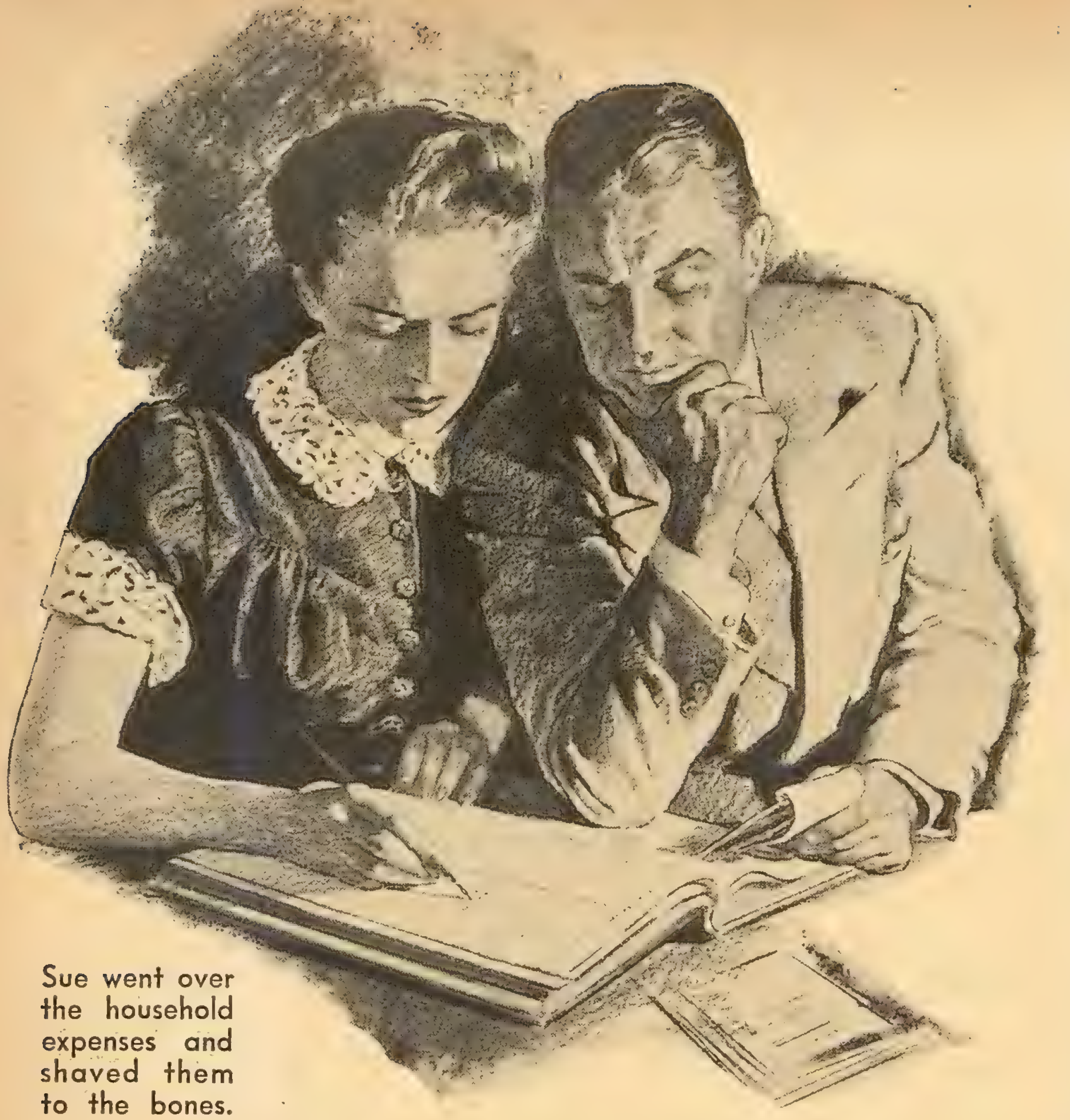
"But, of course, in the end she's going to marry me," he said to Alice. "I'm glad she's got plenty to do with her time until I get myself into some kind of decent circumstances."

Alice said, "Maybe you ought to talk it over with her, Jimmy."

"Sue knows," Jimmy said cheerfully. "It's never been any other way. All this is just make-believe for her."

But Alice, with her heart fluttering at her throat, tried to think of some painless way of telling Jimmy that nothing on earth had ever been make-believe to Sue.

"Dear Lord, don't let him ever see her the way she is," Alice cried silently.



Sue went over the household expenses and shaved them to the bones.

But Jimmy went on blithely to the doom of his believing. So ineligible, by Sue's standards, that she never even saw his love. Never even had it, in any awareness of possessing.

Alice tried to learn what that meant. "She hasn't it because she can't see it," she said perplexedly to herself. "Maybe we all could have things if we could see them. Maybe *having* means *seeing*."

Sue told them together that she was marrying George Hornham.

"I want you two to be the first to know," she said. "We're going to Europe for our wedding trip. George's father is giving us a two-thousand-dollar honeymoon."

"Two thousand dollars?" Jimmy said dully, as though that were the only thing he could grasp in the sentence. "Why, that's what people live a year on!"

"Not our kind of people," Sue said happily. "We're going to have just about everything." She told them about the house old Fritz Hornham was going to build his son, and about the big white diamond on its way from Amsterdam to inform the world of their engagement.

"And what about George?" Jimmy asked bluntly. "Surely you can't be in love with that stuffed porpoise."

Sue looked at him indignantly, her eyes still full of bricks and bonds and other people's envying. "Of course I'm in love with him," she said. "Who wouldn't be, I'd like to know?" Plainly she was disgusted with them—just two ignorant small-town people who couldn't see what a marriage like this would mean. But every one else in the town knew what it would mean, and she had all she could want of envying.

"I'm not going to be extravagant and silly," she said to Alice, just before the wedding. "I've persuaded George not to spend the whole two thousand on our trip. We'll put up with a little discomfort and have the money when we come back. He says that's very sensible. And as long as every one knows we *can* have just about whatever we please, why not save a little money? We were bringing a caterer from Chicago, but now we're having Mrs. Larsen. And I'm not carrying white orchids, after all."

"You'll look just as lovely with lilies of the valley," Alice said. "Unless white orchids represent something special to you."

Alice said to herself, "That's all anything really is, when you know it. Just what it represents to you. And when Sue looks at things she sees how much they cost and how much she *didn't* spend."

Jimmy was getting through these days much better than he could have expected. At first he thought he wouldn't bother trying to pass the bar examination this year; but then he kept on studying for it, and that was a very good sign.

"I had myself badly fooled," he said ruefully to Alice. "I thought I was trying to amount to something for Sue's sake. If she'd taken the trouble to notice me seriously I'd probably have busted all my buttons trying to be a success. In her terms."

"You'll be a success just the way you are," Alice said with comfortable honesty. "You'll do things, too, because that's how you *are*. But mostly you'll go on being a gay nice person with plenty of time to live and have fun."

"I wish I'd never let you know what a fool I was about Sue. Now you'll never get down to loving me yourself."

"Won't I?" Alice said. "I'm already down to it, Jimmy. I was born with it on my mind."

So, before the Hornhams got back from their reduced-fare honeymoon, Jimmy and Alice were married. Alice spent an absurd amount of money on their wedding.

"It's the only one we'll ever have, darling," she said, "and it'll be something to talk about when we're old."

"O. K.," Jimmy said agreeably. "We won't go into debt, but we'll make it as good as we can."

"Even to the white orchids," Alice said. "Mr. Blumberg's always wanted to order some from Chicago, and I've always wanted to see one close up. Besides, I'd like to have my daughter live up to her mother's white-orchid wedding."

"Yep," Jimmy said; "they'll certainly be immortal. And twenty dollars' worth of coal or potatoes or half-soled shoes would just come and go without a ripple."

So they had white orchids. And they were worth it.

When Sue came home, she was furious that they hadn't got around to making up their minds in time for a double wedding.

"It would have been nice for all of us," she said. "And besides, what's the sense of two expensive weddings?"

"You wouldn't have approved of ours," Jimmy said. "We were extravagant and silly."

"You always have been," Sue said fondly; "but I'd have kept you in line if I'd been here."

"That's what we thought," Alice said.

George was vastly proud of his wife. She buckled right down and put through a lot of good thrifty ideas in his business which certainly showed that she had something to her besides her pretty little face.

"Wouldn't be surprised if she turns out to be the business man of the family," George told his friends.

The more he encouraged her, the more she indulged her lust for thrift.

"We're not taking a vacation this year," Sue said. "We're going to build a good garden with the money."

"That's wonderful," Alice said. "I'd forgotten you like flowers."

"Of course I like flowers," Sue said defensively. "Besides, we might want to sell the house next year, and a really distinctive garden would add a lot to its value."

And that very fall a manufacturer named Kroble wanted to open a factory in their town if he could find a suitable house. His wife saw Sue's house and the new garden and would have no other.

"Only a year we had to hold it," Sue said happily, "and we really showed quite a profit."

Jimmy said amusedly to his wife, "Only a year, my precious, and what kind of a profit can *we* show?"

"None at all," Alice said, creeping closer in his arms; "but, oh, the fabulous luxury that doesn't show, darling!" And they lay there thinking of all their outrageous extravagance of love and idleness and joy: of nights walking in the rain and talking, when they should have been asleep, so Jimmy would make more money tomorrow; of week-ends reading together, when they should have been cultivating valuable people who might get themselves into trouble and give Jimmy a big case; of the silly sweet gifts they bought for each other, which should have become digits in some bankbook.

Sue said to Alice, "I hope you and Jimmy won't be silly about having children."

"I guess we won't be," Alice said. "The world is big enough for more than the two of us. Though that does seem enough at the moment."

Sue wrinkled her brow in bewilderment. "Oh, I see," she said uncomfortably. "Well, that wasn't what I meant. I hope you *won't* have a lot of children for a few years. George and I both feel people should see their way economically clear before they think about a family."

ALICE, with real pity, put her hands over Sue's nervous cool ones. "Darling, please do have a baby," she said. "Never mind how much they cost, just this once. A baby would bring you both so much—love."

Sue flushed clumsily. "George would be a wonderful father," she said, "and children do love him. Of course we shall have a family when it seems right."

They went right on having business buildings, and stocks and mortgages in their safety vault, but no babies. Sue and Alice never spoke of it again. But when Alice saw her first daughter, she made up her mind that she should be called Sue.

"I'd like to give that to Sue for a present," she said to Jimmy weakly. "There's so little one *can* give Sue. But maybe a child named after her might get at her." . . .

Jimmy kissed the palm of her hand. "Darling, you've always tried to give Sue something. But you can't give people things unless they know how to take 'em."

"You tried, too," Alice said, for it was always bliss for her to speak of this old absurd love of Jimmy's, so outgrown that there was no pain at all in remembering it.

But Jimmy had so utterly forgotten it that he thought it had never been. "You always think that," he said jovially. "How could I have loved a gal like that? She just represented a certain kind of ambition."

"All right, sweet," Alice said. "But let's name the baby Sue."

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"Anything you want," Jimmy said. "Always."

"Probably think we'll endow the brat," George said. "At that, we might open a little account for her at our bank. Fixed so James can't draw it out and buy tops and whistles."

But Sue went quite mad, and sent a bassinet, and six hand-embroidered baby frocks from Paris. She was so ashamed of herself that she never did tell George. . . .

George did his best to help Jimmy. But Jimmy didn't seem to make a good impression on the pompous people who run into money, from a legal point of view. Too happy-go-lucky, too agreeable.

But he and Alice were unabashed. They disregarded some essentials and reveled in some luxuries. They refused the harness of a good practical mortgage, and went abroad with their two children on their tenth wedding anniversary and spent a shocking amount of money having a hilarious time.

MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

grew up in Washington and became so fond of the Congressional Library reading room that she wants to run for Congress some day, just so she can take out a card. In the meantime she writes advertising copy for a large department store in Boston and works on her fiction.

"We'll never forget it. No matter what happens to us, we'll have that," Alice said apologetically to Sue when they returned. "We'd half planned to put the money as a down payment on a house. But we still can pay rent, and you can't do more than *live* in a house."

"Can't you? You can sell it and have a profit."

"Yes, I suppose you can do that," Alice said in chagrin. "Well, anyway."

Nobody could ever accuse the Hornhams of vulgar display of their resources.

"But what're you saving *for?*" Alice asked in honest mystification. "You don't live up to what you have now. Why get any more?"

"You're incorrigible," Sue said. "You've never had a mature attitude toward money."

"It's to buy things with," Alice said, "as near as I could ever see."

They looked at each other pityingly.

George was steadily becoming more and more substantial but they went on living as they always had. Sue went over the household expenses and shaved them down to the bones, and quarreled with grocers. Sue knew what everything cost and she got her money's worth.

"It's not the money, of course," she said many times. "It's the principle."

When they'd been married twelve years, George's sister, Julia, was widowed and came to live with them.

"You'll feel more independent, Julia, if we put it on a business basis," Sue said: "but of course I wouldn't dream of charging you what you'd pay at a hotel."

Alice and Jimmy had three children now, deplorably like their parents, but sweet and gay to have around. Aunt Sue asked her namesake to spend a month, one summer, in the Hornham house.

"I'd love to have her go," Alice said, "but she's frightfully untidy. She leaves her clothes just where they land, Sue. It's all right in our house, because we all do, more or less."

"I'll straighten her out," Sue said. "She just needs a good example. A girl her age very quickly responds to the nicer things. You know what I mean, Alice."

"Perfectly," Alice said. "Maybe it'll do you both good, in fact."

For that month the Hornham house was utterly disorganized. Youngsters trailed in and out at all hours. Sue's accounts split wide open and it took her weeks to get the cook back into a sane sense of economizing. After the first disrupted days, Sue began dreading the end of the visit. Dreading but never admitting the cause.

"I hate to see her go back to that madhouse," she said sternly to herself. "If I had her awhile I'd make a little lady out of her. I could give her so much that Alice never thinks of. Why, she couldn't *buy* what we've given her this month, not for any money."

A few days after the child had gone home, Alice sent up a lovely negligee.

"Alice knows what she owes me," Sue said to herself. "She's trying to pay me for what I've done." She put on the negligee and looked at herself in the mirror, seeing it as so much payment. "It must have cost forty dollars," she said; "but, of course, they couldn't have bought Susan a vacation for that."

Then, ironically enough, Jimmy began making money. Not doing a thing different from what he'd always done, but suddenly having all sorts of men who'd always liked him turn things over to him to handle. Within a couple of years he and Alice were amazedly in the midst of comparative affluence.

But they went right on doing all the wrong things with their money—just having fun with it, and buying silly lovely things for people, and acting like a household of children in perpetual Christmas.

"Though, actually, we *can't* live much better than we've always lived," Alice wrote to Sue.

"What on earth does she mean by that?" Sue fumed when she read that line. "They've moved to Chicago, haven't they? They're having a fine big decent house. And probably spending every nickel Jimmy's making."

All of them sent post cards from various places to their friends, and wrote letters frothy with adjectives, and altogether seemed to be having the kind of life that makes every one else's life look a little stodgy.

"Bunch of crazy kids," George said disapprovingly. "They'll wake up some day and find out about security and stuff."

George uttered that prophecy in September of 1929, just before the moment when every one did wake up and find out about security and stuff.

Things happened so fast then that nobody had much time to check up on other people. But when people began to look around again, the Hornhams were sitting just where they'd always sat, at the top of the heap. But they both looked shaken.

"I'm not saying much," George said, "but I dropped plenty." But whatever they'd "dropped" didn't show in their living, for their living had never felt the glow of any of that stored-up wealth which now had disappeared. "What I lost on paper would make you sick to think about," George said.

"Well, we didn't have a thing to lose," Jimmy said. "Kind of an advantage not to have anything tucked away so you *could* lose it."

Alice said, as they were driving back to Chicago next day: "Why on earth do people want to keep their wealth on paper? Poor old George, talking about his paper losses! As long as you keep 'em on paper, what difference does it make whether you lose 'em or not?"

"You're too dumb to understand that, my sweet," Jimmy said; "and if I explained it to you, you'd get all the wrong moral from the tale."

"Yes; I can see that. We've always lived so happily on the wrong moral, I'd hate to find out any better."

"I'd like to help old George," Jimmy said. "I'm going to look around and see if I can't put him in touch with something."

"You do that, darling," Alice said, yawning. "I couldn't bear to see Sue having a hard time."

BUT no matter what they did, they couldn't prevent Sue from having a hard time. For now, day by day, business went bad. George kept on somehow, but his factory became a skeleton of itself.

"If only we hadn't sold those Krobles our first house," Sue cried. "They'd never have brought that factory here and we wouldn't have all that terrible competition to meet now."

"I'll manage. I'll cut down expenses," George said grimly, and he fired every skilled workman he could and hired minimum labor. He threw in mortgages and bonds. But still, through the months, the overhead ate them alive.

Sue let the maid go and did her own dusting. She'd never dressed very well, but soon she began making her own clothes, very badly but doggedly.

And worse even than that—she rented out part of her house to roomers. She bought a big ledger, the first visible symbol of all her lifetime of bookkeeping, and she entered five bedrooms in it and kept accurate accounts.

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ful," every one said. "She acts almost as if she enjoys all this. That's what I call pluck."

She watched her roomers carefully to see that they got no more than they paid for, nor any less. She was, in fact, a very splendid landlady.

"But, darling, you can't be that hard up," Alice said on her next visit. Tears were close to her eyes.

"We've cut all our expenses," Sue said. "I don't see how we ever got into this state. I've always watched every penny."

Then Alice saw the inevitable fitting of circumstances to a person's innate essence. Sue, at long last, had found the world where she belonged. For, sooner or later, we get the chance to use the kernel of our talent. And Sue's talent had always been for pinching pennies.

Alice didn't try to tell her, for Sue had known from childhood that Alice didn't have an ounce of judgment about money. For days the shadow of that lean shrewd landlady blotted out the happiness of her own abundant carefreeness.

"We've got to do something to help them, darling," she said over and over to Jimmy.

"You think of it, and we'll do it," Jimmy said. "I can't seem to get at old George. He's dazed about it all. He just can't forget those paper losses of his, poor fellow."

Then Alice thought of what to do.

"We haven't had a vacation for a long time," she wrote to Sue. "So we're going abroad, and you and George are to come with us. The children are in school, and this is the time. We'll have such fun! Please don't think about it, but just wire us tonight. Jimmy's got reservations for you, and we've always wanted to give you some kind of a nice present."

George, a little shrunken and shabby, listened to the letter.

"Let's go, Sue. To heck with things, for once."

"You must be out of your mind," she said. "This is no time to be galloping off. Things are beginning to be better, and we've got to stick to business."

"Better or worse," George said dully, "I don't see that it makes a whole lot of difference."

Sue sat down and wrote a good sensible letter; no use wiring. George stood there, trying to rally some kind of argument, knowing that there would be none.

"Here, take it right out to the mailbox for the six-o'clock pick-up," she said, licking the envelope. "And hurry back. If I'm getting dinner I'd like you to show the front room if that couple comes again."

He took the letter, and tried to say something. Then he shrugged his heavy shoulders. He mailed it at the corner, but he didn't come back. He must have gone for a walk, cutting across the frozen river. Two little boys saw him. They said he didn't stop walking when he got to the hole, but just stepped right in . . . probably didn't even see it.

Alice and Jimmy got the letter the next afternoon.

"I didn't expect they'd come," Jimmy said.

"But we could have had such fun," Alice said. "They've never had much fun, poor darlings."

Just before their ship sailed they sent a wire to Sue:

"Darling, we're so sorry . . ."

Sue, reading the telegram, thought it was pretty heartless condolence.

"They might have given up their trip and helped me through the funeral," she said bitterly to herself. "They've always been so carefree. They've escaped all the hard things, and I've had all of them. All the sacrifice, and the loneliness . . ."

Then she saw that this wire was only an answer to her refusing letter. They had sailed without knowing about poor George, because when some one had asked if she wanted to send any telegrams she had just shaken her head.

Why waste a lot of money on wires? she'd thought to herself. I'll need my money now.

She read Alice's message again:

"Darling, we're so sorry. We'll have double fun in your name."

THE END

HE GOT THE WRONG NUMBER-AND I GOT THE RIGHT BOURBON!
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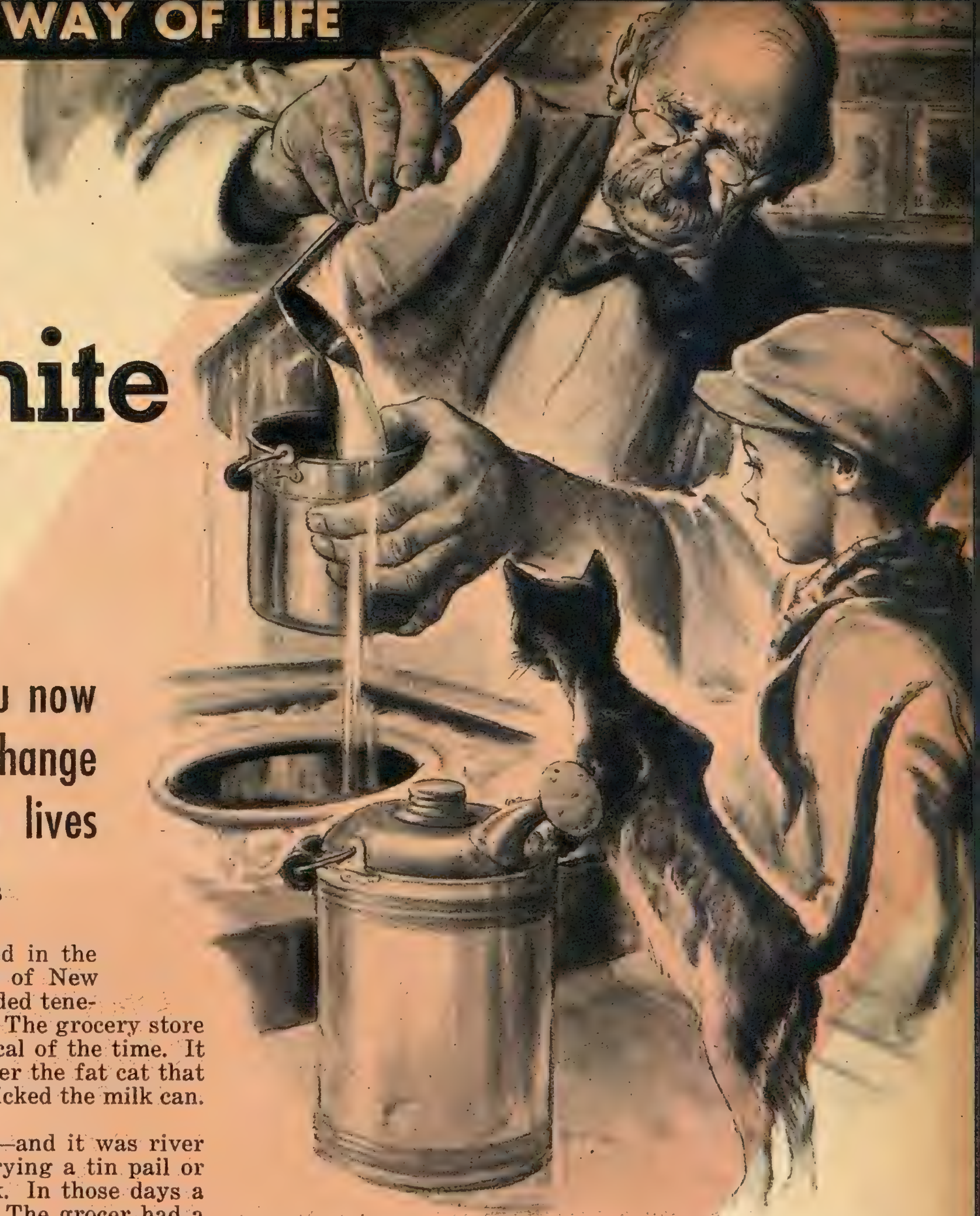
BLUE MILK and White

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY



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WHEN I was a small boy I lived in the slums on the lower East Side of New York. Our homes were in crowded tenements. Our parents were poor people. The grocery store from which we got our food was typical of the time. It was small, crowded, smelly. I remember the fat cat that lay on a bag of flour or sugar or that licked the milk can. And I remember that milk can.

It used to stand in a barrel of ice—and it was river ice. We would go to the grocer's carrying a tin pail or a glass pitcher to get a quart of milk. In those days a quart of milk cost four or five cents. The grocer had a long dipper holding a pint. He might have been wrapping a salt herring or fixing onions in a bag, or pouring peanut oil or even kerosene. Nothing mattered. You asked for a quart of milk, and the dipper with his oily hand and a part of his greasy coat went into that milk can. And the milk was blue.

You never see blue milk these days, but when I was a boy most milk was blue. We used to say that the water the grocers poured into the milk made it blue. We had lots of jokes about it. But careful mothers boiled their milk before they gave it to their children. And all babies suffered from "summer complaint"—really diarrhea or dysentery or even typhoid. And they got it from this fouled blue milk.

If you lived in a smaller city, you probably got your milk directly from a dairy farmer who brought it in from his farm early each morning. His cow barns may have been dirty, and the milk wasn't pasteurized. The night before, a covered pail was left on the doorstep, and he ladled the milk from a large can into the pail. If the lid was not put on securely and the neighbor's cat got there before you did, that was just your hard luck.

We are such great milk drinkers—in all milk's current varied forms—that we forget that it once had a bad reputation as a "fever carrier." Milk was in places even regarded as unfit for human consumption. Even butter was, centuries ago, unfavorably regarded and was often used only as an unguent to rub on the body.

Even when milk became popular, it was a rarity in the larger cities of Europe. Men used to carry it in carts, shouting their wares, and the price was comparatively high. In those days people rarely gave milk to babies. In the first place, mothers nursed their babies for several years. Secondly, there were superstitions that if you gave cow's milk to the baby he would grow up to have many of the characteristics of a cow.

The first good healthful milk that I ever had was on the roof of the Educational Alliance, a settlement house. Nathan Straus, a wonderful merchant and philanthropist in New York, had lost a child who had been given milk that contained the diphtheria germ. He decided to make it possible for poor children to have pasteurized milk, then generally unavailable. He opened milk stations in the slums, sold the milk for a trifling sum or gave it away free, if doctors so prescribed. How many millions of human lives he saved no one will know.

We who only had blue milk to drink will never forget how wonderful it was to see white milk in bottles instead of in that grocery can. And the bottle sealed and handed to us by a sympathetic woman dressed in white! It made us conscious of the fact that milk was something specially important. And I cannot forget that our old people laughed at this newfangled idea of pasteurization. They said: "Milk is milk." But the truth is that pure milk is one of the best foods for man. Impure milk is poison. It kills babies.

Milk had to go through the same processes as every other commodity. First, mass consumption had to be stimulated. This was done locally by educational advertising. Now states like New York and Wisconsin are advertising the advantages of milk consumption. Then large-scale business had to be built up so that proper plant and equipment could be developed. Laboratories had to be set up to experiment in the improvement of

FOR SALE
PEACE OF MIND
All Winter Long
FOR ONLY 25¢ qt.
30¢ WEST OF ROCKIES
SUPER PYRO ANTI-FREEZE

**Made by U.S.I. . . .
World's oldest manufacturer of anti-freeze . . . Sold and serviced by 100,000 enthusiastic dealers**

Fear of freeze-ups just doesn't exist for the motorist who takes these two simple precautions:

One. Don't merely say "anti-freeze." Specify Super Pyro by name. The dealer will put in the exact amount indicated by the scientific Super Pyro chart for *your* car and *your* weather. Remember, Super Pyro has saved money and worry in 15,000,000 cars, in all kinds of winter weather, all over the country.

Two. Let the dealer check your radiator when sudden cold spells are predicted. You thus get added assurance that your car is ready even for below-zero temperatures.

This is the economical way to get real peace of mind, which will enable you to use and *enjoy* your car all winter long. The cost of this *complete* and *safe* protection is only $1 a gallon. And the patented ingredients in Super Pyro give you a big *plus* value—they keep the cooling system clean and efficient by stopping all rust and corrosion.

Make sure that you get the genuine product. Look for the Super Pyro name at your favorite service station or garage, also on the small cans or large drums.

PROVED IN 15 MILLION CARS

milk and the development of milk products. And distribution systems had to be organized so that the public could get pure milk at reasonable prices.

To show how the consumption of milk has increased, let me cite the fact that in 1840 there were 4,837,000 milk cows in the United States. In 1938 that number had increased to 24,902,000.

I am told that the increase of cows is not as important as the increased production of milk. Well, my figures for that do not go as far back as for the cows, but they are equally interesting. In 1889 we produced nearly 21 billion quarts of milk; in 1937 that production had more than doubled—it was close to 48 billion.

And let me show how we stand in comparison with the rest of the world. Only Switzerland consumes more milk than the United States. The average consumption in this country is 156 quarts per person per year. Great Britain, France, and Germany only use 92 quarts; Italy 28 quarts. And American milk is regulated by some agency of government. It is pure; it is bottled and sealed; and in many cities it is trade-marked and advertised, which means responsibility.

MILK, like any other product, had to be prepared for a variety of needs. Thus graded milk has come into existence. Certified milk, originating in the medical profession, exists especially as a guaranteed milk for infants and invalids. Only a trade-marked and an advertised brand can be certified—for what would certification mean if you didn't know what stood behind it? There must be a name—a favorably known name.

The same is true in the distinction between Grade A and Grade B, and right down through all the milk products a well known name must stand behind the product if the public is to trust it. And names are only known through advertising.

Pasteurized milk is now obtainable in most parts of the country, particularly in the large cities. Pasteurization means that disease-producing organisms are destroyed or made harmless. But it cannot be made a substitute for cleanliness and sanitation. It is therefore necessary to buy your milk from dairies whose names are favorably known. Here again advertising enters the picture. For milk is one product about which there never must be any secrecy. Every dairy should be open to public inspection —and the better known ones are.

We have developed many milk products. People who, for one reason or another, cannot get fresh, pasteurized, sanitary milk in sealed, sanitary containers can obtain pasteurized or sterilized milk, condensed or evaporated milk, powdered milk in the grocer's or at the drugstore—usually in modern tin cans, sealed, labeled, and trademarked. In fact, many doctors, when they prepare formulas for babies, recommend the use of evaporated or powdered milks. It is interesting to note that last year 44,000,000 cases (48 cans to the case) of evaporated milk were sold in the United States.

There are many brands, Carnation, Borden's, Pet, Sheffield, Lion Brand, Dextri-maltose, Klim, Glaxo—too many to list here. When I lived in China, the only milk or cream that we dared use was canned milk from America—the Carnation brand from the West Coast was available. Nowadays they have a modern dairy there, but canned milk from America is still an important item of import.

Evaporated milk differs from pasteurized bottled milk in that half the water is taken out of the cow's milk. It is sterilized and sealed in cans.

Many modern evaporated-milk manufacturers irradiate their milk. Some are licensed by the University of Wisconsin to use the Steinbach process, which increases the vitamin D content. Another method is the addition of the necessary elements from an extract of cod-liver oil. This is tremendously important, because vitamin D appears in milk inadequately as it comes from the cow. Furthermore, they homogenize the milk, which makes it more digestible. And it is absolutely standardized as to quality and content, so that all ingredients are uniform.

Evaporated milk, therefore, makes a satisfactory milk for baby's formula and pediatricians often recommend it. Because it is processed and controlled, its producers seek to bring it as close as possible to mothers' milk.

Babies need vitamins A, B, C, D, and G. C is found to some degree in any kind of cow's milk, but larger quantities are required to achieve full nutrition, and that is why babies are given orange or tomato juice, which are rich in this vitamin. Cod-liver oil or a similar fish oil is given because it is rich in vitamins A and D. Now that it is known how to add vitamin D, the evaporated-milk producers have jumped at the opportunity of improving their product.

Every great American industry is the dramatization of the life of a forceful, aggressive, often wise individual who set out to do a great job and who did it. Gail Borden, native of New York State, born in 1801, is undoubtedly the genius of the milk industry. Born on a farm, he came by his interest in the perfect food naturally. At fourteen he was taken on a barge down the Ohio River to Kentucky, where the family settled. Where Gail Borden's father's farm was the city of Covington is today.

After a while the Bordens moved to Jefferson County, Indiana, and settled in the town of Madison. Gail was twenty-one when he went to work on a barge bound for New Orleans. From there he went to Mississippi, where he taught school, acted as surveyor, and married a lovely girl of sixteen. Then he went down into Texas, where he became a farmer, a stock raiser, and an editor. His paper, the Telegraph and Texas Land Register, was the first newspaper in the Lone Star State. A revolutionist against Mexico, he fought for and helped to found the Republic of Texas.

It was while he was in Texas that his mind turned to the idea of inventing a perfect food. He first worked on pemmican meat, then on a meat-and-vegetable biscuit. Two ideas came to him which have actually revolutionized the preparation of food: one was that dirt is an evil—a strange idea in those days; the other, that high temperatures are advantageous in the preservation of food—later developed by the great Louis Pasteur and now used in the process of pasteurization.

In 1851 Gail Borden went over to London to exhibit his meat biscuit. There were two cows on his ship, but not sufficient milk even for the children on board. His mind turned to the idea of a concentrated milk that would be pure. He invented a process and tried to get a patent. He did not know that others before him had come with similar ideas. He not only had trouble proving that his ideas were new but also that there was any value in them. However, on August 19, 1856, he was granted a patent in the United States.

LIKE so many other Americans who had faith in an idea, Gail Borden went broke fighting for a patent. And like so many others, he found fine Americans who were ready to help him. And in what is now Torrington, Connecticut, he set up a factory. He had his troubles; but he had the courage of his convictions, as is evidenced by this letter, written to a stranger:

"I have discovered a way to keep milk sweet for a very long time and have tried the process by hand labor, but, while assured of its utility, I find that to make it pay, I must have some mechanical power. In getting thus far, I have spent all my money and my friends doubting my ultimate success will not lend me any. I have come to ask you to sell me such a wheel as I require and wait a reasonable length of time for your pay."

He got his wheel, borrowed more money, and started the Gail Borden Company, parent of one of the largest milk dealers in this country. Condensed milk was used by the Union Army during the Civil War, and Borden had established a substantial business. From this beginning have come our condensed, evaporated, and powdered milks, as well as malted milks and milk sugars.

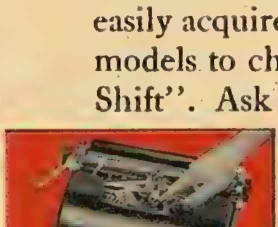
Gail Borden advertised. His Eagle Brand was known from one end of the country to the other. For many years, before bottled milk and cream for coffee became readily available, condensed, and later evaporated, milk was used everywhere. Others followed Borden in this field. Competition was keen, and today several brands have attained national, if not international, reputation. Increasing quantities of pure milk were made available for the American, no matter where he might be situated.

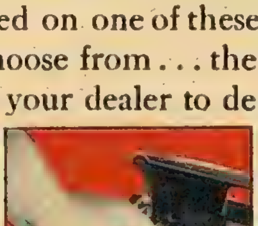
"GEE! WHAT I'D GIVE FOR A SPEEDLINE CORONA!"

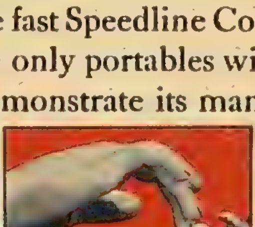
The NEW "SPEEDLINE" CORONA

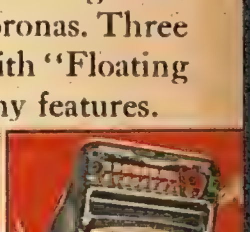
...and Dad!
you can buy it for as little as $1.00 a week
(plus small down payment)

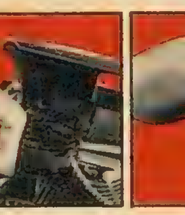
Every child wants one of these modern efficient portables for school or college. The ability to type is a life long asset, easily acquired on one of these fast Speedline Coronas. Three models to choose from . . . the only portables with "Floating Shift". Ask your dealer to demonstrate its many features.


The almost effortless Floating Shift


Seven-position Touch Selector


The fast, easy Piano Key Action


All-around Frame guards mechanism



THE NEW CORONA Zephyr

Imagine a typewriter weighing 9 pounds. Be sure and see this new efficient portable . . . $29.75

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC
Desk 11, 135 Almond Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

I plan to buy a portable for ☐ adult use ☐ school use. Please mail free Corona booklet.

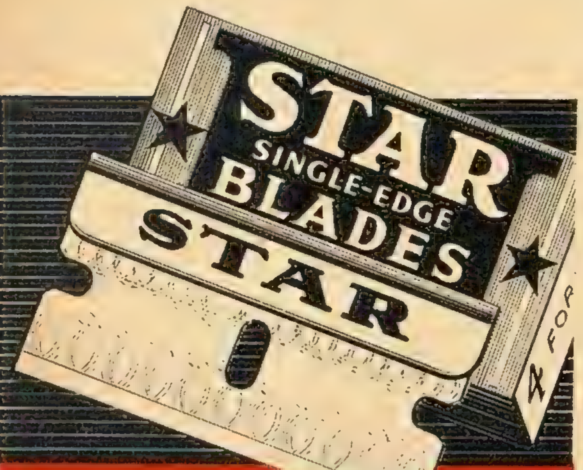
Name ....
Street ....
City .... State ....

LOST—
A PET HATE

If you hate shaving, it's high time you learned about the very keen Star Single-edge Blade. It shaves *really close* without hurting the tenderest skin.

Its edge is *consistently keen* —4 sharp blades in every 10¢ package. Famous since 1880! You're missing comfort if you haven't discovered Star!

Star Blade Division, Brooklyn, N. Y.



STAR
Blades
4 FOR 10¢
FOR ALL GEM AND
EVER-READY RAZORS

When we think of milk we should think of babies. There was a time when they had to depend on mothers' milk. If that source of supply failed and there wasn't the means to hire a wet nurse, baby had to die. To understand what has been done to save the lives of babies, let us look at these figures: in 1901-1905, about 138 out of every 1,000 babies under one year old died; now the rate is about 55 babies—less than half. Milk played the biggest part in saving the lives of those babies.

Baby's food must be as complete as possible. He needs not only proteins, carbohydrates, and fats, but mineral salts and all the vitamins. He needs these in a digestible form. And today if his digestion requires it he can be given homogenized milk, in which the curd tension is loosened and the fat globules broken up and dispersed. All babies fed on the leading brands of evaporated milk are actually being given homogenized milk. Or he can get modified curd milk or milk powder. The growing boy or girl who needs milk and will not take it can get flavored milk. And all of us can get such milk drinks as buttermilk, acidophilus milk, and the good old ice-cream soda or milk shake or malted milk. Milk has become available in every form, for every taste and for every health need.

We Americans have, relatively, five times as many automobiles as any Europeans have, and a new car costs us but half as much as a comparable one did in 1912. How come? Through advertising! If you find it hard to believe, read Mr. Sokolsky in an early issue!

Condensed milk contains sugar, to which some pediatricians object because it fattens the baby. Evaporated milk has no added ingredient. The Carnation and other evaporated-milk manufacturers pride themselves on their cows. There was one cow, Segis Pieterje Prospect, who produced 37,381.4 pounds of milk in one year—an average of 100 pounds a day. They erected a monument to the bovine lady, and she deserves it.

Now, I know that all milk experts will jump on me at this point and demand to know why I say milk is a baby's food. They will say that we should always drink milk—some one once advertised that every grown person should drink a quart a day. Well, I won't quarrel with them. I am, however, more interested in babies than in oldsters. After all, if we aren't careful about our babies, we won't have strapping healthy oldsters.

And I know that they will be critical of my not showing in detail how milk saves teeth. But nowadays everybody knows it does. The fact is so well advertised that it is becoming part of America's health lore.

When I was studying the milk problem, what should I run across but the astonishing fact that some dairies are preparing to bottle mothers' milk in such a sanitary and healthful condition that babies who can only thrive on this variety can have it wherever they may be! Pure mothers' milk from healthy mothers for infants who cannot drink cows' milk and whose mothers cannot provide mothers' milk is the latest milk development. It has, however, been available for some time in the form of frozen tablets.

In this article I have limited myself to milk, not discussing butter, cheese, ice cream, or even the amazing fact that paints, wool, and steering wheels for automobiles are now being made out of milk. The ice-cream story alone would fill many pages, but what you need to remember is that ice cream is a milk product. Made pure, and advertised by responsible firms, it is not only a confection but a food.

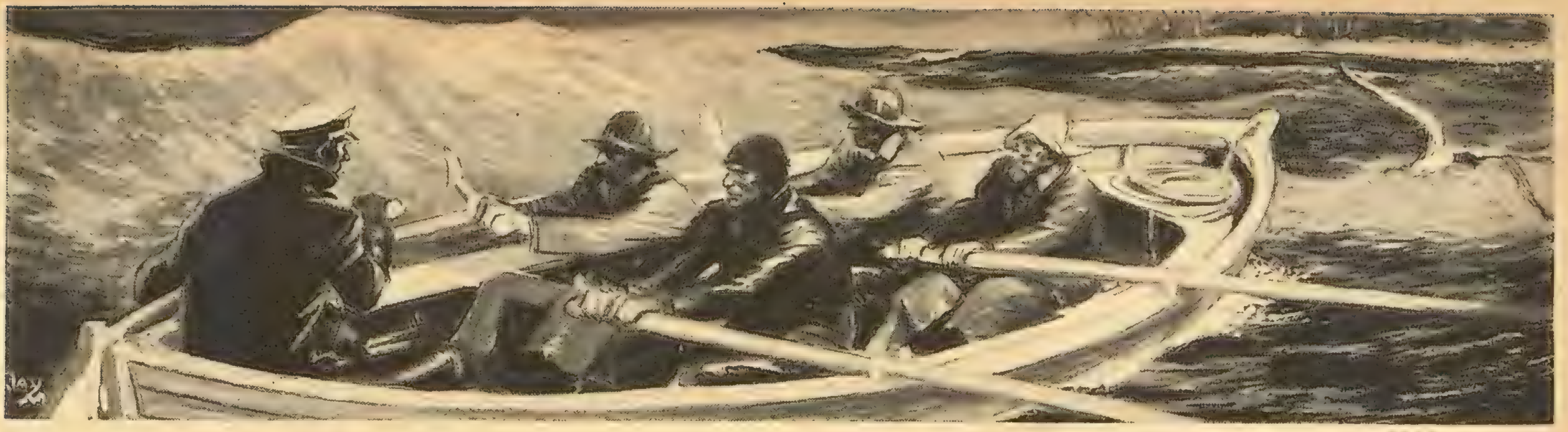
As I have shown you, it took years of advertising and education to convince the old folks that there was a connection between baby's health and pure milk. But now we know that milk builds bone and teeth, that it is the life-giving food for mothers and children, that it is the greatest of all anti-acids, that through its calcium content it maintains a balanced system. And we know that milk must be pure and sanitary. And we know that it needs to be graded, because some milks are too fatty and others are too thin. And the doctor will tell mother that this baby needs this particular type of milk. And we know all that through educational advertising, not always done by a dairy but by a great state or an insurance company or a life-saving philanthropy.

In a word, the genius of our material civilization is that it discovers the true values of the simplest commodities that former generations and other peoples took for granted. We break up a product into its component parts to find out its most advantageous uses. We make specialized, trade-marked products which have the guaranty of an established and responsible business behind them—and that we advertise, so that a purchaser buys by name. You do not go into a drugstore and ask for powdered milk. You say Lactogen or Dryco, or S. M. A. or Mellin's Food, or Merck's, or whatever it is that your doctor or nurse advised. Those names stand for quality, for sanitation, for cleanliness, for responsibility. And that is what you want. The doctors know about them because they advertise; you know about them because they advertise.

It took the fundamental American business system, mass production, mass distribution, availability, and competition through advertising to make milk a safe and varied product useful to the whole American people.

And the lesson is that nothing is too simple, nothing too ordinary, for our American way of life. The orange, the tomato, milk, bread—everything comes within its purview. And the loud-speaker of the system, advertising, is really the only medium that the public has to find out what is being done in its interest.

THE END



THE CAPTAIN'S DUTY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Liberty's Short Short BY JAY WILSON

BOARD OF INQUIRY: You are Captain Edward Morgan?

CAPT. M.: I am.

BOARD: You were master of the Western Star on her last world cruise?

CAPT. M.: I was.

BOARD: Was this lady, Mrs. Jepson, a passenger on that cruise?

CAPT. M.: She was—technically.

BOARD: Technically?

CAPT. M.: There were times when she thought she was in command.

MRS. J.: Well, I like that!

CAPT. M.: Can't say that I did.

BOARD: Please! Stop that!

MRS. J.: I am the widow of a master mariner, and I will not be spoken of in that manner by a captain who shirks his duty at sea! I—

BOARD: Mrs. Jepson! We ask—

CAPT. M.: It won't do you any good to ask. You'll need chloroform.

BOARD: Captain Morgan! You are in no position to assume a sarcastic attitude. The charges Mrs. Jepson has brought against you are serious. Your record for the past thirty years has been excellent. The Board is astonished that these charges have been preferred.

MRS. J.: It was horrible! Perfectly horrible! I wish I had never gone on the cruise. The poor man!

CAPT. M.: You mean me?

MRS. J.: I mean that man on the island! You? Hmph!

BOARD: That will do! Captain Morgan, just what happened after the Western Star cleared Manila?

CAPT. M.: Well, we had mutiny in the galley.

BOARD: Mutiny?

CAPT. M.: The cooks refused to work unless Mrs. Jepson kept out.

MRS. J.: If the chef had known anything about making piecrust—

CAPT. M.: Every one else liked it.

MRS. J.: Indeed? *I* didn't! The crust was soggy. I didn't see—

BOARD: Mrs. Jepson! Please!

MRS. J.: I know my rights! I—

BOARD: Silence! Captain Morgan, will you continue?

CAPT. M.: After I got the galley straightened around with a little bonus for their suffering, Mrs. Jepson tried to rush the bridge at the head of a party of passengers. I don't allow passengers on my bridge.

MRS. J.: Utterly silly! I merely wanted to explain to a few interested people how a ship was run.

CAPT. M.: Overrun is the word.

BOARD: If you please, Captain Morgan! What we are after are the pertinent facts. Was there or was there not a typhoon?

CAPT. M.: Why, yes, we did run into some nasty weather. Drove us off our course a hundred miles.

BOARD: It drove you to this small island far off the shipping lanes?

CAPT. M.: Yes.

BOARD: Now we're getting somewhere. There was smoke rising from this island?

MRS. J.: There certainly was. Every one saw it. A distress signal.

CAPT. M.: There was a faint wisp of smoke rising out of the palms. Looked like a cooking fire.

MRS. J.: The storm had ended, yet Captain Morgan refused to lower a boat. He was going to leave this poor lost soul to his fate.

CAPT. M.: There was still a heavy surf running, after the storm. And I did not see any poor lost soul. I decided that whoever was on the island wasn't anxious to be taken off or they would have shown themselves on the beach and signaled.

MRS. J.: It was your duty to make sure.

CAPT. M.: It was my duty not to risk my men unnecessarily. Besides the surf, there were the sharks.

BOARD: We understand. But you did finally send a boat ashore?

MRS. J.: Hmph! You can thank *me* for that much. I went among the passengers, and by the time I was finished he *had* to take a boat ashore.

BOARD: M-m-m-m. Captain Morgan, did you go ashore in that boat?

CAPT. M.: I did.

BOARD: You knew that a shipmaster's place was aboard his ship?

CAPT. M.: I did.

BOARD: Then why didn't you send one of your officers in the boat?

CAPT. M.: And miss that chance of getting Mrs. Jepson out of my hair for an hour or so?

BOARD: Hm-m-m. Well, the point is a minor one. Continue.

CAPT. M.: In the coconut grove I discovered pigs, a goat or two, and a white man with a long beard hiding in some bushes.

BOARD: Hiding?

CAPT. M.: Hiding. I sent the men in after him. They dragged him out. He resisted them and yelled and swore and told us to get off his island.

BOARD: What then?

CAPT. M.: After a while he calmed down. Said he'd been on the island almost seven years. Lived on goat milk and pigs and fruit.

BOARD: Not the best of diets.

CAPT. M.: No; and he was pretty thin. But he didn't want to leave.

MRS. J.: The man was crazy.

BOARD: Did you leave him there?

CAPT. M.: I did.

BOARD: Captain Morgan, it is difficult for this Board to understand your decision. It seems fairly obvious that the castaway's mind had been deranged. Under the circumstances, we can only conclude that you failed in a seaman's primary obligation and duty to render aid and help those in distress on the high seas.

CAPT. M.: I did help him. I left him there to complete the seven years of disappearance which, last month, enabled his wife to have him declared legally dead. Captain Jepson is now a free man.

THE END

ON THE AIR!

Liberty stories are on the air. You can hear two dramatizations each week over the following stations: WOR, New York; WJZ, New York; WENR, Chicago; WKRC, Cincinnati; WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEI, Boston; WBT, Charlotte. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

▲

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

True love conquers one danger—but are there more to come? An exciting tale of strange hazards nears its end

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

BEN BECHTEL, an elderly millionaire, is mad with jealousy when he discovers that his young wife, Trudie, has had an affair with Larry March, a writer. He asks March to go on a hunting party in the Mexican jungle and, although March knows that Bechtel, with the help of Curtis Frazier, an adventurer, is plotting revenge, he accepts the invitation in order to protect Trudie. Others in the party are Glenda Neil, a poet in love with March; her friend, Norma Considine; Maida del Roche, an ex-movie star; Durham Phillipson, a photographer; and Noel Hawkins, a guide.

Trudie quarrels with March because of Glenda, and transfers her affections to Frazier. Bechtel does not know this, and when he sees his wife on the beach one night with a man, he thinks her companion is March, and prepares to carry out his half-insane plan to kill the pair. Frazier is to shoot them while Phillipson, under the delusion that he is getting divorce evidence, records the scene with his camera. In the darkness, however, March fools Bechtel into believing he is Frazier, and knocks the millionaire unconscious with Frazier's rifle. Then, hiding the gun in the bushes, he goes to the beach to beat Frazier. Later he returns to camp and discovers that Bechtel and the rifle are missing. The next day the millionaire is discovered in the bush, dead.

Frazier says that March's blow killed him, but March knows it didn't. Bechtel, he realizes, has been deliberately murdered. But by whom?

A strange sense of foreboding comes over him as they walk back to the camp. Three native policemen are there. When one says, " Somebody 'ave keel a man. We come to make the arrest," March is sure that he is behind the eight ball.

PART TEN—"YOU CAN'T GET AWAY BY RUNNING"

ON my forehead, beads of cold sweat were forming. Everybody in the camp was looking at me. And I knew they were reading guilt and fear in my red, perspiring face.

LOSE THE WOMAN!

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

I wondered idly, though it wasn't now of any great importance, how these police from a village five miles up the river had known there had been a murder on Chacahua Bay. It seemed likely that some member of our party had sent word to the village by one of the natives. Some one who spoke Spanish. Noel? Not a chance. Frazier? Perhaps; he had had the opportunity when he walked to the river with the Negritos that morning. Norma? She could have dropped a word, too.

But what did it matter anyway? Bechtel had been murdered, the authorities had been tipped off before we'd even found the body—and I was on the spot.

" And where ees thees man w'at was keeled? " the scar-faced officer asked.

" Out in the bush," I said.

Scar-face produced a tattered notebook and a stub of pencil. " Hees name, plees? " he asked officiously.

" Ben Bechtel."

Scar-face made some scratches in the notebook. I knew by the way he held the pencil he couldn't write a word.

" And the man who keel thees Señor Bechtel? " the officer pursued.

" That," I said, " is something you will have to find out for yourself."

And all you'll have to do is throw a little scare into Phillipson and listen to him squeal.

Scar-face frowned. He snapped the notebook shut and barked some Spanish to his two men.

"We go now." He gestured with his thumb toward Noel and Frazier and me. "You show me thees body."

When we came into the clearing where the body lay, Phillipson hopped to his feet, sputtered: "My word, old chaps! Police! Who sent for them?"

His surprise was palpably overdone. "You ought to know," I said.

I swung around to the officers. "There's your body, gentlemen. As for who caved in the man's skull, suppose you tell me."

Scar-face stared at the body for a moment and then glared at Phillipson. I could see the chickenhearted little photographer begin to squirm.

"You keel thees man?" Scar-face roared.

"No, no! Not me!" Phillipson hastily disclaimed.

"But I guess maybe you know who keel him, no?"

"Uh—uh—well—"

Then and there I knew I was sunk. Scar-face advanced on the quaking cameraman.

"Who keel thees man?" he bellowed threateningly.

Phillipson pointed at me.

Scar-face turned on me, grinned, chuckled: "I know all the time, my frien'. There ees that look een the eye."

"You're nuts, my friend," I retorted. "And this lug is a liar."

"Maybe—maybe not." He turned back to Phillipson. "Now you tell me, plees, all you know about thees."

And Phillipson told him. He told the whole story, right down to the last detail. He told it so well that I knew he had been rehearsing it for hours.

When he finished, I said:

"Officer, I'm ready to admit everything he says. But if this man died from the effects of the blow I struck, he walked nearly half a mile after I hit him. Now look at his skull and see if you think that's reasonable."

Scar-face shrugged, did not even glance at the body. "You heet the man. The man die. You go to jail."

It was as final as that.

Noel, who had been nervously shifting from one foot to the other, suddenly broke into a torrent of Spanish. Scar-face came right back at him.

When the tide finally subsided, I asked heavily: "What did he say, Noel?"

The kid shrugged unhappily. "He says you go to jail. He tells me the rest of us are not to leave here till he gives us permission."

"Yes," Scar-face nodded. "You all must stay. Tomorrow, maybe day after tomorrow, I come for you to geeve the testimony een the court."

Like fun they'd stay! Once those officers were out of sight, Frazier, and any of the rest who wanted to go, would be flying away at two hundred miles an hour.

They marched me off to the river, put me in their canoe. The two soldiers picked up their paddles, and we were off.

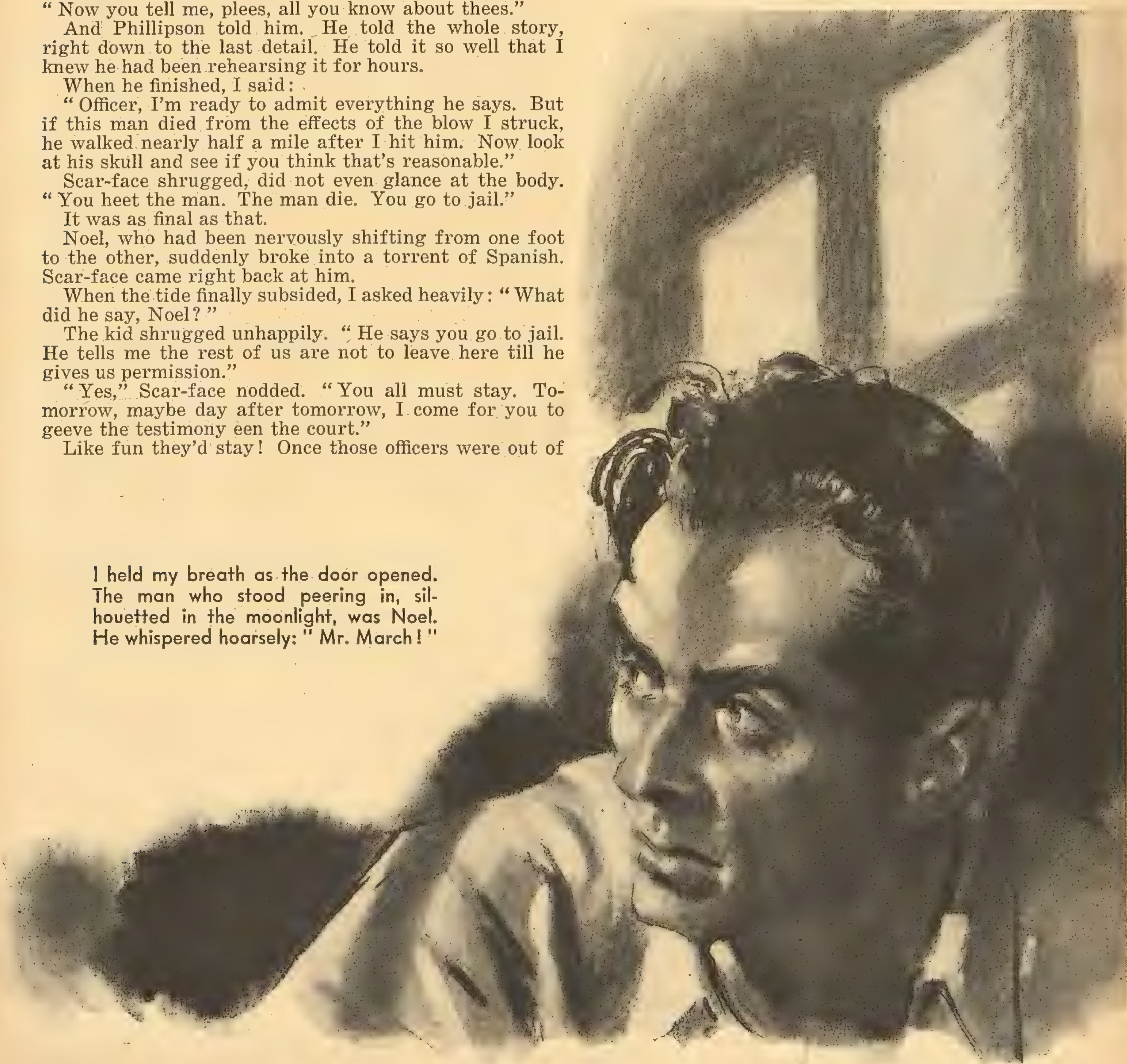
It was a hot, dreary five miles up the river to Tututepec. My spirits sank lower with every stroke of the paddles. By the time the canoe nosed into a landing below a mud-and-wattle village, I was so sunk I didn't much care what happened.

A laughing, gibing crowd trailed us through the filthy cobbled street to police headquarters, a one-story plastered adobe building with the omnipresent sentry standing at attention beside the door. Inside we found four or five officers who searched me and took my watch and my wallet and my last centavo.

They finally took me out into the courtyard around which the building was constructed, opened a door, and shoved me inside. The door slammed and the bar rattled into place. Air and light came through an eight-inch square near the top of the door, and when my eyes became used to the dimness, I looked over my cell.

I was in a six-foot-square cubby. In one corner there was a pile of filthy straw which I knew was swarming with lice and fleas. Nothing else in the cell.

I sat down in the corner opposite the straw and tried



I held my breath as the door opened. The man who stood peering in, silhouetted in the moonlight, was Noel. He whispered hoarsely: "Mr. March!"

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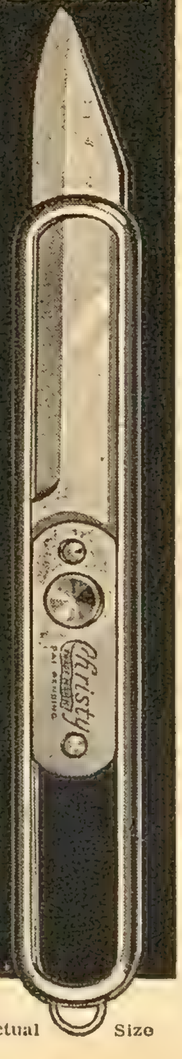

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to doze a little, to keep from thinking.

Some time later, when it was dark outside, the cell door opened and a short round-shouldered old man came in. He was carrying a lantern with a badly smoked chimney in one hand and a plate filled with beans and tortillas in the other. His hair was white; his face was patrician. He looked like a fine old caballero who had fallen on evil days.

"Your supper," he said gravely in English without a trace of accent. "I am sorry the fare is so simple. Perhaps—a few pesos—"

"This will do very nicely," I said hastily. "I wonder if you could tell me when the *jefe* is going to see me?"

"The *jefe?* Probably tomorrow, unless he is too busy with other matters. In which case—*quien sabe?*"

"You mean to say they have the nerve to hold an American here indefinitely without even a hearing?"

The narrow shoulders shrugged. "If you had a great many pesos—or a friend, a *politico*—"

"I haven't a peso or a friend in the world."

"In that case," said the old jailer, "they will probably shoot you."

He backed out with his smoking lantern, closed and barred the door.

I ate my beans and tortillas in the gloomy darkness. Oh, I wasn't afraid they'd shoot me—not much afraid, anyway. Phillipson, I felt certain, had returned to Acapulco that afternoon with Frazier. Acapulco is in another state and many weary miles from Tututepec. I was sure they'd never bring him back to testify against me. And without a single witness to support a charge of murder—well, I hoped they'd turn me loose. But when?

THE beans and tortillas were filling if not appetizing, and after a while I fell asleep leaning against the wall. When I was awakened by some slight sound outside, there was a square patch of moonlight on the wall opposite the door.

I held my breath as the door opened noiselessly. The man who stood peering in, silhouetted in the moonlight, was Noel. I could have hugged that black kid as he whispered hoarsely: "Mr. March! Mr. March!"

"Right here, Noel. What's up?"

"S-s-sh! Don't talk! Follow me."

Had I told the old jailer I didn't have a friend in the world?

I followed the kid out across the court, up on to two packing boxes placed against the opposite wall, over the wall, and into a street. We picked our way cautiously, still without a word, through the sleeping village and down to the river. There was a canoe waiting there a few feet offshore. In the bow was Glenda.

I didn't ask any questions until we were well out in the river and heading downstream.

"All right, kid. How did you do it?"

"I didn't," Noel said. "Miss Neil did it."

"I did nothing of the kind," Glenda denied. "It was Noel. He did all the negotiating with the *politicos.* I only put up the money."

"Well, I'm everlastingly grateful to both of you. How much money did you put up?"

She didn't answer me.

"You'll have to tell me sometime, Glenda. How big a bribe did you have to give?"

"Twelve hundred pesos," she replied in a small voice.

Not much more than three hundred dollars to square a murder rap! Mexico!

"How did you happen to have so many pesos with you?"

"Norma exchanged all our traveler's checks the day we left Acapulco. There was no place to leave the money, so she brought it with her."

"*All* your traveler's checks?"

"We'll get some more. Norma—has wealthy relatives."

WELL, that was certainly an odd one! Norma Considine putting up her last peso to get me out of jail. It would be even odder if I found some place to dig up twelve hundred pesos to pay her back.

"Have all the others gone back to Acapulco?" I queried.

"Yes."

"I wonder Frazier let you stay."

I heard Noel chuckling.

"There was a terrible fight," Glenda told me, "between Noel and Frazier. Frazier refused to let us stay, when he heard what Noel and I planned to do."

"He wanted me to rot in jail, didn't he?"

"He certainly did," Glenda said soberly. "He tried to put me in the plane by force."

"An' I told him to lay off," Noel added. "He took a poke at me, and I kicked him plenty. I didn't want to hurt him so much; but he went prac'ally crazy. I guess he would of shot me if I hadn't taken all the shells out of the guns."

I thought about that for a while, as the jungle slid slowly past, and my thoughts were not very happy. I had probably been the cause, through no fault of my own, of putting Noel's life in jeopardy; for if he ever ran into Frazier in Acapulco the pilot would probably shoot him on sight.

Acapulco! The town seemed a thousand years and a thousand miles away. And yet, when I asked where we went from here, Noel said:

"I'll have you back in Acapulco within two days."

"How?"

"My friend, the mate on the Merida," Noel said cheerfully. "I had a hunch there might be trouble down here and we'd maybe want to get out. So I fixed it up with my friend to watch Chacahua Point when the Merida passes on her way back from Salina Cruz. If he sees two fires on the beach at the point, or any kind of a flag if he comes by in the daytime, he'll have the captain stop."

"This boy thinks of everything, doesn't he, Glenda?"

"What would we do without him?"

We! The way she used that word made me feel warm all over. It seemed, suddenly, the most natural thing in the world that Glenda and I should be "we."

Trudie? I knew now that I hadn't been in love with Trudie for a long time. Infatuated—yes. Trudie had been excitement and zest and danger. Glenda was peace.

By sunup we were at Chacahua Point.

"We'll stay right out here on the point, where we can watch for the Merida," Noel said. "I'll get breakfast ready. Miss Neil and I moved over some grub from the camp."

As Noel built up a fire, Glenda exclaimed: "If this were only a story—one of your novels! I have a wonderful idea for a happy ending."

"So have I. What's your idea?"

"My idea?" She turned to me, laughing. "Why, I'd have the hero—that's you, darling—land on this beach virtually starving to death. He'd rush over to those rocks and start tearing off oysters with his bare hands. He'd pick up an oyster and tear the shell apart with his powerful, even, white teeth."

"Are you ribbing my work by any chance?"

"And suddenly he would give a great shout. What would he shout, darling?"

"He'd shout, 'Where's the catch-up?'"

YOU lug! No! He'd shout, 'I've found it! I've found it!' And he'd spit out a fabulous black pearl as big as a marble. How's that for a happy ending?"

"It's lousy," I said. "What kind of ending is that? No heroine. No clinch. You want my idea of a happy ending?"

"Shoot, darling!" she ordered gaily.

I put my arms around her and kissed her hard on the lips.

"Don't, Larry! Don't!" she whispered. "You're being cruel now."

"If that's cruelty, Glenda," I said earnestly, "you're going to be tortured for the rest of your life."

"Don't joke, darling."

"I'm not joking. I mean it, Glenda."

"Then let's talk about it in Acapulco."

"Why can't we talk about it now? I won't be in Acapulco long, you know. I'm going to get those car keys from Norma and be on my way the minute we hit town. There won't be time for any long conversations."

She slipped out of my arms. She laughed rather shakily as she asked: "Does it take so long for a woman to say yes? . . . Or no?"

It was a pleasant day we spent there on our little private beach. The conflict of the days before, the bickering and fighting, the murder of Ben Bechtel, all seemed like something that had occurred a long time ago, if at all. At nine that night we made out the pale green light of a ship,

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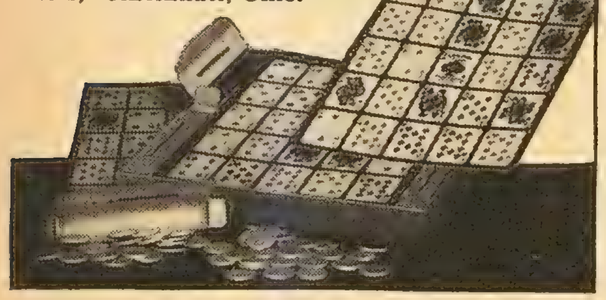

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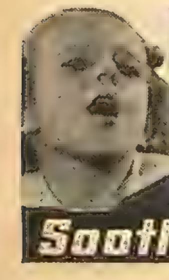

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moving slowly westward along the coast. Noel touched off his two signal fires, and half an hour later we were safe aboard the Merida.

We docked at noon the following day. As we stood on the forward deck watching the sailors make the ship fast, I said to Noel: "Well, kid, I wish you luck. I won't try to thank you for all you've done for us, but when I get back to the States I'll see you get that outboard motor for your fishing boat."

"Tha's all right, Mr. March. I had a swell time."

"And if you bump into Frazier around town, Noel, do me one last favor, will you? Start running the other way. Will you promise?"

His grin was broader than ever as he said: "I'd rather not make no promise I might not keep, Mr. March."

Glenda paid for the taxi that took us out to Caleta. When we stepped from the car in front of Don Manuel's *pension*, the roofed terrace that overlooked the bay was deserted except for one lone and rather sorrowful-looking figure. Norma Considine in baggy striped pajamas.

AS we walked over to her, I was amazed to see two tears running down her cheeks. Glenda threw an arm around her and asked cheerfully:

"Nice flight back, darling?"

"It was all right. I've been so worried. I don't think I've slept a wink for two nights. How are you, Larry?"

"I'm in the pink, Norma. Could I have my keys now?"

"Yes. Of course." She gulped a little and flushed as she reached for the handbag on the chair beside her. "I have a letter for you too."

She handed me my keys and a letter. I saw the letter was from my agent, and my fingers were trembling as I tore it open, as I prayed:

Give me a break! Just one good break, so I can pay Norma and get out of here!

"Have you seen anything of our friends?" Glenda was asking.

"Phillipson and Maida are in town. I haven't seen Mrs. Bechtel and Frazier at all, but they must still be in Acapulco. He broke a wheel on the plane when we landed."

"What's the matter, Larry?" Glenda asked abruptly. "Your face is white as a sheet. No bad news, I hope."

"Bad news? Huh? No, no! No bad news," I said, still staring dazedly at the letter. "It's get-away money, Glenda. More money than I thought there was in the whole world. The movies are buying Mr. Shackleton's Revenge, and my agent—God bless the old bum!—has sent me a five-hundred-dollar advance."

"Oh, that's wonderful, Larry," Glenda said.

Norma spoke up: "It was a swell book and if they're paying you a cent less than twenty thousand for the picture rights, they're robbing you."

"How did you guess?" I grinned.

I put my arm around Glenda and hugged her to me.

"Well, Glenda? How's about it, sweet?"

She looked up at me. Her eyes were grave, almost tragic. "Are you sure, darling? . . . *Sure?*"

"I'm absolutely certain, dear."

I kissed her, thrilled, happier than I had ever been before.

I turned to Norma, blurted exuberantly: "It's your honor, the honor of being the first to congratulate us."

Norma's face got red again. I thought, of course, that she was sore, and a good hot rib was on the end of my tongue when she said: "It's about time you were getting on to yourself, Larry March. I've known for weeks you were in love with Glenda. Why do you think I went on that terrible trip to Chacahua, except to keep you two together, in the hope you might finally wake up? And why in the world do you think I stole your keys?"

"Come again, please," I said, feeling bewildered.

"I stole them when I heard you say you were leaving Acapulco, though I didn't send that telegram to the factory asking them not to send new ones. Frazier or Bechtel, I realize now, must have done that. I knew Glenda was head over heels in love with you, so— Well, she's my friend—and I want her to be happy," Norma finished huskily.

"Norma," I said slowly, "you're a pretty grand person. And I'm the world's worst judge of character. Now, how would you like to drive up to Taxco with us—today, right away—and see us married?"

NORMA shook her head. "No, I'd rather not," she said reasonably. "You'd enjoy making that drive alone. Besides, I've already reserved passage on the California."

"But you'll ride over to town with us, won't you?" I asked. "I have to cash this money order and give you a lot of pesos."

"Yes, I'll do that. I could use a lot of pesos. I've wired for money, but it hasn't come yet."

Within half an hour Glenda was packed and the three of us were rolling over the dusty hill to Acapulco. I felt pretty happy. Trudie, Frazier, the tragic trip to Chacahua were only unpleasant memories, fast growing dim. I wasn't even interested in finding out who actually had killed Ben Bechtel. That phase of my life was over.

What irony that I, an alleged novelist, could bring myself to believe that life was so neatly ordered!

"I think we should stop at the Seven Seas for one last drink in Acapulco," I said. "How about it, gals?"

"Yes," Glenda agreed. "A George Washington!"

"By all means a George Washington!" I shouted. And then, thinking back, I went on quietly: "The Seven Seas. It's odd how everything seems to begin right there. Glenda, I met you there. Remember?"

"Yes, I remember," with a smile.

"And it was at the Seven Seas that I met Noel. My first day in town. Yes, and it was at the Seven Seas I first saw Maida and Phillipson. And Frazier. He was drinking a Cuba libre."

"I'd rather not hear about Frazier," said Glenda.

"And Trudie," I went on, lost in the spell of my own musings. "She and Ben walked right up and sat down at my table. It's odd, isn't it, how everything seems to start at the Seven Seas?"

"Larry!" Glenda caught my arm, said on a strangely frightened note: "Let's not stop at the Seven Seas! I'm afraid. You just said—everything starts at the Seven Seas. Suppose—*suppose everything should end there!*"

The way she spoke those words sent a chill down my spine. But I was too excited, too exhilarated, to harbor silly fears for more than a moment.

"Now, don't go psychic on us, Glenda," Norma reproved with a laugh. "Of course we'll stop."

I'm glad now, thinking back, that I didn't make the decision.

As we passed the new dock near the edge of town, Noel ran out into the street. I pulled over and stopped, and he hopped on the running board.

"I been watchin' for you, Mr. March. I wanted to tell you that you don't have to leave town. Them guys that were lookin' for us all work on the highway, and they were shifted to Chilpancingo while we were gone. So you don't have to worry."

I looked at Glenda. "I want to leave anyway," she said.

"So do I," I agreed. "Noel, we're stopping at the Seven Seas. Just hang on the running board and you'll have a chance to drink to our happiness. Miss Neil and I are being married in Taxco tonight."

"Gee! That's swell!" Noel beamed.

As I let out the clutch, I glanced down to see that Noel's footing on the running board was secure. The butt of a rusty revolver was sticking out of his hip pocket.

"Where'd you get the cannon, Noel?"

"From my friend, the mate of the Merida. I borrowed it before I found out them guys were gone."

I swung into the plaza and drove around past Cooper's Express and the cathedral and stopped in front of the Seven Seas. I didn't notice, until I was out of the car, that Trudie was sitting, alone, at one of the sidewalk tables.

It dawned upon me then, in that instant of first seeing her, that I could never leave Acapulco until I had learned the answers to certain questions. And I thought of what Glenda had said on that afternoon which seemed so long ago: "You can't get away by running." I'd been a fool to think I could.

As I helped the two girls over the curb I had the definite feeling that I was caught in the grip of circumstances stronger than my will. Glenda's words kept echoing through my head like a refrain:

"Everything starts at the Seven Seas. Suppose everything should end there!"

Is Glenda's strange foreboding justified? Do new hazards lurk at the Seven Seas to jeopardize the happiness she and March have found? Next week comes the story's smashing climax — dramatic, surprising!

20 QUESTIONS

1—Suicide or murder? What was the fate of the subject of this week's early photo? If you saw Charles Boyer in Mayerling, you'll recall the picture's theory; but who was the unhappy prince?

2—What is the second official language of Ireland?

3—Robert M. Rownd, ninety-four, is National Commander of what "army"?

4—In about how many of the forty-eight states is oil found?

5—In 600 A. D. the Irish had eighty-minute and forty-minute hours; for what purpose?

6—Ten Days that Shook the World was written by?

7—How was Florida obtained?

8—What is the only place in the Bible where garlic, onions, melons, and leeks are mentioned?

9—Quahogs are better known by what name?

10—Which former sprint champion was called the World's Fastest Human?

11—Amy, Beth, and Jo are characters in which book mother read as a girl?

12—Which small lizard readily alters its color?

13—What comedian was sued for divorce by Venita Varden under his real name, Louis Delaney Offield?

14—Where is Carlsbad Caverns National Park?

15—Which team won the World Series three years ago?

16—Who said, "Ay, we must all hang together, else we shall all hang separately"?

17—Bridge whist, auction bridge, and contract are all based on what card game?

18—Approximately, what is the period of adolescence?

19—Why is it better to make amends than aments?

20—Who was appointed Poet Laureate on the death of Robert Bridges?

(Answers will be found on page 62)

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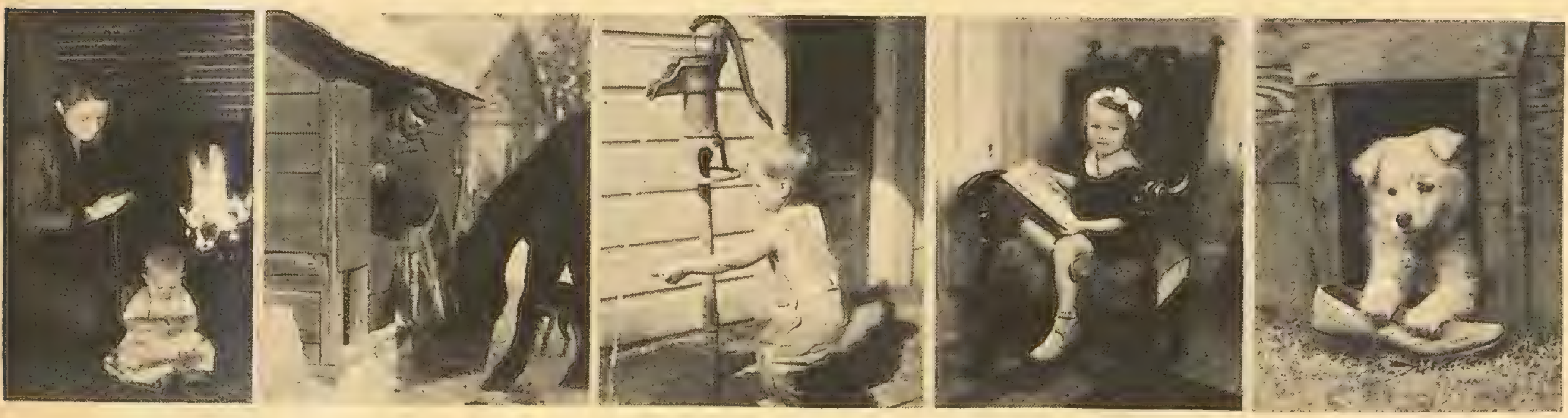

IN presenting the fourth weekly invitation to point your camera at a substantial cash prize, Liberty calls your attention to the possibility of winning eight awards in this competition even though you did not enter in the first three weeks. By entering this week and again in each remaining week of the ten, you have an excellent chance to win seven weekly awards. In addition, you may capture the grand award for the best interior shot submitted during the series! By all means get into the game by entering now. This week's contest closes on Monday, December 5, which gives you ample time to snap the scene you select, have your print prepared and mailed.

Your picture need not be of professional quality. This is a contest limited to amateur camera enthusiasts. Professionals are not eligible for any of the cash prizes. Just be sure that your entry is of sufficient clarity for reproduction. It's the human interest you capture that will count with the judges.

If this is your first entry, read the rules carefully for instructions on how to win. Note especially that no negatives should be submitted unless Liberty requests them. If you wish you may send your entries by registered mail, which will assure you of positive delivery and make a receipt available at your post office. Also be sure that every print, in case you decide to send several in the same week, bears your name and mailing address on the back.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending with the issue dated January 7, 1939, Liberty will award $200 in cash prizes for the best home life snapshots submitted in accordance with the following rules by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There are no restrictions regarding size of prints. If enlargements are submitted, the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after October 26, 1938, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will, upon request, submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Each print submitted must have the name and full address of the entrant plainly printed on the back. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first week's contest closes Monday, November 14, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday, including January 16, 1939, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count, except that any snapshot, in order to win a prize, must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. On that basis each week of the contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the First Prize of $50. The Second Prize of $25 will be awarded to the second best, and prizes of $5 each will be awarded to the twenty-five entries next in order of excellence. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

8. Address all entries to HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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RHODE ISLAND'S MURDER SYNDICATE

How America's worst gang crumbled, and its dictator found that the super-criminal's dark path of glory leads but to "the Rock"

BY U. S. MARSHAL **JOHN J. MURPHY**

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

CHIEF BRESLIN now ordered his men to raid the crime castle at Warwick Neck. At six o'clock on the evening of April 26, armed with a warrant, they searched the place. Its occupants were Mrs. Henrietta Steele, Rettich's sister-in-law, and old Emil Rettich, his father.

The search provided newspaper headlines for days. Bulletproof vests, tear-gas bombs, brass knuckles, revolvers, automatic pistols, imported machine guns, boxes of ammunition —even a small cannon—were found.

All Rettich's secret and costly "improvements" — trap doors, sliding panels, the basement lift to the subterranean crime conference room—were discovered.

In his room was found $10,000 in cash—part of the Fall River loot. Among other jewelry, an emerald bracelet and a handful of uncut diamonds were turned up. None of these could be traced later, though they were examined by the police of a dozen states.

Under electric floodlights, WPA workers began digging up the lawn. In the early-morning hours of April 27 one of them found a metal box. It contained $10,000 in new bills—another part of the Fall River loot. A key in Rettich's room fitted the box.

Emil Rettich could tell little about the sinister activities of his son. From other sources, however, investigators gathered much valuable information. (No suspicion of guilt rests against Rettich's father or wife.)

Rettich, it was learned, had gone to New York City. And in New York, Chief Breslin knew, probably could be found Sonny McGlone, Tommy Dugan, and Rettich's first lieutenant, Handy Gun Harrigan.

HANDY GUN was in his cups. He sat alone in Feeney's Bar and Grill at 132 West Seventy-second Street, New York, with a bottle of whisky before him, talking to himself.

The tavern in which he sat was owned by Dutch Handel. During prohibition days, Handel and Harrigan had been partners—each owning a one-third interest in a protected brewery in Kingston, New York.

They had made strange partners. Harrigan was dapper and slight of build; the Dutchman was short but tipped the scales at 202 pounds. Harrigan was reckless, devil-may-care. Handel was frugal, no roisterer.

Just now Harrigan was flush—the Fall River job. Liquor affected him as it affects many persons. One moment he would be gay, the next unaccountably nasty. It was in one of his lighter interludes that his bleary eyes rolled up and saw Handel come into the place.

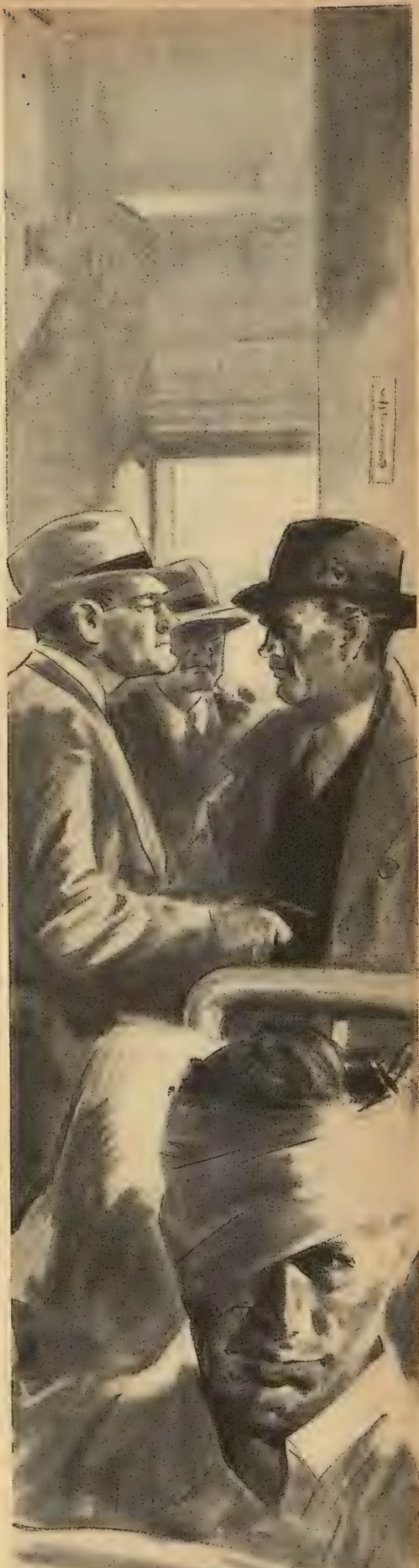
"Dutch!" he greeted joyously. "Come have a drink with me." His words ran together.

Handel came over wearing a prop saloonkeeper's smile. "How are you, Charley?" he asked.

"Never better. In the dough. Dough, dough, dough. Say! Remember that ten grand you loaned me when I was in a jam?"

Frugal Dutch Handel remembered. Ten grand was ten grand. But caution—when Harrigan was drinking—was caution. "Forget it, Charley," he said jovially. "We'll talk about it some other time. Glad to have—"

Harrigan was instantly belligerent. "We'll talk about it now, by Judas!" Moisture came to his eyes. His voice was maudlin. "You're a



He looked thoughtfully at Charley's three visitors. He started for the door, to find his path blocked.

pal, Dutch. A pal. When Charley Harrigan needed dough, his old pal Dutch . . . I'm gonna pay you right now."

"That's all right, Charley. I don't want it."

Harrigan took out his wallet, removed a thousand-dollar bill. "The hell you don't want it," he said.

"But I tell you, Charley—"

"Shut up." He tossed the bill on the table. "Give you the rest tomorrow. Now take it."

Dutch Handel didn't like the way things were going. He kept his eyes on Harrigan.

"Look, Charley—" he began softly.

"Take it!"

Harrigan's command was a roar. Everybody in the place was looking. Dutch Handel shrugged, reached—with his left hand—for the bill.

"Well, if you insist, Charley."

"So!" yelled Harrigan. "So you would take it, you greedy ——!"

Harrigan was on his feet, his fingers diving inside his coat for the .45 slung over his heart. The last thing Dutch Handel saw, before a scared bartender doused the lights, was Harrigan's eyes agleam with murder.

In the darkness a shot cracked out. Four more. Some one fell, thudding, to the floor. A moment of silence. The lights came back on.

Dutch Handel stood at the table, holding a revolver. Harrigan lay on the floor bleeding from five wounds. One of his eyes stared uncomprehendingly at the ceiling. His other eye had been shot neatly out of his head.

Dutch spoke nervously to the bartender.

"You saw that, didn't you? I didn't want to. But what could I do? He asked for it."

ON April 28, three New York City detectives were sent by Assistant Chief Inspector John Lyons to report to Postal Inspector Frank Shea. The three were Frank Phillips, Joseph H. Arnold, and Daniel Sheehy.

"Chief Breslin's called from Boston," Shea informed them. "He wants three men picked up in connection with the Fall River mail robbery—Charley Harrigan, Sonny McGlone, and Tommy Dugan."

Detective Phillips nodded. "Three tough boys."

"Harrigan won't give us much trouble," Detective Sheehy prophesied. "He's in a private room in Mount Sinai Hospital. Had an eye shot out in a gin-mill brawl."

They found Harrigan propped up in bed.

"Hello, Charley," said Sheehy. "How are you feeling?"

"What do you care?" growled Harrigan. "I tell you I don't know who shot me. Go away."

Sheehy grinned. "We didn't come here about that. Uncle Sam's interested in you, Charley. Little matter of a mail robbery in Fall River. You're under arrest."

They phoned headquarters for a day-and-night guard to stand beside Harrigan's bed until he could be moved. While they waited for the guard, the door to his room opened. A young man entered. He said:

"How are you, Charley?"

He looked at Charley's three visitors thoughtfully. He saw his hand come up from under the sheet, make a furtive warning motion.

"Be seein' you, Charley."

He turned, started for the door, to find his path blocked by Detective Phillips.

"Tommy Dugan," said Phillips genially. "Now, this is a pleasant surprise. You're under arrest, Dugan, for a mail stick-up at Fall River."

Again the authorities were getting nice breaks. They'd collared two of Rettich's murderous lieutenants without firing a shot. They turned now to the trail of the third one.

Sonny McGlone wasn't so easy. He didn't show up at any of his known haunts, wasn't at his mother's home at 540 West 144th Street. But one day he returned there. They caught him without firing a shot.

SOLUTIONS TO THE PUZZLES ON PAGE 20

Puzzle Poem Solution

PEAL, PALE, LEAP, PLEA.

Answers to WORDS—Their Sound, Sense, Source

President Roosevelt has used and repeated "conversant," stressing the second syllable—the *vurr.* Although that pronunciation was formerly and is still preferred by some, the preferable pronunciation is *kon*-vur-sant.

To "connive" means to feign ignorance. It is from the French, from the Latin word meaning to shut the eyes. Recently "conniver" has come to imply, as well, one who co-operates actively but secretly.

In Latin "candidate" meant "clothed in white." A Roman seeker after votes in ancient times wore a loose white robe; loose so that people could see the scars he had incurred in battle; white in sign of fidelity and humility.

Geogram Solution

There are only three states of twelve letters each—New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, West Virginia. In the first clock the letters shown are S and A, with three spaces between: S···A. This combination cannot occur in any of the three but Pennsylvania; capital, Harrisburg. The name starts at 3 o'clock. In the second clock, by the same reasoning, N···S occurs only in West Virginia; Charleston the capital. The name starts at 10 o'clock.

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● NOW it's easy to follow the example of professional dog raisers and protect your dog against incomplete or improper worming. Any dog owner can now worm his dog for all 3 kinds of worms—Tape, Round (ascarid), Hook—with a package of Pulvex Combination Treatment Worm Capsules. Contains two types of *harmonious* capsules. Given a week apart, they rid a dog of Tape and Round and Hook Worms without gassing, gagging. No experience needed. Money-back guarantee. At all pet, drug and department stores, 50c and 75c.

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GIVE YOUR THROAT THIS MEDICATED BATH...

To Relieve IRRITATION Coughs due to Colds

When your throat's troubled with huskiness, dryness, a cough due to a cold . . . let a Vicks Cough Drop dissolve naturally in your mouth. This bathes the tender throat tissues with soothing medication for 12 to 15 minutes. Relief comes fast . . . because Vicks is medicated, *medicated* with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub, family standby for relieving discomforts of colds.

MEDICATED VICKS COUGH DROPS

● We don't promise to make your life a bed of roses, BUT — we *can* banish the tantrums of youngsters at medicine time if you'll change to FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum way to relieve constipation. FEEN-A-MINT makes life happier for mother and youngsters both! It tastes good — and you get all its benefits simply by chewing. No wonder folks say: "It seems just like magic!" Try it yourself.

FEEN-A-MINT TASTES LIKE YOUR FAVORITE CHEWING GUM!

Listen here, old "hate-to-shaver"
Ingram's Cream is a temper-saver!
—D. HAINES, N. Y.

THE THRIFTIEST PINCH of Ingram's foams up into billowing brushfuls of luxury lather. And it's cool, Cool, COOL! Get economical Ingram's at your druggist's today.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

So far, so good; but where was Carl Rettich himself? If his captured lieutenants knew, they were not telling. The search continued throughout the entire East.

Then occurred another surprise. Rettich walked into the office of Postal Inspector Shea and surrendered.

Chief Breslin viewed this move with suspicion. But however Carl Rettich figured he could beat the case, he figured wrong. He was returned to Rhode Island under heavy guard. The utmost precautions were taken. When the time approached for his arraignment, four known killers were seen loitering about the Federal Building in Providence. Breslin immediately ordered him whisked off to Howard, Rhode Island, and there, on May 2, he was arraigned safely in the state prison. He was held, as a fugitive from justice and for conspiracy to rob the United States mail, on a high bail of $125,000.

AS the United States Marshal for Massachusetts, it now became my job to handle the Rettich gang. Breslin phoned me from New York on May 24: "We're sending over Harrigan, Dugan, and McGlone. Better take extra precautions. They're tough and desperate."

I called in my deputies. Armed with rifles, shotguns, and revolvers, we met the train at the Back Bay station and took the three men over as they got off. They were tough, all right. We immediately had trouble. Tommy Dugan took a swipe at one of my deputies who started to handcuff him. We overpowered him quickly enough and slipped the cuffs on him.

I already had custody of Hornstein. Later I got Fisher and Carl Rettich. Rettich was no longer the debonair gang leader. His suit was wrinkled, his shoes unshined, his face haggard. He had learned that the government actually had an open-and-shut case against him. Witnesses were closely guarded; so would jurors be.

He was in the tightest spot of his life, and he realized it. And Harrigan, Dugan, and McGlone were looking to Miracle Man Rettich to pull a trick out of the bag that would save him and save them.

As for Fisher, it would scarcely do to murder him in the sight of their jailers, but they were constantly exhibiting their contempt for him. He had disobeyed orders, put them all in this spot.

They came to trial. And then one day Rettich told his men: "We're going to be found guilty. They've got us right. I thought I could smear the rap, but you can't get near any one. We can't beat the case in court. But —there are other ways."

Sonny McGlone looked about the East Cambridge jail. "But this place is lousy with guards," he protested.

"The more guards the better. If you have enough to pick from, you'll find one that'll take dough." He pointed cautiously. "See that guy? Substitute guard. He's got an itchy palm. Watch."

There are now 2 new SCHICK SHAVERS

1—New Improved Standard Schick $\$12^{50}$

(A.C. & D.C.)

This shaver is made for the utmost economy in shaving and to give quick, close and comfortable shaves. Every part is of highest quality. Recent improvements have increased the power of the motor and insure long service with the minimum of trouble.

It is backed by twenty years' research, nearly eight years' actual manufacture, patents that the Courts here and abroad have declared valid—and the experiences of more than 2,000,000 users. What other shaver can make any such claims—truthfully?

Any man can use a Schick Shaver

We have never met an individual who could not get satisfactory shaves from a Schick Shaver when he understood this method of shaving. He *must* learn the proper way to use it. Should his skin be very tough and his beard heavy, he may require a cutter adapted to his individual conditions.

Schick Shavers are designed to shave quickly and closely *without injury to the skin*. That is the priceless value of a Schick. And if you are to be free from lather and blades, why not get all the benefits of dry shaving by insisting on a Schick Shaver?

Authorized Schick dealers and Service Stations will demonstrate the Schick Shaver. Do not let another day pass without enjoying the pleasure of Schick shaving.

Colonel
SCHICK SHAVER

2—NEW "Colonel" SCHICK SHAVER $\$15^{00}$ (A.C. & D.C.)

This is the greatest luxury a man may own for his personal comfort. A new, rugged, high-speed, super-powered motor drives the shearing head so the heaviest beard cannot slow it down below quick-shaving speed.

Here are the features of the "Colonel" Schick Shaver:

1. **The patented Schick shearing head, correct as the multiplication table, perfect for quick, close shaves.**
2. **Strong, ribbed, non-warping bridge keeps its shape and working qualities.**
3. **Oil-less bearings, with a ground and lapped shaft fitted to two ten-thousandths of an inch.**
4. **Contact points in open space over armature, creating forced ventilation.**
5. **New field design in relation to armature gives double power with less than an ounce additional weight.**
6. **Bridge-ribbed case prevents warping which might disturb registration of the cutter.**
7. **New Schick "patent applied for" coil improves motor, gives instantaneous, constant and dependable high speed.**
8. **Motor locked in four places, prevents shifting and possible loss of registration of cutter.**

The "Colonel" is a beautiful shaver in a flecked-burgundy case with a beige cord—the finest gift any man could receive, for it brings shaving *luxury* into his life.

An authorized Schick dealer near you will show you the new "Colonel" Schick Shaver or will get one for you.

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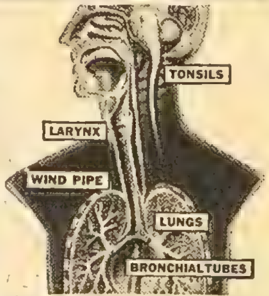
COUGHS . . .

Here's Why
You Cough . . .
WHEN YOU CATCH COLD

1 Congestion results and the tiny glands in your throat and windpipe cease to work properly.
2 The secretions of these glands often turn to heavy, clinging phlegm.
3 This sticky phlegm irritates your throat and you cough.



How PERTUSSIN Relieves Coughs—

1 Pertussin, an herbal syrup, stimulates the glands in your throat to pour out their natural moisture.
2 Then that sticky, irritating phlegm is loosened, and easily "raised" and expelled.
3 Your throat is soothed and your cough relieved quickly and safely by the Pertussin "Moist-Throat" Method.

PLEASANT AND QUICK FOR YOUNG AND OLD AS PROVED BY MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED

PERTUSSIN
PRESCRIBED BY MANY DOCTORS FOR 30 YEARS

END CORN PAIN

Safe, instant relief with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

These soothing, healing pads stop shoe pressure; prevent sore toes, blisters! Quickly remove corns, callouses. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns. Cost but a trifle.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Bosses treasure happy faces, Ingram's shaves will get you places!
—RAYMOND MOYERS, TENN.

THE THRIFTIEST PINCH of Ingram's foams up into billowing brushfuls of luxury lather. And it's cool, Cool, COOL! Get economical Ingram's at your druggist's today.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

Rettich called the guard over. For long moments they whispered furtively. "That's all you've got to do," Rettich concluded. "And you get twenty grand—in advance."

The young guard looked about him. "All right," he agreed hoarsely. "One condition. You're never to mention my name, any of you."

Rettich looked around at his men. They nodded.

"May God strike us dead," he said.

Later that day he had something to work with: a diagram showing the entire jail, the number of the guards, their positions and working shifts. The traitorous guard had furnished other information. "Sunday," he told Rettich, "is the best time. Only a few prisoners in their cells. Most of 'em attending church."

That night Rettich, Harrigan, Dugan, and McGlone would not attend church; they remained in their cells.

"Charley," Rettich whispered, "you alibied Jim Sweeney out of a life sentence once, didn't you?"

"Yeah," whispered Harrigan.

"And he was in on the O'Connell snatch with you, too. Well, now's his time to return those favors. There are a lot of mugs held here in this jail on low bail. We'll have this guard supply Jim Sweeney with a list of the low-bail prisoners. Sweeney can pick up a couple of boys to help him—machine gunners—in New York. I'll tell him where he can get a couple more that know the roads around here."

"Then what?" asked Harrigan.

"Three of the boys come here some Sunday morning, carrying briefcases. Lawyers, see? They've got the names of some of these low-bail prisoners. They say they want to arrange bail for them through a 'Mr. Forbes,' a bail commissioner. He's supposed to meet them here. Forbes, of course, will be Sweeney.

"They wait in the main office. When Sweeney comes in, they greet him and talk about arranging bail for their clients. No one in the front office will take a tumble to them and they'll reach into their briefcases to get the papers—and haul out machine guns."

HARRIGAN'S one eye beamed with admiration. "That's nifty. It'll work like magic."

"Sure it will."

With his accustomed smoothness, Rettich planned it to the last minute detail. Jim Sweeney agreed to assist.

On Sunday morning, July 7, Rettich and his men waited eagerly. The prisoners marched to Mass. Rettich looked at his watch. The hour had come. The door opened.

Into the cell block walked not the gangsters who were to deliver the Rettich gang but an extra guard of ten armed men, three of them blue-uniformed State Troopers.

Rettich was too stupefied to curse. What had happened was this: Days earlier, Sheriff Joseph W. McElroy of the East Cambridge jail had overheard a low-toned conversation between Rettich and his men. They had kept referring to "Thursday" and "Friday."

Sheriff McElroy explained it to me: "I was mystified, marshal. Then it occurred to me as odd that none of them ever mentioned Wednesday—always Thursday or Friday. I'd had the guards checked who worked on Thursdays and Fridays and found them all right. I decided to watch the Wednesday guards. Sure enough, one of the Wednesday substitute guards was holding whispered conversations with Rettich and the others. I notified Chief Breslin."

Chief Breslin's postal inspectors tailed the substitute guard to the Arlington post office, saw him take mail from a private letter box. He led them finally to an exclusive hotel in the heart of Cambridge. There he met Harrigan's gangster pal Jim Sweeney.

Sweeney vanished, the substitute guard resigned, and Carl Rettich's jail-delivery plan was smashed.

THE trial led to a swift verdict: guilty. Sentence was twenty-five years in Alcatraz for Rettich, Dugan, Harrigan, McGlone, and Fisher. A year later Hornstein was convicted and placed on probation for five years.

Meanwhile I received orders from Washington to transport the gang to the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta, Georgia—their first stop on the way to Alcatraz.

I arrived at the East Cambridge jail in the morning of July 30, 1935. I had a heavily armed detail of United States marshals, also a special escort of Boston police with machine guns and riot guns. I had instructed them: "If they start trouble, shoot to kill."

I handcuffed Rettich to Harrigan, Dugan to McGlone, and Fisher to one of my deputies. Nevertheless, I can assure you I breathed a sigh of relief the moment we had them safely aboard the impregnable Lezeka, the government's specially constructed prison car.

I had invited Postal Inspectors Jefferson, Cronin, and Hadfield and Detective Captain Buchanan — all of whom had helped bring the Rettich mob to book—to make the trip with me.

As the train gathered speed, I told Rettich and his men: "I'm going to take the handcuffs off. You can have anything you want to eat or drink. You can go into any kind of a huddle. But . . . if you get tough, God help you."

They eyed me sullenly. Tommy Dugan finally grinned, raised his hands. "You're the boss, marshal."

Dinnertime came, and they were fed well, from tenderloin steak down to pie à la mode. After dinner, Carl Rettich pulled out a crisp hundred-dollar bill from his wallet. He sent the porter for half a dozen packs of cards and several boxes of expensive cigars. When they came, Joe Fisher handed a box to one of my deputies.

"Pass 'em around," he suggested,

"to every one except to those postal inspectors. When I get out, I'm going to bump off a couple of those guys."

They began to play poker. I watched them with interest. None of them bluffed. If one didn't have a good hand, he didn't bet. They played the game, whether cards or crime, only for sure things.

As the train left Providence, headquarters of the gang during prohibition, Rettich was staring out of the window. He pointed out a cove to me:

"Many a load of liquor we landed there, marshal."

Later, passing a shipyard, his eyes danced with pride. He had seen one of his boats, the Mitzi.

At Washington we had a three-hour wait until the Lezeka was coupled to the Atlanta train. After we started on, the poker game was resumed. Not until three in the morning did it break up. The gang, fatigued, climbed into upper berths. They were soon asleep — snoring, fidgeting restlessly. I sat in a chair that night, watching those upper berths. And it was that night that I vowed some day to learn every fact I could about Carl Rettich and his gang. The story you have been reading is only a small part of the material I have gathered in consequence.

The gang resumed their poker game after breakfast the next morning. From a remark Sonny McGlone dropped later in the day I was led to believe that these men might be able to tell something of the strange, still unsolved disappearance of Judge Joseph Force Crater of New York City. And there is still another of America's great crimes that I am working on which may shed some light on one of the most publicized and controversial crimes ever committed, one which has been only partially solved. When I have the facts, I shall have more to say.

As we neared Atlanta, I went over to them. "Listen, boys," I said. "You've got a stretch to do. Do it without trouble. There's not much they'll let you keep or wear where you're going. You can wear these if you'd like to."

From my pocket I produced some religious medals I had obtained on a visit to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré in Quebec. They looked at the medals and were silent. Then each took one and thanked me.

Rettich broke the silence by calling the porter. "Buy yourself some cigars, boy," he said, and gave the delighted fellow a twenty-dollar bill.

The Lezeka arrived at the prison gates. The heavy barred outer door swung open. Rettich and his men marched in. The receiving officer looked them over contemptuously. "So you're the tough gang we've heard about," he said.

A prison lieutenant came up. "Get in line!" he snapped. "March!"

They marched. They had gone about seventy-five feet when, as one man, they turned, waved farewell to me.

Hiram Walker's
THIS BOTTLE & TRADE MARK ARE REGISTERED AT THE U.S. PAT. OFF.
TRADE W MARK
ORIGINAL FORMULA
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DISTILLED LONDON DRY
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90 PROOF
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Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc.
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Find out why...

America buys more Hiram Walker gins than any other kind

Gin Bucks for Two

Juice of 1 Lemon
3 oz. Hiram Walker's Gin
Pour into glasses, add cube of ice in each, and fill up with ginger ale.

You don't have to juggle your recipes to make up for variations in your gin! Join the thousands of expert mixers who use Hiram Walker gins. These great gins are made by Hiram Walker's exclusive Controlled Condensation Process. That means every bottle brings you the same uniformly perfect flavor week in and year out! And that's why America buys more Hiram Walker gins than any other kind. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois. Distilleries at Peoria; Walkerville, Canada; Glasgow, Scotland.

I saw no more of the Rettich gang. But the law was not yet through with all of them. After three years of work, police broke the O'Connell kidnaping. They traced the false auto registration application for the car used in that crime to George "the Gorilla" Garguilo. They located the Hoboken hide-out where young O'Connell had been held prisoner; they found the Italian woman he had heard calling "Antoinette"; the little boy who had called the dog Jackie; the Italian who sang O Sole Mio. One by one, they caught up with the participants in that crime.

They brought Garguilo from Massachusetts State Prison; Harrigan, Dugan, and McGlone from Alcatraz.

They caught the Oley brothers, John and Francis. With only Jim Sweeney (who was caught later in Los Angeles) still at large, they prepared to go to trial.

Francis Oley promptly hanged himself in his cell. So did "Doc" Miller, one of the men hired by the mob to guard young O'Connell in Hoboken. The two other guards turned state's evidence. Norma Price, the girl Sonny McGlone had attempted to attack, identified him in court. So did her sister Helen, who had sworn to remember his leering face. They placed Sonny, Harrigan, Dugan, Strewl, John Oley, and Angel Face Geary at the restaurant meeting where the kidnaping had been plotted.

Dutch Handel was called to testify that Harrigan had once been in the beer business with him. Harrigan glared with his one eye at the man who had shot out the other.

The O'Connell trial lasted forty-eight days. All the defendants were found guilty. Harrigan, Dugan, and McGlone got seventy-seven years each. That, plus their time to be served at Alcatraz, meant 102 years each. Garguilo got seventy-seven years, making for him a total of 114. He soon committed suicide in Massachusetts State Prison by hanging himself to his cell door.

On July 10, 1937, Dutch Handel was found in an alcoholic stupor in a Newark hotel room. Beside him lay his wife, Grace. She had been dead twelve hours. Police said her death had been caused by "alcoholism, overdose of sleeping powders, and intensive heat." Six months later the Dutchman himself died of an overdose of sleeping powders. Was this suicide? Accident? Or murder?

It matters little now.

On this somber note the story of America's Worst Gang and how it was smashed must end. There should not be need to point a moral.

Carl Rettich and Joe Fisher will be old, broken men in a strange world when they have served their time.

More ghastly still are the endless years that await Sonny McGlone, Tommy Dugan, and Harrigan.

Theirs was the heritage that you and I possess. They traded it for the privilege of becoming, each one, a living corpse at Alcatraz.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 55

1—Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, found dead at Mayerling with his sweetheart. How he met death is still a mystery.
2—English—Irish being the first.
3—The Grand Army of the Republic.
4—Twenty-two.
5—To employ daylight saving. The summer hours were eighty minutes long; those in winter measured forty minutes.
6—John Reed.
7—By purchase from Spain, when Monroe was President.
8—Numbers 11:5: "... and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlick."
9—Littleneck clams.
10—Charles William Paddock.
11—Little Women, written by Louisa May Alcott.
12—The chameleon.
13—Jack Oakie.
14—In the Guadalupe Mountains of New Mexico.
15—The Yankees (New York Americans).
16—Benjamin Franklin.
17—Whist.
18—From twelve to twenty-one years of age.
19—Because aments are idiots.
20—

John Masefield.

NERVE RACKING

Get *quick* relief with "BC"

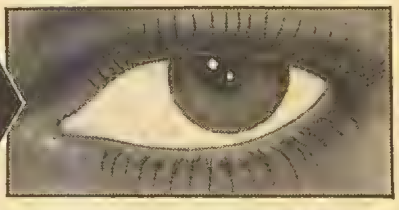
Don't let headaches, neuralgia or the discomfort of muscular pains ruin your fun. Get quick relief with "BC" the prescription-type remedy in powder form. "BC" contains *several* time-tested, prompt acting ingredients that dissolve quickly and relieve *in a hurry*. Ask for it today.

Free Trial—Try "BC" Headache Powders at our expense. Write B. C. Remedy Co., Dept. L-6, 551 Fifth Ave., New York, for generous *Free* package.

10¢ & 25¢ EVERYWHERE

BC HEADACHE & NEURALGIA

75 MILLION "BC" POWDERS DISTRIBUTED LAST YEAR



TIRED EYES

*RED, VEINED, OVERWORKED

CLEAR SOOTHED

EYE SPECIALISTS' FORMULA ACTS IN SECONDS!

New way to clear *and* soothe tired eyes. Eye-Gene acts differently. Contains six ingredients—one which clears red, veined, bloodshot eyes (*due to fatigue, late hours, glare, driving, etc.). 2 drops soothe, refresh tired, dull eyes like extra hour's sleep. Good Housekeeping approved. At drug, dept. and 10c stores.

EYE-GENE

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

GUARD HIS HEALTH

Worming is very important! Use GLOVER'S Worm Medicines (capsules or liquid). Best money can buy. Popular for over 60 years! FREE Dog Book—write GLOVER'S, 462 Fourth Ave., New York

GLOVER'S DOG MEDICINES

Let Me Prove What YOUR Mind Can Demonstrate

ARE you, like millions of others, tired of listening to the theories of better living?... Do you demand KNOWLEDGE of the actual methods by which you can *rise, master,* and *create* the things in life you wish?

Write for the free Sealed Book that tells how you may receive a sensible Secret Method of mind influence for study ... used by thousands. Address:

Scribe N. C. P.
The ROSICRUCIANS
San Jose (AMORC) California

Saving shavers all agree, Ingram's nets them luxury.
—LUCILE BRUTON, TEXAS

EASIER SHAVING and a cool, smoother, attractive-looking skin are the rewards of Ingram's. Get economical Ingram's, in tube or jar, at your druggist's today.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

NO JOKE

TRADE MARK

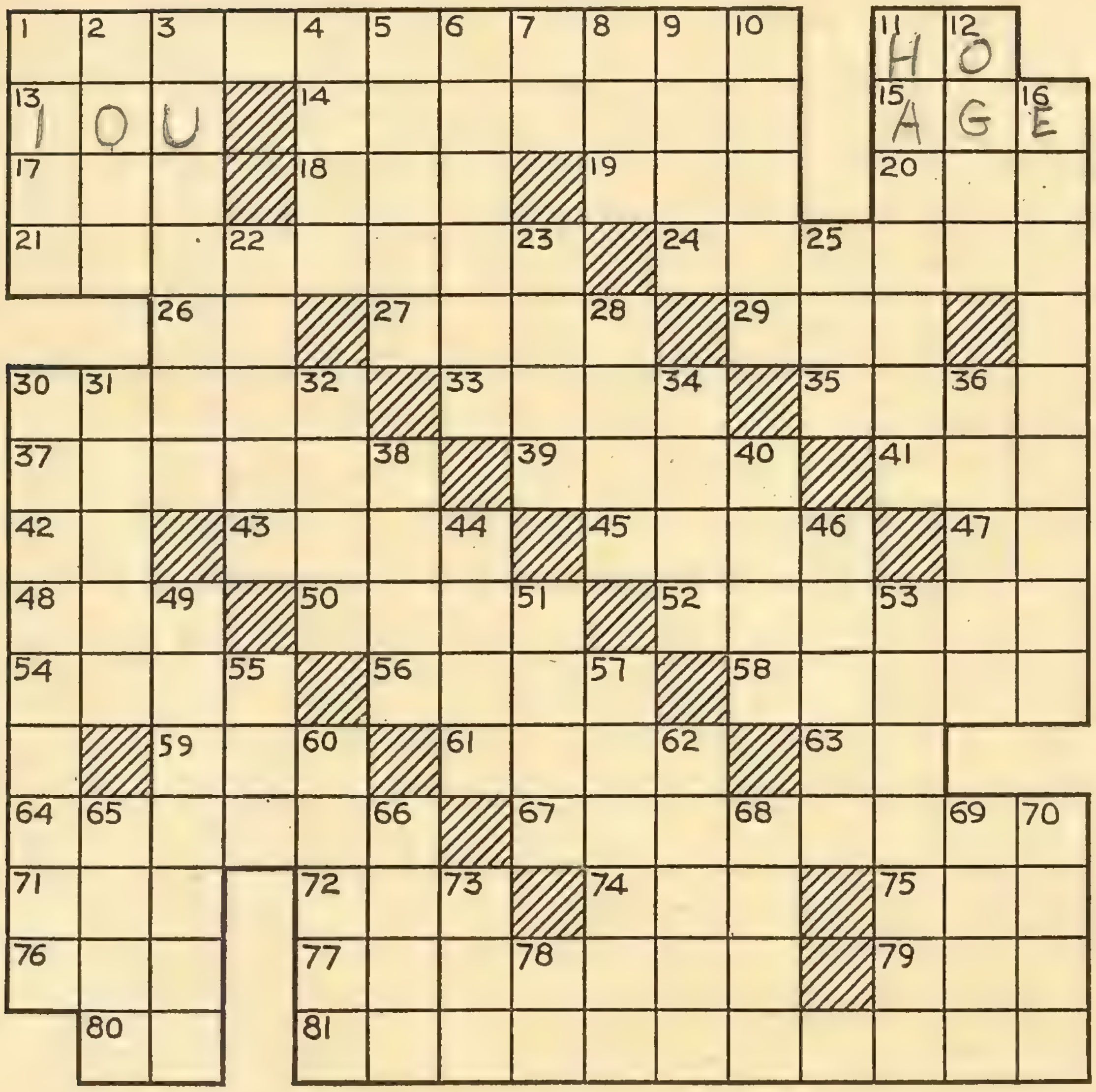
A cough due to a cold is no joke. Get Smith Brothers Cough Drops. (Black or Menthol.) Cost only 5¢—yet they're a real cough medicine.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold infections.

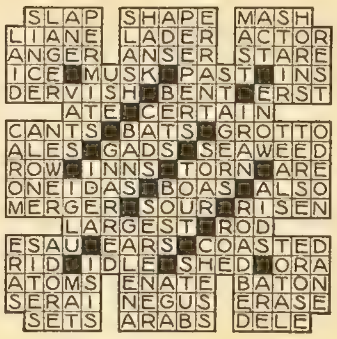
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Rockne rocket (two words)
11 Just half a hobo
13 Collectible if donor is catchable
14 Meridian eating time
15 Forty is a dangerous one for any woman
17 Lock remover
18 His royal Egyptian bones were dragged to light in the '20s (abbr.)
19 What she said when he made a forward pass
20 No Roosevelt Advertisement (abbr.)
21 Quality that won't get you into Booze Who
24 Big dipper
26 Elbow Oil (abbr.)
27 We had this licked last Christmas
29 It's had its fling in Hollywood
30 Get an edge on
33 Well known Scott
35 Pip, pip, pip
37 Snack assassinator
39 Itch remover
41 Buck with big teeth
42 Here's a couple of stingers for you
43 John Doe
45 Hoosegow
47 Toronto has two on its outskirts
48 This is on the house
50 Persia's Mr. Big
52 You'll find this around babies
54 You just did this
56 Steel a caress in the back
58 Zephyr in high
59 A fling at politics
61 Always mentioned with Ham
63 Ze French zey say zees for he



```
 SLAP SHAPE MASH
LIANE LADER ACTOR
ANGER ANSER STARE
ICE■MUSK■PAST■INS
DERVISH■BENT■ERST
   ATE■CERTAIN
CANTS■BATS■GROTTO
ALES■GADS■SEAWEED
ROW■INNS■TORN■ARE
ONEIDAS■BOAS■ALSO
MERGER■SOUR■RISEN
   LARGEST■ROD
ESAU■EARS■COASTED
RID■IDLE■SHED■ORA
ATOMS ENATE BATON
SERAI NEGUS ERASE
 SETS ARABS DELE
```

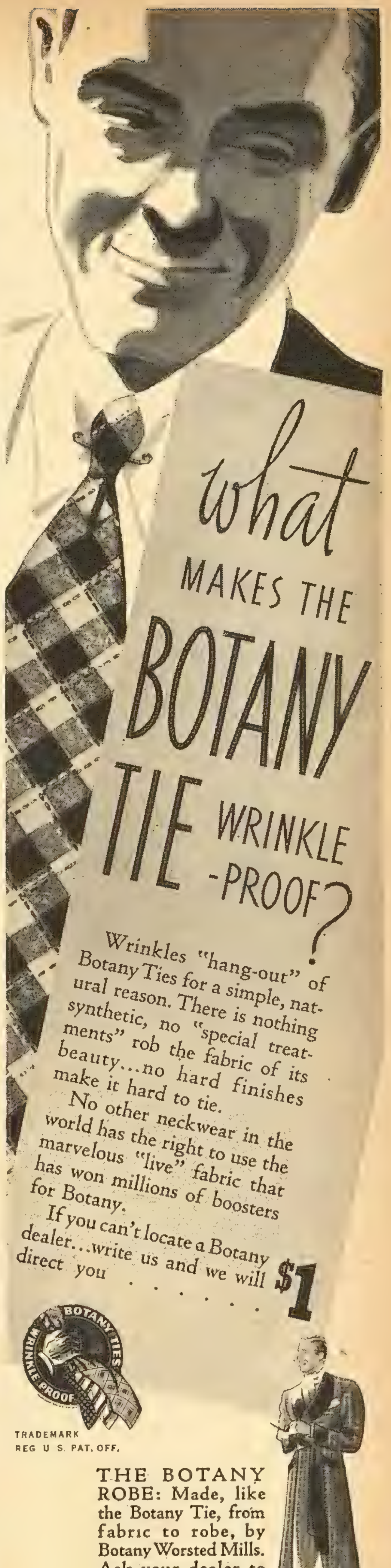
Answer to last week's puzzle

64 A princely coat
67 Dasal obstruggzhins dad mage you spigg lige dis
71 Where all good soles come from
72 The farmers' friend (abbr.)
74 Lying Room Only (abbr.)
75 It enjoys a good kick occasionally
76 .
77 Element found in gas in varying amounts
79 Head heater
80 One of the New England Democrats (abbr.)
81 What many go to college to become (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Fictional short shorts
2 There's nothing to these
3 What old ladies cover their dogs with in wet weather
4 Non-agreeable person
5 Chasers
6 Simple Susan says this kind of Swiss has smallpox
7 Palpitating Nightingales (abbr.)
8 Plugs for radios
9 Well known port used in the East
10 Waffle oil
11 Doughboys
12 A Grimm god
16 Early birds get worms, but whoever heard of this getting the early bird? (two words)
22 Petunias eat with them
23 Old ladies have a hand in it
25 What a lousy future it has!
28 A squirt
30 Booze hound and rumrunner
31 Did you ever see a bun dance on this? I did
32 Elephants make poor ones in the home
34 Kicked the bucket
36 The big thing Cousin Henry was with his mouth
38 Kind of berry the football bum got
40 Hawaiian flower doughnuts
44 Rods
46 What the wealthy sit on at Santa Barbara
49 Popular walk around the night clubs
51 You'll get a laugh out of this
53 Pretty cagey
55 It falleth on the first
57 Fun in a madhouse
60 Curses on you, Jack Dalton! You think you've foiled me, eh? We shall see! Heh-heh!
62 Marry, à la Winchell
65 Member of the nut family
66 Look thee behind thee, Satan, and see this!
68 Head shaker, not found around Hollywood
69 A brainless lass
70 The children's privilege
73 This'll satisfy a hog
78 End of Asininity (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



Wrinkles "hang-out" of Botany Ties for a simple, natural reason. There is nothing synthetic, no "special treatments" rob the fabric of its beauty...no hard finishes make it hard to tie.

No other neckwear in the world has the right to use the marvelous "live" fabric that has won millions of boosters for Botany.

If you can't locate a Botany dealer...write us and we will direct you . . . . . .

TRADEMARK
REG U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE BOTANY ROBE: Made, like the Botany Tie, from fabric to robe, by Botany Worsted Mills. Ask your dealer to show you the variety of weaves and styles ...at $10 up.

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BOTANY TIE • Botany Robe. Botany Shirts. Botany Socks. Men's & Women's Wear Fabrics. Botany Top-Dyed Knitting Yarns.

VOX POP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Prayer Restored My Lost Baby

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.—God heard my appeal and led me to my son, not yet two years old, lost for thirty hours in the timbered mountain regions of Big Bear Valley, fifty miles northeast of San Bernardino, California. David wandered four and one half miles by himself in the darkness of a night that will always be seared in my memory as the longest in eternity.

I am a salesman for a wholesale food firm. On May 11 my wife and David accompanied me on my trip to the mountains. We set out for the day lightheartedly. We made several stops at stores, and finally reached Gibson's store in Big Bear Park. As I walked in the store, my wife, who remained in the car, told David:

"You can get out and play here; this is one place you can't get hurt."

David was playing with a girl on the steps of the building when I last saw him. I returned to the car fifteen minutes later, saying, "Let's go. Where is David?"

We called and called, but David didn't answer. Mrs. Baumgarten believed David had followed me into the store, but he was not inside. Then we searched around the buildings near by. Although trying to stem an overwhelming fear of disaster, both of us soon realized that David was not in the immediate vicinity. Within fifteen minutes there were a dozen persons helping us. We combed every inch of the region—everywhere an active two-year-old boy could possibly have gone.

Fear-filled hours passed. The school children were dismissed early and laid down their books to help us. Every citizen in the village volunteered his help. Sheriff Emmett L. Shay arrived from the county seat of San Bernardino to direct the search. March Field airplanes from the government base near Riverside circled overhead.

As the hours passed, more and more searchers arrived. The federal forest service sent rangers and one hundred and fifty members of a near-by Civilian Conservation Corps camp. Men on horseback rode through the forests. Veteran Indian trackers began to scan the ground minutely.

Mrs. Baumgarten and I hunted in every direction and called David until our voices gave out. About ten o'clock some of the women persuaded Mrs. Baumgarten to lie down. But she couldn't sleep.

The agony of thinking of our baby, freezing and hungry, alone in that great wilderness, maybe cut and bleeding or suffering untold hardships, was almost unbearable.

Although we didn't know it at that time, the story of the hunt had been told in headlines of the newspapers throughout the West, and that night thousands had prayed for David's safe return to us.

As soon as it was daylight the search was intensified. I circled the steep hillside, peering under every bush, behind every rock. The spark of hope still burned. My whole being cried out for aid—for that help which is so far beyond the crude efforts of mankind. Choked with emotions undescribable, I fell to my knees, and there, with arms outspread in mute appeal, prayed as only one crushed by grim disaster could pray, bearing my soul to the Supreme Heavenly Father, and beseeched His mercies.

As I prayed, I saw a hawk circling in the sky. Suddenly I heard the bird utter a cry. . . . Could it have been the bird? I listened again; then ran, almost breathlessly, over a slight hill.

There, face down on his arms and crying, was David . . . *alive!*

God had answered my prayer.

I crushed him close to me and we both cried.

For our baby's safe return, there is no doubt why we so reverently say:

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name."—*Leon O. Baumgarten.*

A BRICK "PROMINENTLY DISPLAYED"

DETROIT, MICH. — Mr. Macfadden's editorials get more bouquets than bricks in Vox Pop, but hardly any one bossing a publication would display the bricks as prominently as the bouquets.

Mr. Macfadden lauds Dewey (October 8 Liberty) as a prospective Moses to lead us to the promised land. We have a political Moses in the White House now, but, in Mr. Macfadden's opinion, we're sunk if we don't change to a brand of Moses that agrees with his ideas.

Mebbe so. Time will tell. Therefore the writer suggests that Macfadden fans select five or six current Liberty editorials, put them in storage in the attic trunk for a few years, and then dig them out and read them. Then they will find out whether Mr. Macfadden is an inspired prophet or only just as dumb as the rest of us.—*Jack Summers.*

WHAT WE NEED IS 12,000 AIRPLANES!

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—I feel sure that General Bullard made a miscalculation in advocating only 4,000 airplanes for our sea-coast defense (October 15 Liberty). Apparently he forgot all the sister republics to the south of us which are such vital factors to our peace and safety and to their existence in the Western Hemisphere.

Right now we need a minimum of 12,000 planes to protect the Americas, and added to this means of national defense we must have great nonstop super-defense highways from Alaska to Terra del Fuego, as well as underground air bases every five hundred air miles of coast line.

In common self-defense and in ordinary courtesy, our State Department should issue a standing invitation to all American republics to join our great United States right now, before it is too late for them to accept.—*J. E. Myers, Colonel U. S. A., Retd., National Secretary of the American Day Committee.*

COLUMNIST SLAMS BEVERLY AND MARIE ANTOINETTE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—This is only the second time my vox has popped in your direction, but I certainly am in earnest about this. The judgment of Beverly Hills in giving that abattoir outrage known as Marie Antoinette four stars transcends (but harmonizes with) the fragrance of a garbage wagon on a hot day.

Just before I walked out (bringing up the rear of a parade) I saw strong men covered with perspiration their horror had brought out on them.

To punish a box-office customer by asking him to stand in the shadow of a guillotine and undergo every experience connected with beheading except having his own bean basketed—boy, if that deserves four stars, I am Adolf Hitler! The purposes of the scenarists and producers and directors seemed to be to hand out as much sympathetic unhappiness and actual suffering as possible within a given time and a maximum of expense.

Two gets you three it won't last long or prove an exceptional money-getter. If it actually does turn out to be a big and long earner, my theory that human stupidity is in its infancy will have been abundantly sustained.—*Strickland Gillilan.*

[But oh, Mr. Gillilan—it did show a lot of people in a great country what revolution is like! —VOX POP EDITOR.]

SUBWAY SCRATCH

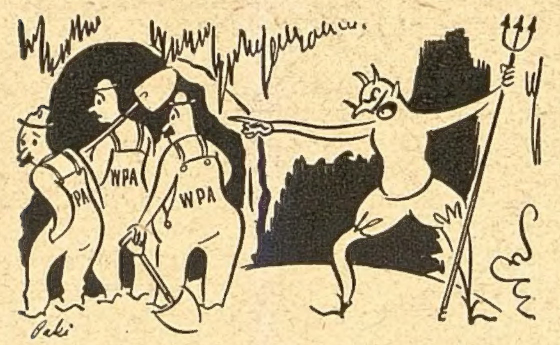
CHARLESTON, W. VA.—About a month ago my boss, up in the North, invited me out to his home on Long Island for dinner.

Returning to New York, I started back on the subway. It was packed. Just before we reached Times Square my leg began to itch intolerably. At first I thought I wouldn't bother about it, but it got worse, if anything. And one of the standing women was glaring at me as if I were a pickpocket. Finally I stooped enough to scratch it. I scratched a lot, but to no avail.

When I looked up, a man said, "Thanks, pal."—*T. A. B.*

PROTEST FROM LOWER REGIONS

Nash, Okla.—Is it true that the administration has received an official protest from the lower regions? The report, as we have it here, is that the devil is threatening deportation of a group of recently acquired WPA men because they let the fire go out.



However, we discredit the authenticity of the report, laying it to the efforts of anti-New Deal propagandists. —*Gus G. Gilley.*

IF ONE PERSON WAS QUINS —SO WHAT?

Winston-Salem, N. C.—Mrs. Sam Waggoner (August 27 Vox Pop) suggests Liberty leave off the printing on the covers so she can frame them. I would like to suggest that Liberty leave off all printing on stories like I Was Five Girls, by "Doris" and the Rev. Dr. Charles Francis Potter (October 1 issue), and we readers can use the blank pages to write to Vox Pop.

What if one person *was* the original quins — so what?

That brand of yarn is O. K. for people who like even their "jackets" straight and think Liber*tea* and Vox *Pop* are both popular drinks. For me, I'll take Hardtack. — *W. Vernon Archer.*

CAROLYN WELLS IS CRAZY ABOUT LENZ STORIES

New York, N. Y.—I'm crazy about Sidney Lenz's bridge story, and delighted that you are going to publish more of them.

Sidney is a genius, not only with cards but with a typewriter.

Everybody loves his yarns. Let the good work go on.—*Carolyn Wells.*

The Run-Around

Wearied with trying to get a job through state and government employment offices, Mr. D. T. Mimms of Guthrie, Kentucky, decided to apply to the Hopkinson, Kentucky, office of the Resettlement Administration for help, sure that his knowledge of farming would stand him in good stead. Told there that the office had nothing to do with hiring new men, he wrote to an eminent person in Washington, D. C., who referred his letter to the proper authorities in the Department of Agriculture. Thereupon he received the following series of official letters:

Washington, D. C.
May 28, 1937.

Dear Mr. Mimms: ——— ——— has referred to this Administration your letter of recent date.

We are bringing your letter to the attention of Mr. George S. Mitchell, Regional Director, Resettlement Administration, 227 E. Edenton St., Raleigh, North Carolina, in order that it may be given proper consideration.

If you have occasion for further correspondence regarding this matter, you should write directly to that office, since the Regional Director is in full charge of the activities of this Administration in your region.

Very truly yours,
Philip F. Maguire, Director,
Rural Rehabilitation Division.

Raleigh, N. C.
June 2, 1937.

Dear Mr. Mimms: Your letter of May 23rd addressed to ——— ——— has been referred to this office for reply.

We advise you to contact Mr. R. H. Glazier, our county supervisor in your district, at Russellville, Kentucky, who will be glad to give you every consideration.

Very truly yours,
J. B. Slack
Assistant Regional Director
In Charge of Rural Rehabilitation.

Russellville, Ky.
June 4, 1937.

Dear Mr. Mimms: I received recently a letter from Raleigh advising you to contact my office for aid from Resettlement Administration. I have now turned over the work in Todd County to Mr. Truman Taylor, County Supervisor, Todd and Christian Counties. His office is in the Court House in Hopkinsville, but I think that he or his representative is in Elkton on Friday morning of each week. You may contact him at this time.

Very truly yours,
Reuben H. Glazier.
County Supervision.

Hopkinsville, Ky.
June 7, 1937.

Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of June 5, I have no authority over employment.

If you wish to see me, I will be in Hopkinsville at the Elks Building on Thurslay and Saturday mornings, and in Elkton on Friday mornings,

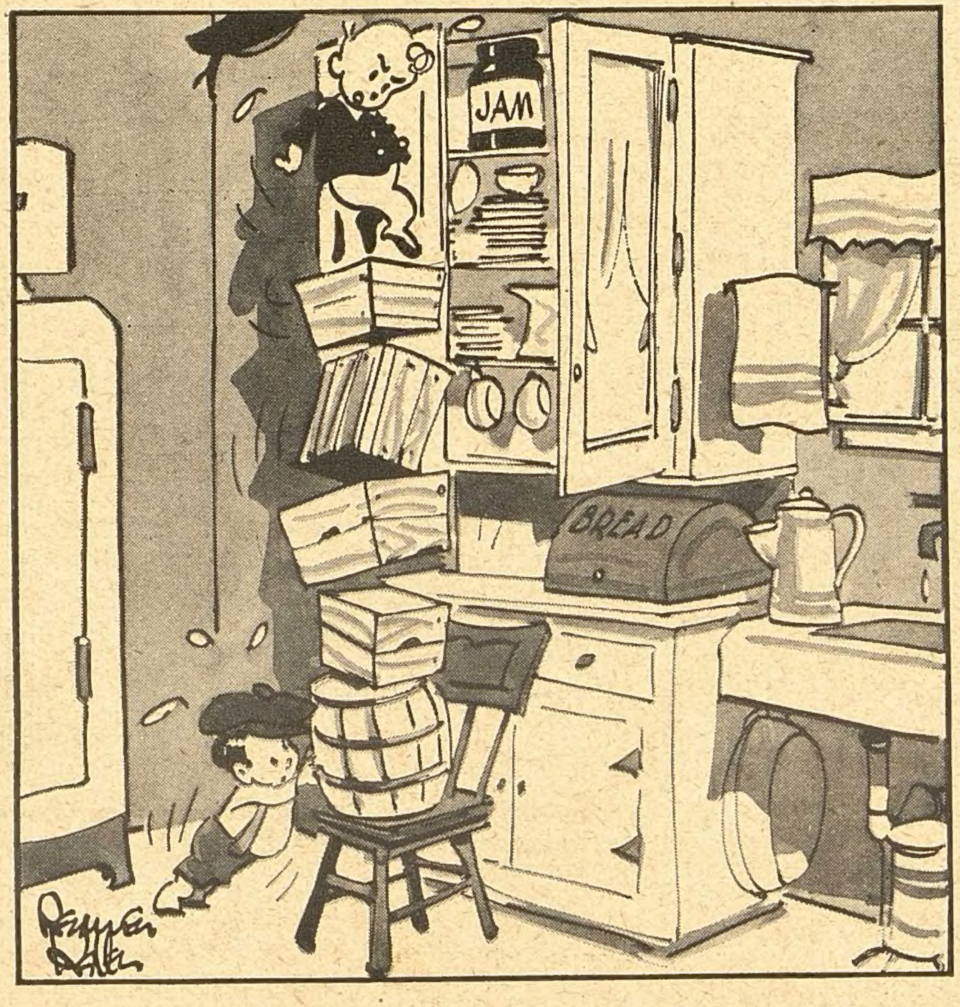
Very truly yours,
Truman Taylor (G. H.)
RR Supervisor.

MORE FICTION AND LESS FRICTION

Maxwell Field, Ala.—Liberty is the best five-cent publication on the newsstand today, but it seems to be fading toward the political side of the question. What most readers (at least the boys here feel this way) want today is more fiction and less friction. We can listen to the radio and read newspapers for the political happenings of the day, but we cannot find a good five-cent magazine containing the best of fiction just any time.

So we voice our appeal for more good fiction (serials included) and less of the events that we hear about every day.—*John W. Blackstock, 91st School Squadron, A. C.*

"HARDTACK"



"You certainly picked a fine time to wrestle with your conscience!"

BASEBALL FANS ARE NOT BLOODTHIRSTY!

Manchester, Conn.—For the life of me, I couldn't help writing you after reading what Mr. F. E. Morriss has to say in October 8 Vox Pop.

My opinion is that *real* fans need nothing more than a good ball game to get them talking, and "gory excitement" means little in baseball. Here's an illustration: Close to 80,000 fans jammed Yankee Stadium July 4 to see the Red Sox and Yanks' double-header. Why? Certainly they had no reason to believe that there would be a "scrap." The reason was that the two teams were battling for the lead and two swell ball games loomed up.

Mr. Morriss should stand at the exits after a game and listen to comments of the fans. Ten to one, they will be saying things like this: "Did you see the stop that Cronin made?" or "Gomez is one swell pitcher." Not remarks about wishing some one was "killed."

What about it, baseball fans? Let Mr. Morriss and the baseball world know what we want is good clean fast baseball. — *Maynard A. Clough.*

Paging a Coward in San Diego

FROM ONE of our Liberty boy salesmen in San Diego, California, comes the following:

"I saw your letter from the boy who wanted so much to have a bicycle and the other letters folks wrote about. Would you like to hear another bicycle story?

"I am a Liberty boy salesman 11 years old. One afternoon while delivering magazines I parked the bicycle I was riding in front of an auto in which a man sat at the wheel reading a newspaper. Pretty soon he started his car, ran over the bicycle, ruining the front wheel. I couldn't help crying because the bicycle wasn't mine. He took my name and address, told me he would stop by next day and pay for it. That was last January the seventh. He never came.

"Mr. Oursler, why do people make promises to children and not keep them? Do they think because we are not grown up it doesn't matter?

"I don't think I will ever forget this, for I believed him and it was a long time before I could pay for the damage he did to that bicycle.

"P. S. Please don't publish my name."

Well, fellow, that's what we call a dirty trick. The whole Liberty staff is proud of the type of boys that we have as Liberty salesmen, and we don't like to see them hornswoggled, as you were. But you will find as you grow older that some of the most valuable lessons in life come to us from painful experience; and there are two things you can take from that experience that will be valuable to you all the rest of your life. The first is the very obvious one, and we know you have profited by it ever since—and that is to be careful where you park your bicycle; and, when you grow older, where you park your car.

The second is a harder lesson, a sadder one, but we all have to learn it—and that is that we can't trust everybody. That is what people call worldly wisdom, and it's too bad to learn it when one is only eleven years old. But it's true. Not every one is worthy of our trust, and so we have to be careful.

Two thousand years ago, when Jesus was preaching in Galilee, He spoke some very wise words. He advised all good people to be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. We should have the cunning of the serpent, but never use that cunning to hurt any one else, only to protect ourselves; in our relations to other people, we should be harmless as doves.

Now, what should you have done to be wise in protecting yourself? We don't blame you for not having thought of it; but if you had asked this man for his card, and had also written down the license number of his car, you could have given that to your father, and the man who damaged your bicycle could not have run away.

He must be a coward, to run away from a little boy of eleven. We hope that he reads these lines, because if he stops and thinks about it, he can still set himself straight with himself. There is still time for him to be ashamed, and to rectify the damage. If he does not, if he still hides so that you and your father can't find him, he is already a hit-and-run driver at heart.

So to you, Mr. Runaway, we say, "You have cheated a little boy out of more than the price of a bicycle's repairs. You have cheated him out of his faith in human nature. You have made him a cynic before his time. It would take real manhood for you to come back and face this boy and make amends, but there is nothing finer that you could get for yourself than manhood. Here is your chance!"

WE ARE PROUD of next week's issue of Liberty. Proud especially of a feature article called SPIES ON YOUR DOORSTEP. The country has been following with surprise amounting to incredulity the espionage trials and spy hunts in all parts of the country. Now Walter Karig gives you an illuminating picture of this situation and shows just what is the American problem in the face of the extraordinary invasion of foreign agents. Another good feature is a new novel by Edward Doherty called ROCKABY BRADY, the story of a prizefighter and a ventriloquist and a little girl thrown together by fate in the midst of glittering Hollywood. Here is humor, pathos, and excitement—real enjoyment. There are two splendid short stories, WILDCAT'S KISS, by Helen Hedrick, and ALL DAILIES—RUSH, by John Rhodes Sturdy. An important and timely piece is contributed by John J. Pelley, president of the Association of American Railroads, entitled THE RAILROAD CRISIS CAN BE SOLVED, IF—. Red Smith contributes a sparkling football article about Clipper Smith. Ruth Waterbury tells about HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCE RACKET. Percival E. Jackson, the eminent New York attorney, comes again with an exposé of the sins of the law, this one called WHEN THE LAW HELPS A LIAR. These and many other features will make up a really first-rate number.

DID YOU NOTICE that, about a week after the appearance of General Bullard's remarkable article supporting Liberty's demand for a 4,000-plane air force, the New York Times and other important newspapers came out with headlines saying that the army was ready to demand 4,120 planes as its goal? We are happy when we see results coming in a field so close to our national safety.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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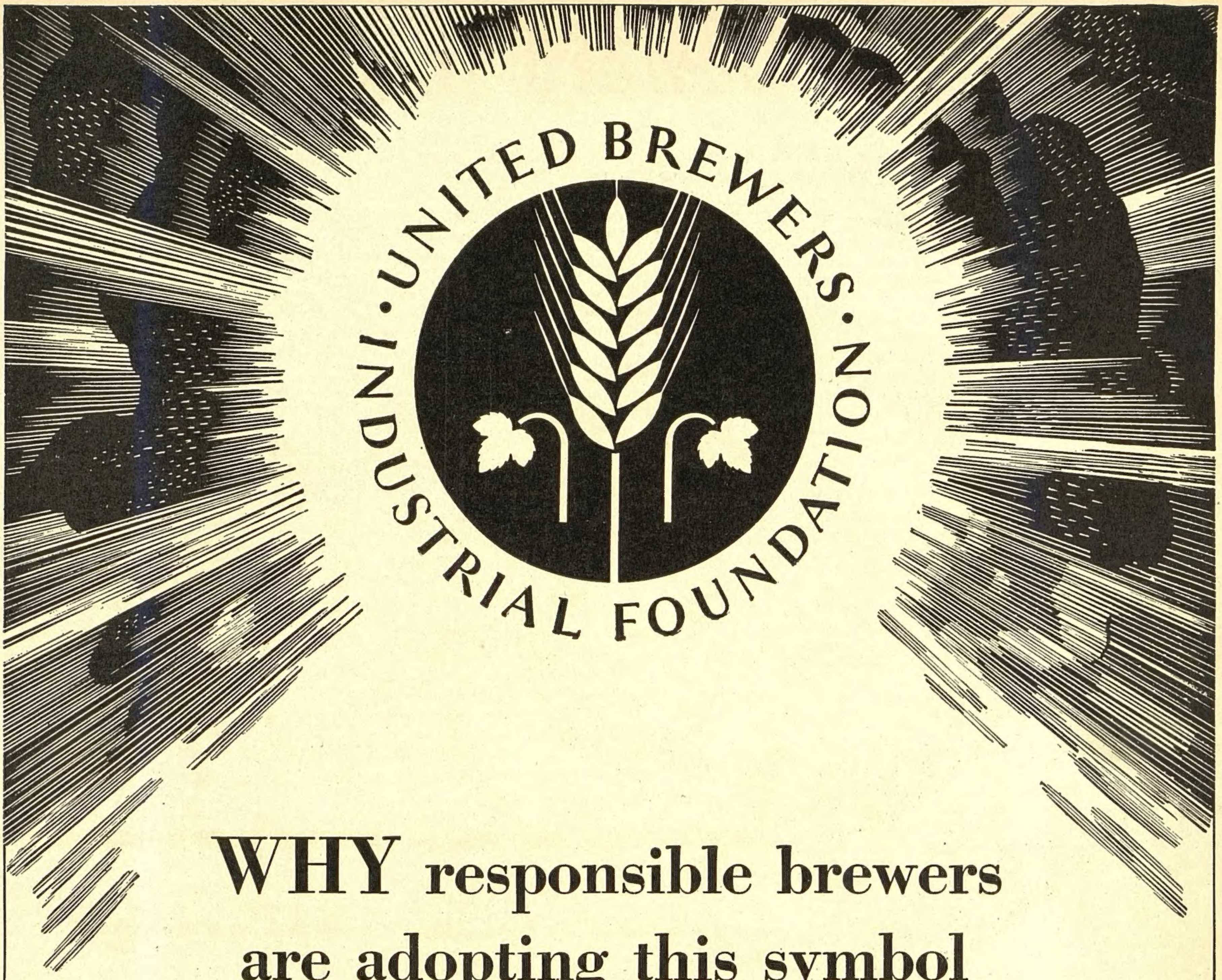
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY R. RUSH



WHY responsible brewers are adopting this symbol

It identifies the members of this Foundation who have pledged themselves as scientific brewers to maintain "exacting high standards in the brewing and packaging of beer and ale."

It stands for good citizenship . . . because all members have pledged their support "to the duly constituted authorities for the elimination of anti-social conditions wherever they may surround the sale of beer to the consumer."

Used in the advertising of Foundation members therefore, this symbol identifies products and practices which merit the support and approval of all thoughtful citizens.

United Brewers Industrial Foundation, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Retailing is not a direct responsibility of the brewers . . . and, what's more, the vast majority of retailers of beer operate respectable, legal premises.

But whenever retail beer licenses are used to screen the sale of illegal liquor, or to operate illicit resorts . . . wherever beer is sold to minors . . . or after legal hours . . . or to persons who have drunk to excess . . . beer, the beverage itself, suffers.

So the brewer-members of the Foundation . . . in their own interest, and obviously in the public interest also . . . have inaugurated a wide campaign of cooperation with public officials and with forward-looking private citizens.

They invite the support of authorities, retailers, and consumers everywhere. With cooperation from each, enforcement of existing laws can eliminate the conditions now causing us concern.

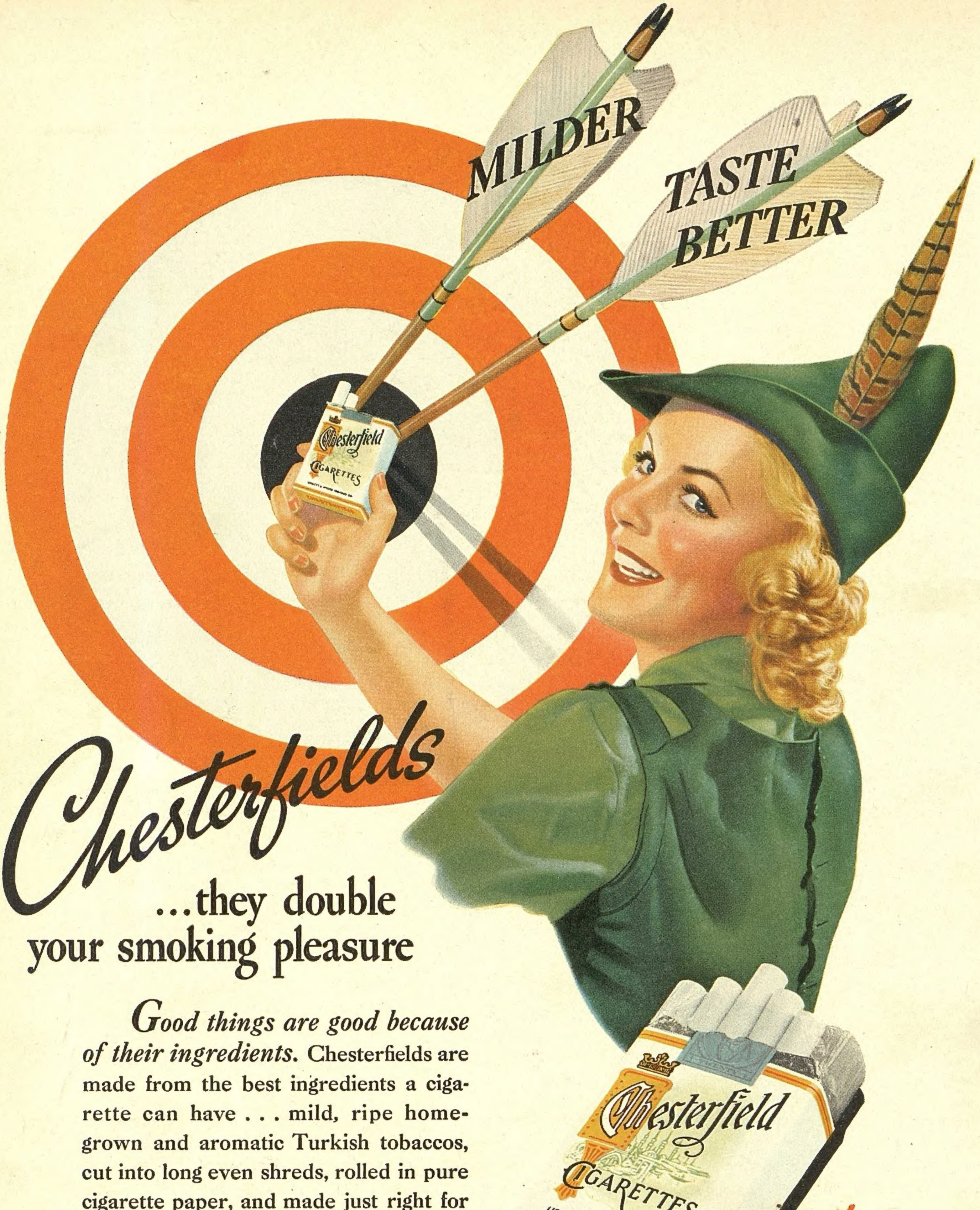
And beer, as the bulwark of moderation, can continue to deserve its age-old high place in men's affections.

Consumers particularly are asked to do these things:

1. Take the lead in arousing public opinion—see to it that existing laws *are* enforced.

2. Restrict your patronage to legal, respectable retail outlets. This can and *will* raise retailing standards.

Correspondence is invited from groups and individuals everywhere, interested in maintaining the brewing industry as a bulwark of moderation.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